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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſic's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.....
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. I

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	ELEGIAC POEMS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.—

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

[redacted]

Gates family
4-29-32

THE LIFE OF
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WRITTEN TO MR. M. CLIFFORD.

SIR,

MR. COWLEY, in his will, recommended to my care the reviſing of all his works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of thoſe papers which he had deſigned for the preſs; and he did it with this particular obligation, "That I ſhould be ſure to let no-"thing paſs that might ſeem the leaſt offence to re-"ligion or good manners." A caution which you will judge to have been altogether needleſs; for certainly, in all ancient or modern times, there can ſcarce any author be found that has handled ſo many different matters in ſuch various ſorts of ſtyle, who leſs wants the correction of his friends, or has leſs reaſon to fear the ſeverity of ſtrangers.

According to his deſire, and his own intention, I have now ſet forth his Latin and Engliſh writings, each in a volume apart; and, to that which was before extant in both languages, I have added all that I could find in his cloſet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the will of the dead; but I doubt I ſhall not ſatisfy the expectation of the living, unleſs ſome account be here premiſed concerning this excellent man. I know very well that he has given the world the beſt image of his own mind in theſe immortal monuments of his

wit; yet there is still room enough left for one of his familiar acquaintance to say many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his Life, that may serve for the information of his readers, if not for the increase of his fame; which, without any such helps, is already sufficiently established.

This, Sir, were an argument most proper for you to manage, in respect of your great abilities, and the long friendship you maintained with him: but you have an obstinate aversion from publishing any of your writings. I guess what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirmed in this resolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of us writers of this age. I will not now dispute whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example than [illegible] rules: but however, seeing you persist in your purpose, and have refused to adorn even this very subject, which you love so well, I beg your assistance while [illegible] self undertake it. This I do with the greater willingness, because I believe there is no man who speaks [illegible] Cowley that can want either matter or words. [illegible] therefore, entreat you to give me leave to make [illegible] this relation, by using your name and [illegible] for, by this means, though the me[illegible] shall not be delivered to posterity [illegible] of your wit, which were most to [illegible] will be strengthened by the

consent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. A. Cowley was born in the city of London, in the year 1618: his parents were citizens of a virtuous life and sufficient estate, and so the condition of his fortune was equal to the temper of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The first years of his youth were spent in Westminster-school, where he soon obtained and increased the noble genius peculiar to that place. The occasion of his first inclination to poetry was his casual lighting on Spenser's Fairy Queen, when he was but just able to read. That, indeed, is a poem fitter for the examination of men than the consideration of a child; but in him it met with a fancy whose strength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little book under his name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly wit. The first beginning of his studies was a familiarity with the most solid and unaffected authors of antiquity, which he fully digested, not only in his memory, but his judgment. By this advantage he learned nothing while a boy that he needed to forget or forsake when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly seasoned at first, and he had nothing to do but still to proceed on the same foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate, that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar. However, he ſupplied that want by converſing with the books themſelves from whence thoſe rules had been drawn. That, no doubt, was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but uſe, he practiſed them not as a ſcholar, but a native.

With theſe extraordinary hopes he was removed to Trinity College in Cambridge, where, by the progreſs and continuance of his wit, it appeared that two things were joined in it which ſeldom meet together, that it was both early ripe, and laſting! This brought him into the love and eſteem of the moſt eminent members of that famous ſociety, and principally of your uncle Mr. Fotherby, whoſe favours he ſince abundantly acknowledged, when his benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His exerciſes of all kinds are ſtill remembered in that univerſity with great applauſe, and with this particular praiſe, that they were not only fit for the obſcurity of an academical life, but have been ſhown on the true theatre of the world: there it was, that before the twentieth year of his age he laid the deſign of divers of his moſt maſculine works, that he finiſhed long after: in which I know not whether I ſhould moſt commend, that a mind ſo young ſhould

conceive ſuch great things, or that it ſhould be able to perfect them with ſuch felicity.

The firſt occaſion of his entering into buſineſs was the elegy that he writ on Mr. Harvey's death, wherein he deſcribed the higheſt characters of religion, knowledge, and friendſhip, in an age when moſt other men ſcarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. John Harvey, the brother of his deceaſed friend, from whom he received many offices of kindneſs through the whole courſe of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the ſervice of my Lord St. Albans.

When the Civil war broke out, his affection to the King's cauſe drew him to Oxford, as ſoon as it began to be the chief ſeat of the royal party. In that univerſity he proſecuted the ſame ſtudies with a like ſucceſs: nor, in the mean time, was he wanting to his duty in the war itſelf; for he was preſent and in ſervice in ſeveral of the King's journies and expeditions. By theſe occaſions, and the report of his high deſerts, he ſpeedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the fortune of the war had drawn together; and, particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendſhip of my Lord Falkland, one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their learning and manners; for you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. Cowley admire him, not only for the

s of his knowledge, which was applauded
orld, but more eſpecially for thoſe quali-
e himſelf more regarded, for his genero-
d, and his neglect of the vain pomp of hu-
neſs.

the heat of the Civil war he was ſettled in
St. Albans' family, and attended her Majeſty,
n-mother, when, by the unjuſt perſecution
n ſubjects, ſhe was forced to retire into France.
is wandering condition of the moſt vigorou
his life he was wont to reflect as the cauſe o
g interruption of his ſtudies: yet we have n
to think that he loſt ſo great a ſpace of tim
onſider in what buſineſs he employed his b
nt. He was abſent from his native coun
twelve years, which were wholly ſpent either
g a ſhare in the diſtreſſes of the royal fam
labouring in their affairs. To this purpoſ
rmed ſeveral dangerous journies into Jerſey, S
, Flanders, Holland, or wherever elſe the K
bles required his attendance: but the chief
ny of his fidelity was the laborious ſervice h
went in maintaining the conſtant correſpon
tween the late king and the queen his wi
at weighty truſt he behaved himſelf with in
ible integrity and unſuſpected ſecreſy: fo
hered and deciphered with his own hand the
part of all the letters that paſſed between th

jesties, and managed a vast intelligence in many other parts, which for some years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length, upon his present Majesty's removal out of France, and the queen-mother's staying behind, the business of that nature passed of course into other hands. Then it was thought fit, by those on whom he depended, that he should come over into England, and, under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation. Upon his return he found his country groaning under the oppression of an unjust usurpation; and he soon felt the effects of it: for while he lay hid in London he was seized on by a mistake, the search having been intended after another gentleman of considerable note in the King's party. Being made a prisoner, he was often examined before the Usurpers, who tried all imaginable ways to make him serviceable to their ends. That course not prevailing, he was committed to a severe restraint, and scarce, at last, obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a thousand pound bail, which burden Dr. Scarborough very honourably took upon himself. Under these bonds he continued till the general redemption: yet taking the opportunity of the confusions that followed upon Cromwell's death, he ventured back into France, and there remained in the same station as before, till near the time of the King's *return.*

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly ſufficient to juſtify his loyalty to all the world, tho' ſome have endeavoured to bring it in queſtion, upon occaſion of a few lines in the preface to one of his books. The objection I muſt not paſs by in ſilence, becauſe it was the only part of his life that was liable to miſinterpretation, even by the confeſſion of thoſe that envied his fame. In this caſe, perhaps, it were enough to alledge for him, to men of moderate minds, that what he there ſaid was publiſhed before a book of poetry, and ſo ought rather to be eſteemed as a problem of his fancy and invention than as the real image of his judgment; but his defence in this matter may be laid on a ſurer foundation. This is the true reaſon that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the ſtate of the royal party very deſperate: he perceived the ſtrength of their enemies ſo united, that, till it ſhould begin to break within itſelf, all endeavours againſt it were like to prove unſucceſsful. On the other ſide, he beheld their zeal for his Majeſty's cauſe to be ſtill ſo active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruin. He ſaw this with much grief: and though he approved their conſtancy as much as any man living, yet he found their unſeaſonable ſhewing it did only diſable themſelves, and give their adverſaries great advantages of riches and ſtrength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious ſervice to the King, if any man who

was known to have followed his interest could insinuate into the Usurpers' minds, that men of his principles were now willing to be quiet, and could persuade the poor oppressed royalists to conceal their affections for better occasions: and as for his own particular, he was a close prisoner when he writ that against which the exception is made; so that he saw it was impossible for him to pursue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make some kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion; and the success of things seems to prove that it was not very ill grounded: for certainly it was one of the greatest helps to the King's affairs, about the latter end of that tyranny, that many of his best friends dissembled their counsels, and acted the same designs, under the disguises and names of other parties.

This, Sir, you can testify to have been the innocent occasion of these words, on which so much clamour was raised: yet seeing his good intentions were so ill interpreted, he told me, the last time that ever I saw him, that he would have them omitted in the next impression, of which his friend Mr. Cook is a witness. However, if we should take them in the worst sense of which they are capable, yet, methinks, for his maintaining one false tenet in the political philosophy he made a sufficient atonement, by a continual service of twenty years, by the perpetual loyalty of his discourse, and by many of his other writings, wherein

he has largely defended and adorned the royal cauſe. And, to ſpeak of him not as our friend, but according to the common laws of humanity, certainly that life muſt needs be very unblameable which had been tried in buſineſs of the higheſt conſequence, practiſed in the hazardous ſecrets of courts and cabinets, and yet there can nothing diſgraceful be produced againſt it, but only the error of one paragraph, and a ſingle metaphor.

But, to return to my narration, which this digreſſion has interrupted: upon the King's happy reſtoration Mr. Cowley was paſt the fortieth year of his age, of which the greateſt part had been ſpent in a various and tempeſtuous condition. He now thought he had ſacrificed enough of his life to his curioſity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occaſions of obſervation: he had been preſent in many great revolutions, which, in that tumultuous time, diſturbed the peace of all our neighbour-ſtates as well as our own: he had nearly beheld all the ſplendour of the higheſt part of mankind: he had lived in the preſence of princes, and familiarly converſed with greatneſs in all its degrees, which was neceſſary for one that would contemn it aright; for to ſcorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does, commonly, proceed rather from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with

a long compliance to foreign manners. He was fatiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, tho' his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At first he was but slenderly provided for such a retirement, by reason of his travels, and the [illegible] of the party to which he adhered, which [illegible] quite out of all the roads of gain: yet, [illegible] the narrowness of his income, he [illegible] resolution, upon his confidence in the [illegible] own mind, which he knew had [illegible] into so small a compass, that a [illegible] supply them all. But, upon the [illegible] of our nation, this hindrance [illegible] removed; for *he then obtained* [illegible] the favour of *my Lord St. Alb*[illegible] of my *Lord Duke of Buckingham* [illegible] always *most dear, and whom* [illegible] principal *patrons. the last* [illegible] know, Sir, *it is my duty to* [illegible] Cowley's *fate, not my own*; [illegible]

Court. He understood exceeding well all the variety and power of poetical numbers, and practised all sorts with great happiness. If his verses in some places seem not as soft and flowing as some would have them, it was his choice, not his fault. He knew that in diverting men's minds there should be the same variety observed as in the prospects of their eyes; where a rock, a precipice, or a rising wave, is often more delightful than a smooth even ground or a calm sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man; but where higher virtues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numerosity was not then his main care. This may serve to answer those who upbraid some of his pieces with roughness, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow: but these admirers of gentleness without sinews should know that different arguments must have different colours of speech; that there is a kind of variety of sexes in poetry as well as in mankind; that as the peculiar excellence of the feminine kind is smoothness and beauty, so strength is the chief praise of the masculine.

He had a perfect mastery in both the languages in which he writ; but each of them kept a just distance from the other; neither did his Latin make his English too old, nor his English make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in prose and verse; and both together have that perfection which is commended by some of the Ancients above all others, that they

are very obvious to the conception, but most difficult in the imitation.

His fancy flowed with great speed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him that his judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his reader nor his argument out of breath. He perfectly practises the hardest secret of good writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in such a manner, that it appears it was in his power to have said much more. In the particular expressions there is still much to be applauded, but more in the disposition and order of the whole: from thence there springs a new comeliness, besides the feature of each part. His invention is powerful, and large as can be desired; but it seems all to arise out of the nature of the subject, and to be just fitted for the thing of which he speaks. If ever he goes far for it, he dissembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of arguments that he has managed is so arge, that there is scarce any particular of all the passions of men, or works of Nature and Providence, which he has passed by undescribed: yet he still observes the rules of decency with so much care, that whether he inflames his reader with the softer affections, or delights him with inoffensive raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of life, or adorns the discoveries of philosophy, or inspires him with the heroic characters of charity and religion; to all these matters, that are so wide asunder, he still proportions

a due figure of ſpeech, and a proper meaſure of wit. This, indeed, is moſt remarkable, that a man who was ſo conſtant and fixed in the moral ideas of his mind, ſhould yet be ſo changeable in his intellectual, and in both to the higheſt degree of excellence.

If there needed any excuſe to be made, that his Love-verſes ſhould take up ſo great a ſhare in his works, it may be alledged that they were compoſed when he was very young: but it is a vain thing to make any kind of apology for that ſort of writings. If devout or virtuous men will ſuperciliouſly forbid the minds of the young to adorn thoſe ſubjects about which they are moſt converſant, they would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters when they come to them: for the exerciſes of all men's wits muſt be always proper for their age, and never too much above it; and by practice and uſe in lighter arguments, they grow up at laſt to excel in the moſt weighty. I am not, therefore, aſhamed to commend Mr. Cowley's Miſtreſs: I only except one or two expreſſions, which I wiſh I could have prevailed with thoſe that had the right of the other edition to have left out: but of all the reſt I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet ſo much was written on a ſubject ſo delicate, that can leſs offend the ſevereſt rules of morality. The whole paſſion of love is inimitably deſcribed, with all its mighty train of hopes, and joys, and diſquiets. Beſides this amorous tenderneſs, I know

not how, in every copy, there is ſomething of n
uſeful knowledge very naturally and gracefully inſi
ated, and every where there may be ſomething fou
to inform the minds of wiſe men, as well as to mo
the hearts of young men or women.

The occaſion of his falling on the Pindaric wa
of writing was his accidental meeting with Pindar'
works, in a place where he had no other books to di-
reſt him. Having then conſidered at leiſure the height
of his invention, and the majeſty of his ſtyle, he tried
immediately to imitate it in Engliſh; and he performed
it without the danger that Horace preſaged to the
man who ſhould dare to attempt it.

If any are diſpleaſed at the boldneſs of his meta-
phors, and length of his digreſſions, they contend not
againſt Mr. Cowley, but Pindar himſelf, who was ſo
much reverenced by all Antiquity, that the place of
his birth was preſerved as ſacred, when his native
city was twice deſtroyed by the fury of two conquer-
ors. If the irregularity of the

ceeded from this cause, that in other lighter kinds of poetry he chiefly represented the humours and affections of others, but in these he sat to himself, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected against him by some morose zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by sprinkling all his works with many allusions and similitudes that he took out of the Bible; but to these men it were a sufficient reply, to compare their own practice with his in this particular. They make use of Scripture phrases and quotations in all their common discourse; they employ the words of holy writ to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections; and why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence some ornament for the innocent passions, and natural truths, and moral virtues, which he describes?

This is confutation enough to that sort of men. As to the thing itself, it is so far from being a debasing of divinity to make some parts of it the subjects of our fancy, that it is a sure way to establish it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impression on the minds of wise men. Of this we have a powerful instance amongst the Ancients, for their wit has lasted much longer than the practice of any of their religions; and the very memory of most of their divine worship had perished if it had not been expressed and preserved by their poets. But Mr. Cowley him

ſelf did, of all men living, abhor the abuſe of Scripture by licentious raillery, which ought not only to be eſteemed the meaneſt kind of wit, but the worſt ſort of ill manners. This, perhaps, ſome men would be loath to hear proved, who practice it under the falſe title of a genteel quality; but the truth of it is unqueſtionable: for the ordinary ill-breeding is only an indecence and offence againſt ſome particular cuſtom, or geſture, or behaviour, in uſe: but this profaneneſs is a violation of the very ſupport of human ſociety, and a rudeneſs againſt the beſt manners that all mankind can practiſe, which is a juſt reverence of the ſupreme Power of all the world.

In his Latin poems he has expreſſed to admiration all the numbers of verſes, and figures of poeſy, that are ſcattered up and down among the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all any good faſhion of ſpeech, or colour of meaſure, but he has comprehended it, and given inſtances of it, according as his ſeveral arguments required, either a majeſtic ſpirit, or a paſſionate, or a pleaſant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any ſingle poet of the ancient Romans themſelves: they had the language natural to them, and ſo might eaſily have moulded it into what form or humour they pleaſed; yet it was their conſtant cuſtom to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of writing, as deſpairing ever to compaſs all together. This is

evident in those that excelled in odes and songs; in the comical, tragical, epical, elegiacal, or satirical way: and this, perhaps, occasioned the first distinction and number of the Muses: for they thought the task too hard for any one of them, tho' they fancied them to be goddesses; and therefore they divided it amongst them all, and only recommended to each of them the care of a distinct character of poetry and music.

The occasion of his chusing the subject of his six Books of Plants was this: when he returned into England he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled profession, and that of physic was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many anatomical dissections, he proceeded to the consideration of simples; and having furnished himself with books of that nature, he retired into a fruitful part of Kent, where every field and wood might shew him the real figures of those plants of which he read. Thus he speedily mastered that part of the art of medicine: but then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the study of the law, instead of employing his skill for practice and profit, he presently digested into that form which we behold.

The two first books treat of Herbs, in a style resembling the elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the sweetness and freedom of the verse, but excelling them in the strength of the fancy, and vigour of the se

The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the variety of Catullus and Horace's numbers, for the last of which authors he had a peculiar reverence, and imitated him not only in the stately and numerous pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in the familiar easiness of his Epistles and Speeches. The two last speak of Trees in the way of Virgil's Georgics. Of these the sixth Book is wholly dedicated to the honour of his country: for making the British Oak to preside in the assembly of the forest trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the history of our late troubles, the King's affliction and return, and the beginning of the Dutch war, and manages all in a style that (to say all in a word) is equal to the greatness and valour of the English nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of Horace's speeches; but of this there are but two instances preserved; that part of an epistle to Mr. Creswel with which he concludes his preface to his Book of Plants, and that copy which is written to yourself. I confess I heartily wish he had left more examples behind him of this kind, because I esteem it to be one of the best and most difficult of all those that Antiquity has taught us: it is certainly the very original of true raillery, and differs as much from some of the other Latin satires, as the pleasant reproofs of a gentleman from the severity of a schoolmaster. I know some men disapprove it, because the verse seems to be loose,

and near to the plainness of common discourse; [illegible] that which was admired by the court of Augustus [illegible] never ought to be esteemed flat and vulgar. And the same judgment should be made of men's styles as of their behaviour and carriage, wherein that is most courtly and hardest to be imitated which consists of a natural easiness and unaffected grace, where nothing seems to be studied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of verse puts me in mind of one kind of prose, wherein Mr. Cowley was excellent, and that is his Letters to his private friends. In these he always expressed the native tenderness and innocent gaiety of his mind. I think, Sir, you and I have the greatest collection of this sort: but I know you agree with me that nothing of this nature should be published: and herein you have always consented to approve of the modest judgment of our countrymen above the practice of some of our neighbours, and chiefly of the French. I make no manner of question but the English, at this time, are infinitely improved in this way above the skill of former ages, nay, of all countries round about us that pretend to greater eloquence; yet they have been always judiciously sparing in printing such composures, while some other witty nations have tired all their presses and readers with them. The truth is, the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or

elaborate elegancies, or general fancies; but they ſhould have a native clearneſs and ſhortneſs, a domeſtical plainneſs, and a peculiar kind of familiarity, which can only affect the humour of thoſe to whom they were intended. The very ſame paſſages which make writings of this nature delightful amongſt friends, will loſe all manner of taſte when they come to be read by thoſe that are indifferent. In ſuch letters the ſouls of men ſhould appear undreſſed; and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be ſeen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the ſtreets.

The laſt pieces that we have from his hands are Diſcourſes, by way of Eſſays, upon ſome of the graveſt ſubjects that concern the contentment of a virtuous mind. Theſe he intended as a real character of his own thoughts upon the point of his retirement: and, accordingly, you may obſerve, that in the proſe of them there is little curioſity of ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler ſtyle than the reſt, and, as an unfeigned image of his ſoul ſhould be drawn, without flattery. I do not ſpeak this to their diſadvantage: for the true perfection of wit is to be pliable to all occaſions, to walk or fly, according to the nature of every ſubject; and there is no doubt as much art to have only plain conceptions on ſome arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary flights.

To theſe that he has here left ſcarce finiſhed it was his

design to have added many others: and a little before his death he communicated to me his resolutions to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. Albans, as a testimony of his entire respects to him, and a kind of apology for having left human affairs in the strength of his age, while he might still have been serviceable to his country: but tho' he was prevented in this purpose by his death, yet it becomes the office of a friend to make good his intentions. I, therefore, here presume to make a present of them to his Lordship. I doubt not but, according to his usual humanity, he will accept this imperfect legacy of the man whom he long honoured with his domestic conversation; and I am confident his Lordship will believe it to be no injury to his fame, that in these papers my Lord St. Albans and Mr. Cowley's name shall be read together by posterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer discourse of his writings, but that I think it fit to direct my speech concerning him by the same rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his esteem of other men, he constantly preferred the good temper of their minds and honesty of their actions, above all the excellencie of their eloquence or knowledge. The same course will take in his praise, which chiefly ought to be fixe on his life; for that he deserves more applause fro the most virtuous men, than for his other abilities ever obtained from the learned.

He had, indeed, a perfect natural goodness, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeness of his wit, could pervert. He had a firmness and strength of mind that was proof against the art of poetry itself. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent, appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainness of manners, which he preserved to the last, tho' much of his time was spent in a nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for sincerity: but the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples, and therefore the sight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary virtues.

There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture. He understood the forms of good-breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself or others. He never oppressed any man's parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for fame, or contention for profit, with any man. When he was in business he suffered others' importunities with much easiness: when he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His modesty and humility were so great, that if he had not had many other equal virtues, they might have been thought dissimulation.

His conversation was certainly of the most excellent kind, for it was such as was rather admired by his familiar friends, than by strangers at first sight.

urpriſed no man at firſt with any extraordinar
earance: he never thruſt himſelf violently int
good opinion of his company. He was content t
known by leiſure and by degrees; and ſo th
teem that was conceived of him was better groun
l, and more laſting.

In his ſpeech, neither the pleaſantneſs exclude
gravity, nor was the ſobriety of it inconſiſtent with d
light. No man parted willingly from his diſcourſe
for he ſo ordered it, that every man was ſatisfied th
he had his ſhare. He governed his paſſions with gre
moderation. His virtues were never troubleſome
uneaſy to any. Whatever he diſliked in others, h
only corrected it by the ſilent reproof of a better pra
tice.

His wit was ſo tempered, that no man had e
reaſon to wiſh it had been leſs: he prevented o
men's ſeverity upon it by his own: he never will
ly recited any of his writings. None but his inti
friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by h
courſe. His learning was large and profound
compoſed of all ancient and modern knowledg
it ſat exceeding cloſe and handſomely upon h
was not emboſſed on his mind, but enamelle

He never guided his life by the whiſpers
nions of the world; yet he had a great reve
a good reputation. He hearkened to Fam
was a juſt cenſurer, but not when an ex

bbler. He was a passionate lover of liberty and free-
m from restraint both in actions and words; but
at honesty others receive from the direction of
rs, he had by native inclination, and he was not be-
dden to other men's wills, but to his own, for his
nocence.

He performed all his natural and civil duties with
mirable tenderness. Having been born after his fa-
er's death, and bred up under the discipline of his
other, he gratefully acknowledged her care of his
ucation to her death, which was in the eightieth
ar of her age. For his three brothers he always
aintained a constant affection; and having survived
e two first, he made the third his heir. In his long
pendence on my Lord St. Albans, there never hap-
ned any manner of difference between them, except
ittle at last, because he would leave his service; which
ly shewed the innocence of the servant, and the
ndness of the master. His friendships were inviolable.
e same men with whom he was familiar in his youth,
re his nearest acquaintance at the day of his death.
the private course of his last years made him con-
ct his conversation to a few, yet he only withdrew,
t broke off, from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his con-
ion. He never wished his estate much larger, yet
enjoyed what he had with all innocent freedom;
never made his present life uncomfortable by un-
expectations of future things. Whatever disap-

pointments he met with, they only made him understand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: his Muse, indeed, once complained, but never his mind. He was accomplished with all manner of abilities for the greatest business, if he would but have thought so himself.

If any thing ought to have been changed in his temper and disposition, it was his earnest affection for obscurity and retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the same humour. I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things: but, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue, and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same modestion, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness; but if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

Yet, I confess, if any deserved to have this privilege, it ought to have been granted to him as soon as any man living, upon consideration of the manner in which he spent the liberty that he got; for he withdrew himself out of the crowd with desires of enlightening

and inſtructing the minds of thoſe that remained in it. It was his reſolution, in that ſtation, to ſearch into the ſecrets of divine and human knowledge, and to communicate what he ſhould obſerve. He always profeſſed that he went out of the world, as it was man's, into the ſame world as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole compaſs of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine Wiſdom, were the conſtant proſpect of his ſenſes and his thoughts; and indeed he entered with great advantage on the ſtudies of Nature, even as the firſt great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philoſophers. He betook himſelf to its contemplation, as well furniſhed with ſound judgment, and diligent obſervation, and good method to diſcover its myſteries, as with abilities to ſet it forth in all its ornaments.

This labour about natural ſcience was the perpetual and uninterrupted taſk of that obſcure part of his life. Beſides this, we had perſuaded him to look back into his former ſtudies, and to publiſh a diſcourſe concerning ſtyle. In this he had deſigned to give an account of the proper ſorts of writing that were fit for all manner of arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the authors of antiquity with thoſe of this preſent age, and to deduce all down to the particular uſe of the Engliſh genius and language. This ſubject he was very fit to perform, it being moſt proper for him to be the judge who had been the *beſt practiſer:* but he ſcarce lived to draw the firſt

lines of it: all the footſteps that I can find remainin of it are only ſome indigeſted characters of ancien and modern authors. And now, for the future, I al moſt deſpair ever to ſee it well accompliſhed, unleſ you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man tha ſhould undertake it.

But his laſt and principal deſign was that whicl ought to be the principal to every wiſe man, the eſta bliſhing his mind in the faith he profeſſed. He wa in his practice exactly obedient to the uſe and precept of our church: nor was he inclined to any uncertaint and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferen things, and much more in ſacred. But he beheld th diviſions of Chriſtendom; he ſaw how many contro verſies had been introduced by zeal or ignorance, an continued by faction: he had therefore an earneſt in tention of taking a review of the original principle of the primitive church, believing that every tru Chriſtian had no better means to ſettle his ſpirit tha that which was propoſed to Æneas and his followe to be the end of their wanderings, *Antiquam exquirit matrem.*

This examination he purpoſed ſhould reach to ou Saviour's and the apoſtles' lives, and their immediat ſucceſſors, for four or five centuries, till intereſt an policy prevailed over devotion. He hoped to have ab ſolutely compaſſed it in three or four years, and, whe that was done, there to have fixed for ever, withou

ting or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it
eat damage to our church that he lived not to
it, for very much of the primitive light might
en expected from a mind that was endued
e primitive meekness and innocence. And,
such a work coming from one that was no
might have been very useful for this age,
it is one of the principal cavils against religion,
; only a matter of interest, and only support-
he gain of a particular profession. But, alas!
was framing these great things in his thoughts,
ere unfortunately cut off together with his
; solitude, from the very beginning, had never
o well with the constitution of his body as of
l. The chief cause of it was, that out of haste
one away from the tumult and noise of the
: had not prepared so healthful a situation in
ntry as he might have done if he had made
leisurable choice. Of this he soon began to
inconvenience at Barn-Elms, where he was
with a dangerous and lingering fever. After
scarce ever recovered his former health, tho'
l was restored to its perfect vigour, as may
by his two last Books of Plants, that were
since that time, and may at least be compared
: best of his other works. Shortly after his
to Chertsea he fell into another consuming
having languished under this for some months,

he ſeemed to be pretty well cured of its ill ſymptoms; but in the heat of the laſt ſummer, by ſtaying too long amongſt his labourers in the meadows, he was taken with a violent deſluction, and ſtoppage in his breaſt and throat. This he at firſt neglected as an ordinary cold, and refuſed to ſend for his uſual phyſicians till it was paſt all remedies; and ſo, in the end, after a fortnight ſickneſs, it proved mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes and frail condition of human nature? for as long as Mr. Cowley was purſuing the courſe of ambition in active life, which he ſcarce eſteemed his true life, he never wanted a conſtant health and ſtrength of body; but as ſoon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himſelf in ſecurity, his contentment was firſt broken by ſickneſs, and at laſt his death was occaſioned by his very delight in the country and the fields, which he had long fancied above all other pleaſures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, leſt we ſhould ſeem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loſs of a few years, which he might longer have lived, will be recompenſed by an immortal memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own ſakes, that in him we are at once deprived of the greateſt natural and improved abilities, of the uſefulleſt converſation, of the faithfulleſt friendſhip, of a mind that practiſed the beſt virtues itſelf, and a wit that was beſt able to recommend them to others.

His body was attended to Westminster-Abbey by a great number of persons of the most eminent quality, and followed with the praises of all good and learned men. It lies near the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser, the two most famous English poets of former times. But whoever would do him right, should not only equal him to the principal ancient writers of our own nation, but should also rank his name amongst the authors of the true antiquity, the best of the Greeks and Romans. In that place there is a monument designed for him by my Lord Duke of Buckingham, in testimony of his affection; and the King himself was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his Majesty declared, "That Mr. Cowley had not "left a better man behind him in England."

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to present the world concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged that I have spent too many words on a private man and a scholar, whose life was not remarkable for such a variety of events as are wont to be the ornaments of this kind of relations. I know it is the custom of the world to prefer the pompous histories of great men before the greatest virtues of others, whose lives have been led in a course less illustrious. This, indeed, is the general humour; but I believe it to be an error in men's judgments: for certainly that is a more profitable instruction which may be taken from the eminent goodness of men of lower rank, than that

which we learn from the splendid represent
the battles, and victories, and buildings, and
of great commanders and princes. Such specic
ters, as they are seldom delivered with fidelity
serve but for the imitation of a very few, an
make for the ostentation than the true info
of human life: whereas it is from the practice
equal to ourselves that we are more naturally
how to command our passions, to direct ou
ledge, and to govern our actions.

For this reason I have some hope that a c
of Mr. Cowley may be of good advantage to
tion; for what he wanted in titles of honour,
gifts of Fortune, was plentifully supplied b
other excellencies, which make perhaps less n
are more beneficial for example. This, Sir,
principal end of this long Discourse. Besides th
another design in it, that only concerns ou
that having this picture of his life set befor
may still keep him alive in our memories, and
means, we may have some small reparation fo
expressible loss by his death.

Sir, I am

Your most humble, and

most affectionate servant,

T.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

AT my return lately into England I met, by great accident, (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book entitled, The Iron Age, and published under my name during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man's rather than his own; though, perhaps, he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiary, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for no body can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than those of another man's, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in effigy; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if

which we learn from the ſplendid repreſentation of the battles, and victories, and buildings, and ſayings, of great commanders and princes. Such ſpecious matters, as they are ſeldom delivered with fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the oſtentation than the true information of human life: whereas it is from the practice of men equal to ourſelves that we are more naturally taught how to command our paſſions, to direct our knowledge, and to govern our actions.

For this reaſon I have ſome hope that a character of Mr. Cowley may be of good advantage to our nation; for what he wanted in titles of honour, and the gifts of Fortune, was plentifully ſupplied by many other excellencies, which make perhaps leſs noiſe, but are more beneficial for example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Diſcourſe. Beſides this, I had another deſign in it, that only concerns ourſelves; that having this picture of his life ſet before us, we may ſtill keep him alive in our memories, and, by this means, we may have ſome ſmall reparation for our inexpreſſible loſs by his death.

Sir, I am

Your moſt humble, and

moſt affectionate ſervant,

T. SPRAT

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he malice of witches have the power to consume
and destroy it in an image of their own making. This,
indeed, was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the
charm took no effect; so that I esteem myself less pre-
judiced by it than by that which has been done to
me since, almost in the same kind, which is the pub-
lication of some things of mine without my consent
or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect,
that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor
with honesty quite disavow them: of which sort was
a comedy called The Guardian, printed in the year
1650, but made and acted before the Prince, in his
passage thro' Cambridge towards York, at the begin-
ning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made
nor acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for
the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised
or perfected by the Author, nor learned without book
by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably
by the officers of the College. After the representation
(which I confess was somewhat of the latest) I began
to look it over, and changed it very much, striking
out some whole parts, as that of the Poet and the
Soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think
it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me
omit it in this publication, though there be some thing
in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of
my age and small experience in human conversation
when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty

ſitting of a picture, and therefore like to reſemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to myſelf, I began to reflect on the fortune of almoſt all writers, and eſpecially poets, whoſe works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find ſtuffed out either with counterfeit pieces, like falſe money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the ſum, or with ſuch which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themſelves for the baſeneſs of the alloy. Whether this proceed from the indiſcretion of their friends, who think a vaſt heap of ſtones or rubbiſh a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of ſome ſtationers, who are content to diminiſh the value of the author, ſo they may increaſe the price of the book, and, like vintners with ſophiſticate mixtures, ſpoil the whole veſſel of wine to make it yield more profit. This hath been the caſe with Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, Johnſon, and many others, part of whoſe poems I ſhould take the boldneſs to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any ſcruple to cut off from ſome the unneceſſary young ſuckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vaſt volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the leſs ſpace it animates, and, as Statius ſays of little Tydeus,

——Totos infuſa per artus
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.

m not ignorant that by saying this [illegible]
ose myself to some raillery, for not using th[illegible]
were discretion in my own case, where it co[illegible]
ne nearer; but tho' I publish here more than [illegible]
wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed [illegible]
cast away more than I publish; and for the ease [illegible]
myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than [illegible]
both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these Poems to the light and view of the world, not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose, rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death; and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my Muse, in this action, as appearing, like the Emperor Charles V. and assisting at her own funeral.

For to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better, or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life: but as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to

der at the diminution or decay of my affectio
y, to which I had contracted myſelf ſo m
er age, and ſo much to my own prejudice, in
l of thoſe more profitable matches which I mig
: made among the richer ſciences. As for the po
which this brings of fame, it is an eſtate (if it b
, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes
idows than in their opinion of *exegi monumen-
are peremus*) that hardly ever comes in whilſt
ire living to enjoy it, but is a fantaſtical kind of
rſion to our own ſelves; neither ought any man
nvy poets this poſthumous and imaginary happi-
, ſince they find commonly ſo little in preſent,
. it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul
ks of the firſt Chriſtians, "If their reward be in
is life, they are of all men the moſt miſerable."
d if in quiet and flouriſhing times they meet
o ſmall encouragement, what are they to expect
h and troubled ones? If wit be ſuch a plant that
: receives heat enough to preſerve it alive even in
mer of our cold climate, how can it chuſe but
a long and ſharp winter? A warlike, vari-
a tragical age, is beſt to write of, but worſt to
and I may, though in a very unequal pro-
ſſume that to myſelf which was ſpoken by
much better perſon, upon occaſion of the
nd revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens,
cujus in adoleſcentiam per medias laudes quaſ*

quaarigis [illegible] *transversa incurrit misera fortuna R[illegible] publicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present constitution of my [illegible] more proper than that of the times for this e[illegible] or rather divertisement: there is nothing that [illegible] so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it m[illegible] not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, [illegible] overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, [illegible] shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of *Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The cold of the country had strucken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own Metamorphoses; and though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,

In vultu color est sine sanguine, immia, mœstis
Stant immota genæ; nihil est in imagine vivum,
Flet tamen——— Ovid. Metam.

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour. Neither is wit less eclip-

the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the
sposition of body; so that it is almost as hard a
ng to be a poet in despight of Fortune, as it is in
pight of Nature. For my own part, neither my
ligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them,
e so great, as that I should suffer myself on no con-
derations to be divorced, or that I should say, like
Horace,

Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color. Hor. Sat. I. 1. ii. Ser.

I shall rather use his words in another place,

Vixi camaenis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria,
Nunc arma defunctumq; bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit. L. iii. Car. Ode 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this resolution of mine does the more befit me, because my desire has been for some years past, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, (which is the end of most men that travel thither, so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

Improbus extremos currit mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens--------)

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

Oblitusq; meorum, obliviscendus et illis.

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed

in them, to deſerve more care in preſervation *t*
was beſtowed upon their brethren, for which I am
little concerned, that I am aſhamed of the arroga
of the word, when I ſaid "I had loſt them."

The ſecond is called The Miſtreſs, or Love-verſ
for ſo it is, that poets are ſcarce thought freemen
their company, without paying ſome duties, and o
ging themſelves to be true to Love. Sooner or la
they muſt all paſs through that trial, like ſome M
hometan monks, that are bound by their order, or
at leaſt, in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mec

In furias ignemque ruunt; amor omnibus idem.

But we muſt not always make a judgment of t
manners from their writings of this kind, as the
maniſts uncharitably do of Beza for a few laſciv
ſonnets compoſed by him in his youth. It is no
this ſenſe that poeſy is ſaid to be a kind of painti
it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and
ſons imagined by him. He may be in his own prac
and diſpoſition a philoſopher, nay, a Stoic, and
ſpeak ſometimes with the ſoftneſs of an amor
Sappho.

Feret & rubus aſper Amomum.

He profeſſes too much the uſe of fables (though w
out the malice of deceiving) to have his teſtimony
ken even againſt himſelf. Neither would I here
miſunderſtood, as if I affected ſo much gravity a

be aſhamed to be thought really in love: on the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at leaſt capable of being ſo: but I ſpeak it to excuſe ſome expreſſions (if ſuch there be) which may happen to offend the ſeverity of ſupercilious readers; for much exceſs is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, ſo we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obſcenity and profaneneſs, of which, I am ſure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill repreſented my thoughts and intentions: and if, notwithſtanding all this, the lightneſs of the matter here diſpleaſe any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more ſerious inclinations in the weight and height of the enſuing arguments.

For, as for the Pindaric Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be underſtood by moſt readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poeſy. They either are, or at leaſt were meant to be, of that kind of ſtyle which Dion. Halicarnaſſeus calls, Μεγαλοφυὲς ᾠδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digreſſions are many, and ſudden, and ſometimes long, according to the faſhion of all Lyrics, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unuſual, and bold even to temerity, and ſuch as I durſt not have to do withal in any other kind

of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and ſometimes (eſpecially ſome of the long ones) ſeem harſh and uncouth, if the juſt meaſures and cadences be not obſerved in the pronunciation: ſo that almoſt all their ſweetneſs and numeroſity (which is to be found, if I miſtake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly deſcribed the nature of theſe verſes in the ode entitled, The Reſurrection; and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them eaſy to be compoſed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwiſe.

——Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, multum ſudet fruſtraq; laboret
Auſus idem——.

I come now to the laſt part, which is Davideis, or, an Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David, which I deſigned into twelve books, not for the Tribes' ſake, but after the pattern of our maſter Virgil, and intended to cloſe all with that moſt poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, becauſe it is the cuſtom of heroic poets (as we ſee by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their ſtory, but only ſo near, that every one may ſee it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what

they have won. This, I ſay, was the whole deſign, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as, the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the prieſts at Nob; the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderneſs; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the ſacking of Ziglag; the loſs and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philiſtines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon ſeveral occaſions, with moſt of the illuſtrious ſtories of the Old Teſtament, and to embelliſh with the moſt remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leiſure hitherto, nor have appetite at preſent, to finiſh the work, or ſo much as to reviſe that part which is done with that care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deſerves: for what worthier ſubject could have been choſen among all the treaſuries of paſt times, than the life of this young prince, who, from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite troubles and oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greateſt monarch that ever ſat on the moſt famous throne of the whole earth? Whom ſhould a poet more juſtly ſeek to honour than the higheſt perſon who ever honoured his profeſſion? whom a Chriſtian

poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that ſacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the beſt and mightieſt of that royal race from whence Chriſt himſelf, according to the fleſh, diſdained not to deſcend? When I conſider this, and how many other bright and magnificent ſubjects of the like nature the Holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poeſy, in the wiſe managing and illuſtrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the ſingular utility and nobleſt delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine Science employing all her inexhauſtible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great perſons, or the unmanly idolizing of fooliſh women, or the wretched affectation of ſcurril laughter, or at beſt on the confuſed antiquated dreams of ſenſeleſs fables and metamophoſes. Amongſt all holy and conſecrated things which the devil ever ſtole and alienated from the ſervice of the Deity, as altars, temples, ſacrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he ſo univerſally and ſo long uſurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to reſtore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damaſcus. There wants, methinks, but the converſion of that, and the Jews, for the accompliſh-

ment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctances apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty, it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven. There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but, alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables, yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it; for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind; they are all but the cold meats of the Ancients new heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a-gleaning not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous, yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times: they were believed by all but a few philosophers, and perhaps some Atheists, and served to good purpose among

the vulgar, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conſcience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other religion, and therefore that was better than none at all: but to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinences, they ought to appear no better arguments for verſe than thoſe of their worthy ſucceſſors the knights errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the ſtory of Deucalion than in that of Noah? why will not the actions of Samſon afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendſhip of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theſeus and Perithous? Does not the paſſage of Moſes and the Iſraelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulyſſes or Æneas? are the obſolete threadbare tales of Thebes and Troy half ſo ſtored with great, heroical, and ſupernatural actions (ſince verſe will needs find or make ſuch) as the wars of Joſhua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Chriſt, or of his prophets and apoſtles? What do I inſtance in theſe few particulars? all the books of the Bible

are either already moſt admirable and exalted pieces of poeſy, or are the beſt materials in the world for it. Yet though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe, none but a good artiſt will know how to do it: neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh diamonds with ſo little pains and ſkill as we do marble; for if any man deſign to compoſe a ſacred poem, by only turning a ſtory of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or ſome other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of Angels, into rhyme, he is ſo far from elevating of poeſy, that he only abaſes divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame fertility of invention, the ſame wiſdom of diſpoſition, the ſame judgment in obſervance of decencies, the ſame luſtre and vigour of elocution, the ſame modeſty and majeſty of number; briefly, the ſame kind of habit, is required to both; only this latter allows better ſtuff, and therefore would look more deformedly if ill dreſſed in it. I am far from aſſuming to myſelf to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking; but ſure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree anſwerable to the idea that I conceive of it; and I ſhall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and induſtry of ſome other perſons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and ſucceſsfully.

THIS edition of Mr. Cowley's Poems will be found more copious in the Contents than that by Dr. Sprat, or any subsequent edition: it therefore includes his Constantia and Philetus, Piramus and Thisbe, with a great number of other poems (mostly, indeed, juvenile performances) omitted in Dr. Sprat's folio, but which had yet been frequently printed during the Author's lifetime:—for it is the professed design of this Work to print entire, without abstraction or mutilation of poems, or parts of poems, the whole original pieces, in English, of such of the Poets whose works claim the merit of a place in this extensive undertaking.—In all former editions of Cowley, the Miscellanies, Epistles, Elegiac Poems, &c. have been confusedly blended together. In the present edition these are separately arranged, and fall under the reader's notice in one distinct department—The six Books of Plants are printed from the translations of Mr. Tate, Mrs. Behn, and others, and not from the Author's Latin originals; which must have been less generally understood, and, consequently, less pleasing to the generality of readers: and the Poem itself is of too valuable a nature, and forms too great a part of Mr. Cowley's poetical labours, to suffer being discarded from his other writings, either in its original Latin garb, or in its more modern English one, in which last dress it is here presented to the reader.

October 1777.

TO THE READER.

REader! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) ſome I know have been angry (I dare not aſſume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldneſs, and blamed in mine what commends other fruits, earlineſs: others, who are either of a weak faith or ſtrong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never ſounds but when it is blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but authorem anonymum. *To the firſt I anſwer, That it is an envious froſt that nips the bloſſoms becauſe they appear quickly; to the latter, That he is the worſt homicide who ſtrives to murther another's fame; to both, That it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the ſtars, becauſe the moon and ſun ſhine brighter. The ſmall fire I have is rather blown than extinguiſhed by this wind: for the itch of poeſy by being angered increaſes; by rubbing ſpreads further; which appears in that I have ventured on this eighth edition. What though it be neglected? it is not, I am ſure, the firſt book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it ſuffer ſhipwreck, it ſhall ſomething content me that it hath pleaſed myſelf and the bookſeller. In it you ſhall find one argument (and I hope I ſhall need no more) to confute unbelievers, which is, that as mine age, and, conſequently, experience (which is yet but little) hath increaſed, ſo they have not left my poeſy flagging behind them. I ſhould not be angry to ſee any one burn my* Piramus *and*

This she; nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope it may easily be gotten forthe errors of ten years of age. Constantia and Philetus confesses me two years older I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and, perhaps, do not belie the time of their Such as they are, they were created by me, but the fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect that the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

TO THE READER.

I.

I Call'd the buskin'd Muse, Melpomene,
And told her what sad story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,
Tho' wont in mournful ditties to delight.
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with conceits, did flow.

II.

And as she my unable quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be espy'd,
Oh, Reader! do not them my error call,
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To the Right Hon.

and Right Rev. Father in

J O H N,

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOL

AND DEAN OF WESTMINST.

MY LORD,

I Might well fear lest these my rude and
should offend your honourable survey, but th
Nobleness will rather smile at the faults co
child than censure them. However, I desir
ship's pardon for presenting things so unwo
view, and to accept the good-will of him who
is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COW

lume I.

Thisbe; nay, I would do it myself, but [illegible]
may easily be gotten forthe errors of ten years of
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Oh, Reader! do not them my error call,
But think her tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

ABRAHA

To the Right Hon.

And Right Rev. Father in God,

JOHN,

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

[illegible]

Your Lordship's

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

To the memory of the incomparable

MR. COWLEY.

WITH artleſs hand, and much diſorder'd mind,
(Pardon, illuſtrious Man!) I come
To try if worthy thee I ought can find,
That grovelling I might offer at thy tomb;
For yet, nor yet thou never haſt thy due, 5
Tho' courted by the underſtanding few,
And they ſometimes officious too:
Much more is owing to thy mighty name
Than was perform'd by noble Buckingham;
He choſe a place thy ſacred bones to keep, 10
Near that where poets and where monarchs ſleep.
Well did thy kind Mecænas mean
To thee and to himſelf, and may that tomb
Convey your mutual praiſe to ages yet to come:
But monuments may betray their truſt, 15
And like their founders crumble into duſt.
Were I to adviſe poſterity
That ſhould at all times acceptable be,
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, [learn.
Cowley ſhould be the firſt word all their ſons ſhould
That charming name would every grace inſpire, 21
Inflame their ſouls with ſupernatural fire,
And make them nothing but what's truly good ad-
Early their tender minds would be poſſeſs'd [mire.
With glorious images, and every breaſt 25
Imbibe an happineſs not to be expreſs'd.

Of these (bless'd Shade!) when thou wert here
An unregarded sojourner,
Thou hadst so large a part,
That thou dost hardly more appear 30
Accomplish'd where thou art;
But that thy radiant brow,
Encircled with an everlasting wreath,
Shews thee triumphant now
O'er disappointments and o'er death. 35
When with astonishment we cast an eye
On thine amazing infancy,
We envy Nature's prodigality
To thee, and only thee,
In whom (as in old Eden) still were seen 40
All things florid, fresh, and green,
Blossoms and fruit at once on one immortal tree.
Herculean vigour hadst thou when but young,
In riper years more than Alcides strong:
Then who shall sing thy wondrous song? 45
For he that worthily would mention thee
Should be divested of mortality;
No meaner off'rings should he bring,
Than what a saint might pen, an angel sing;
Such as with cheerfulness thyself hadst done, 50
If in thy lifetime thou hadst known
So bright a theme to write upon:
Tho' thou hast sung of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers mighty things,

Enjoy (inimitable Dryden!)
Of all thy pleasant toil the sweet reward,
And ever venerable be,
Till the unthinking world shall once more lie
Immers'd in her first chaos of barbarity:
A curse now to be dreaded, for with thee
Dy'd all the lovely decencies of poetry.

THO. FLATMAN.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE AUTHOR.

To fertile wits and plants of fruitful kind
Impartial Nature the same laws assign'd;
Both have their spring before they reach their prime,
A time to blossom, and a bearing time:
An early bloom to both has fatal been;
Those soonest fade, whose verdure first was seen.
Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward Cowley held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.

Thus faint our ſtrongeſt metaphors muſt be,
Thus unproportion'd to thy Muſe and thee.
Thoſe flowers, that did in thy rich garden ſmile, 20
Wither, tranſplanted to another ſoil.
Thus Orpheus' harp that did wild beaſts command,
Had loſt its force in any other hand.
Saul's frantic rage harmonious ſounds obey'd,
His rage was charm'd, but 'twas when David play'd.
The artleſs ſince have touch'd thy ſacred lyre; 26
We have thy numbers, but we want thy fire.
Horace and Virgil, where they brighteſt ſhin'd,
Prov'd but thy ore, and were by thee refin'd:
The conquerors that from the general flame 30
Sav'd Pindar's roof, deſerv'd a laſting name,
A greater thou, that didſt preſerve his fame.
A dark and huddled chaos long he lay,
Till thy diviner genius' pow'rful ray
Diſpers'd the miſts of night, and gave him day. 35
No miſts of time can make thy verſe leſs bright,
Thou ſhin'ſt like Phœbus with unborrow'd light.
Henceforth no Phœbus we'll invoke, but thee;
Auſpicious to thy poor ſurvivors be!
Who unrewarded plow the Muſes' ſoil, 40
Our labour all the harveſt of our toil;
And in excuſe of fancies flag'd and tir'd,
Can only ſay, Auguſtus * is expir'd. 43

* Written juſt when King Charles was dead.

ON MR. COWLEY'S

JUVENILE POEMS,

AND THE

TRANSLATION OF HIS PLANTA

A PINDARIC.

I.

When young Alcides in his cradle lay,
And grasp'd in both his infant hands,
Broke from the nurse's feeble bands,
The bloody gasping prey,
Aloft he those first trophies bore,
And squeezes out their poi'nous gore;
The women shriek'd with wild amaze,
The men as much affrighted gaze;
But had the wise Tiresias come
Into the crowded room,
With deep prophetic joy
He 'ad heard the conquests of the godlike b
And sung in sacred rage
What ravenous men, and beasts engage:
Hence he'd propitious omens take,
And from the triumphs of his infancy
Portend his future victory
O'er the foul serpent welt'ring wide in Lern
ful lake.

II.

Pindar, Pindar Cowley sings,
ile they strike the vocal strings, 20
r both new honours brings.
shall now the mighty task sustain?
w our Hercules is there,
thas can Olympus bear?
ortal undergo th' unequal pain? 25
a glorious fate
vith such a weight,
:h unhallowed fingers, I
ch the ark, altho' I die.
me, O thou shining Shade! 30
a fault which Love has made.
ny saucy kindness mourn,
et I can't repent,
hy sacred monument,
isten with my tears thy wondrous urn. 35

III.

egin, my Muse! thy noble choir,
a at something worthy Pindar's lyre;
:hy breast excite the kindling fire,
it with thy voice!
does to Jove belong, 40
l Cowley claim my song.
ir first-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,
romis'd if the happy tree
:ver reach maturity,
the world with better and with more.

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Portend his future victory
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ful lake.

II.

Sides Pindar, Pindar Cowley sings,
And while they strike the vocal strings, 20
To either both new honours brings.
But who shall now the mighty task sustain?
And now our Hercules is there,
What Atlas can Olympus bear?
What mortal undergo th' unequal pain? 25
But 'tis a glorious fate
To fall with such a weight,
Tho' with unhallowed fingers, I
Will touch the ark, altho' I die.
Forgive me, O thou shining Shade! 30
Forgive a fault which Love has made.
Thus I my saucy kindness mourn,
Which yet I can't repent,
Before thy sacred monument,
And moisten with my tears thy wondrous urn. 35

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse! thy noble choir,
And aim at something worthy Pindar's lyre;
Within thy breast excite the kindling fire,
And fan it with thy voice!
Cowley does to Jove belong, 40
Jove and Cowley claim my song.
These fair first-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,
Which promis'd if the happy tree
Should ever reach maturity,
To bless the world with better and with more. 45

Thus in the kernel of the largeſt fruit
Is all the tree in little drawn,
The trunk, the branches, and the root;
Thus a fair day is pictur'd in a lovely dawn.

IV.

Taſſo, a poet in his infancy, 50
Did hardly earlier riſe than thee,
Nor did he ſhoot ſo far, or ſhine ſo bright,
Or in his dawning beams or noon-day light.
The Muſes did young Cowley raiſe, 55
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre: 60
Hence ſeeds of numbers in thy ſoul were fix'd,
Deep as the very reaſon there,
No force from thence could numbers tear,
Even with thy being mixt:
And there they lurk'd, till Spenſer's ſacred flame 65
Leap'd up and kindled thine,
Thy thoughts as regular and fine,
Thy ſoul the ſame,
Like his, to honour and to love inclin'd,
As ſoft thy ſoul, as great thy mind. 70

V.

Whatever Cowley writes muſt pleaſe;
Sure like the gods he ſpeaks all languages.

Whatever theme by Cowley's Muſe is dreſs'd,
Whatever he'll eſſay,
Or in the ſofter or the nobler way, 75
He ſtill writes beſt,
If he ever ſtretch his ſtrings
To mighty numbers, mighty things:
So did Virgil's heroes fight,
Such glories wore, tho' not ſo bright. 80
If he'll paint his noble fire,
Ah! what thoughts his ſongs inſpire!
Vigorous love and gay deſire.
Who would not, Cowley! rain'd be?
Who would not love that reads, that thinks of thee?
Whether thou in th' old Roman doſt delight, 86
Or Engliſh, full as ſtrong, to write,
Thy maſter-ſtrokes in both are ſhown,
Cowley in both excels alone,
Virgil of theirs, and Waller of our own. 90

VI.

But why ſhould the ſoft ſex be robb'd of thee?
Why ſhould not England know
How much ſhe does to Cowley owe?
How much fair Boſcobel's for-ever-ſacred tree?
The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods, 95
The fields, the meadows, and the floods,
The flow'ry world, where gods and poets uſe
To court a mortal or a Muſe?

It ſhall be done. But who? ah! who, ſhall dare
So vaſt a toil to undergo,
And all the world's juſt cenſure bear,
Thy ſtrength, and their own weakneſs ſhow?
Soft Afra *, who had led our ſhepherds long,
Who long the nymphs and ſwains did guide,
Our envy, her own ſex's pride,
When all her force on this great theme ſhe 'ad try'd,
She ſtrain'd a while to reach th' inimitable ſong,
She ſtrain'd a while, and wiſely dy'd.
Thoſe who ſurvive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great God of Poeſy!
With joy they ſacrifice their fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY,

AND HIS BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Our wit, till Cowley did its luſtre raiſe,
May be reſembled to the firſt three days,
In which did ſhine only ſuch ſtreaks of light
As ſerv'd but to diſtinguiſh day from night;
But wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like light when 'twas united in the ſun.

The poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle thoſe whom they would imitate:

* Mrs. A. Behn.

We watch'd to rob all ſtrangers when they writ,
And learn'd their language but to ſteal their wit : 10
He from that need his country does redeem,
Since thoſe who want may be ſupply'd from him ;
And foreign nations now may borrow more
From Cowley, than we could from them before :
Who, tho' he condeſcended to admit 15
The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,
Yet he thoſe ancient poets does purſue
But as the Spaniards great Columbus do;
He taught them firſt to the New World to ſteer,
But they poſſeſs all that is precious there. 20

When firſt his ſpring of wit began to flow,
It rais'd in ſome wonder and ſorrow too,
That God had ſo much wit and knowledge lent,
And that they were not in his praiſes ſpent.

But thoſe who in his Davideis look, 25
Find they his bloſſoms for his fruit miſtook :
In diff'ring ages diff'rent Muſes ſhin'd.
His green did charm the ſenſe, his ripe the mind.
Writing for Heav'n, he was inſpir'd from thence,
And from his theme deriv'd his influence. 30
The Scripture will no more the wicked fright;
His Muſe does make religion a delight.

O how ſeverely man is us'd by Fate!
The covetous toil long for an eſtate,
And having got more than their life can ſpend, 35
They may bequeath it to a ſon or friend;

But learning (in which none can have a ſhare,
Unleſs they climb to it by time and care;
Learning, the trueſt wealth which man can have
Does, with his body, periſh in his grave:
To tenements of clay it is confin'd,
Tho' 'tis the nobleſt purchaſe of the mind:
O why can we thus leave our friends poſſeſs'd
Of all our acquiſitions but the beſt?

Still when we ſtudy Cowley, we lament
That to the world he was no longer lent,
Who like a lightning to our eyes was ſhown,
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to ſee his flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For when wiſe poets can no higher fly,
They would, like ſaints, in their perfection die.

Tho' Beauty ſome affection in him bred,
Yet only ſacred Learning he would wed,
By which th' illuſtrious offſpring of his brain
Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:
His works ſhall live when pyramids of pride
Shrink to ſuch aſhes as they long did hide.

That ſacrilegious fire (which did laſt year
Level thoſe piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that majeſtic church to fly,
Where Engliſh kings and Engliſh poets lie;
It at an awful diſtance did expire;
Such pow'r had ſacred aſhes o'er that fire;

as it durſt not near that ſtructure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd by being ſo,
From what the rage of future flames can do.
Material fire dares not that place infeſt
Where he who had immortal flame does reſt.
There let his urn remain, for it was fit
Amongſt our kings to lay the King of Wit;
By which the ſtructure more renown'd will prove
For that part bury'd, than for all above.

ODE

UPON THE DEATH OF

MR. COWLEY.

I.

He who would worthily adorn his herſe,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal verſe
But who can ſuch majeſtic numbers write,
With ſuch inimitable light?
His high and noble flights to reach,
'Tis not the art of precept that can teach.
The world's grown old ſince Pindar, and to breed
Another ſuch did twenty ages need.

II.

At laſt another Pindar came,
Great as the firſt in genius and in fame;

But that the firſt in Greek, a conqu'ring languag
And the laſt wrote but in an iſland tongue.
Wit, thought, invention, in them both do flo
As torrents tumbling from the mountains go.
Tho' the great Roman lyric do maintain
That none can equal Pindar's ſtrain,
Cowley with words as full and thoughts as hi
As ever Pindar did, does fly;
Of kings and heroes he as boldly ſings,
And flies above the clouds, yet never wets his

III.

As fire aſpiring, as the ſea profound,
Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound;
As ſwift as lightning in its courſe,
And as reſiſtleſs in his force.
Whilſt other poets, like bees who range the fi
To gather what the flow'rs will yield,
Glean matter with much toil and pain,
To bring forth verſes in an humble ſtrain,
He ſees about him round,
Poſſeſs'd at once of all that can be found:
To his illuminated eye
All things created open lie;
That all his thoughts ſo clear and ſo perſpicu
That whatſoever he deſcribes we ſee;
Our ſouls are with his paſſions fir'd,
And he who does but read him is inſpir'd.

IV.

:hebes, where firſt he drew his breath,
s ſake his race was ſav'd from death
edonian youth, did not more honour
ey does his friends and country too. 40
: liv'd his wit to underſtand, [land;
ad England thought a rude inhoſpitable
it have bluſh'd, and Athens been aſham'd,
emote Britain nam'd,
s parts does match, if not exceed, 45
ſt men that they did either breed.

V.

ouriſh'd when Auguſtus ſway'd,
:eful ſceptre the whole world obey'd,
' him Mecænas would have made,
the country ſhade 50
he cabinet have ta'en
Cæſar's cares and charm his pain;
g can ſuch balm infuſe
ried mind, as does a noble Muſe.

VI.

ow as 'twas in former days, 55
he ſtreets of Rome were ſtrow'd with bays
Petrarch, who thro' arches rode,
. arches! honour'd as a demi-god,
wns conquer'd, or for battles won,
:s which were more his own; 60

For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,
In which blind undiſcerning Fortune had r

VII.

Tho' Cowley ne'er ſuch honours did attain
As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name ſhall
'Tis but his droſs that's in the grave,
His mem'ry Fame from death ſhall ſave;
His bays ſhall flouriſh, and be ever green,
When thoſe of conqu'rors are not to be ſe

Nec ubi mors ipſa ſuperſtes erit.

THO^{S}.

ON MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S

DEATH AND BURIAL

AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY THE HON. SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
diſcovers day from far;
ght thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
n our dark nation long involv'd;
e deſcending to the ſhades, 5
ieſs again the age invades.
(like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
e purple bluſh the day foreſhows;
ther three, with his own fires,
us, the poets' god, inſpires; 10
akeſpeare, Johnſon, Fletcher's lines,
age's luſtre Rome's outſhines:
poets near our princes ſleep,
n one grave their manſion keep;
liv'd to ſee ſo many days, 15
'ime had blaſted all their bays;
urſed be the fatal hour
pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt, flow'r
in the Muſes' garden grew,
amongſt wither'd laurels threw. 20
, which made them their fame outlive,
owley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.

Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenſer and in Johnſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben. Johnſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's ſtate
He did not ſteal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the Golden Fleece:
To him that language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies:
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,

judgment (giving law)
ft fancy kept in awe;
husbands jealous are,
y believe their wives too fair.
ſh ſtream ſo pure did flow,
at ſaw and taſted know;
is Latin vein, ſo clear,
ill, and high, it doth appear,
e immortal Virgil here,
his judge he would not fear:
reat portraiture, ſo true
encil never drew.
her ſong had ended here,
her Genii ſtraight appear;
mazement her did ſtrike,
s ſhe never ſaw ſo like;
ſemblance of all parts,
h, age, fortune, nature, arts,
its her torch at theirs, to tell,
the world this parallel:
contemplative their looks,
ng over Nature's books,
rks chaſte, moral, and divine,
ofit and delight combine;
ing dirt, in noble verſe
iloſophy rehearſe:
heir actions fall behind
rds, but with like candour ſhin'd;

Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd; 80
Yet having each the ſame deſire,
Both from the buſy throng retire:
Their bodies to their minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet tho' both fell before their hour, 85
Time on their offſpring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor fate their bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercaſt. 88

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

Ad illustrissimam academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

c tibi de nato ditissima Mater egeno
num immensi pignus Amoris habe.
meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
ingit gratas parcior arca manus.
e tui poteris vocem hic agnoscere Nati 5
i malè formatam, dissimilemq: tuæ?
e hic materni vestigia sacra decoris,
speculum poteris hic reperire tuum?
longum, dices, Cowlei, sic mihi tempus?
nihi speranti, perfide, multa redis? 10
, dices, Sagæ Lemuresq; Deæq; nocentes
c mihi in Infantis suppositæ loco?
Tu, sancta Parens, crudelis tu quoque Nati
ractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
mihi, quid Fato Genetrix accedis iniquo? 15
ors, sed non sis Ipsa Noverca mihi.
ihi natali Musarum adolescere in arvo,
nè dilecto luxuriare solo,
ihi de doctâ lionisset pleniùs undâ
ire, ingentem si satiare sitim, 20
ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,
legeres Nomen fusa rubore meum.
enè, scis quæ me Tempestas publica Mundi

Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati 2
Poſcentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.
Sic quondam aerium Vento bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum Autumnum ſæva flagellat Hyems,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,
Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor et ipſa gemit. 3
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum Sol roſeo redditur ore Pater.
O mihi jucundum Grantæ ſuper omnia Nomen!
O penitùs toto corde receptus Amor!
O pulchræ ſine Luxu Ædes, vitæq; beatæ, 3
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúſq; decor!
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Poſthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis! 4
O ſacri Fontes! et ſacræ Vatibus Umbræ,
Quas recreant Avium Pieridùmque chori!
O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior amnis!
Amnibus auriferis invidioſus inops!
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis, 4
Detque Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui;
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripâ, Came ſerene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audiſti puerili flumina cantu;
Ille quidem immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat. 5
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque

tum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
lquidis tacitiſque ſimul mea vita diebus,
ilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
ne cænoſæ luces; atque obice multo 55
itur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
ihi Sequanâ opus, Tameſiſve aut Tybridis unda?
:is es noſtram tollere, Came, ſitim.
qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!
: eadem Salicis littora more colit! 60
cui non tentatus ſordeſcere Mundus,
Pauperies nota nitere poteſt!
re cui nullo miſera experientia conſtat,
humanas ſentiat eſſe Nihil!
exemplis Fortuna inſtruxit opimis, 65
umentorum ſatque ſuperqúe dedit.
apite avulſum Diadema, infractáque Sceptra,
aſque Hominum Sorte minante minas,
um ludos, et non tractabile Fatum,
as fundo vidimus orbis opes. 70
oterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
ſcopulis naufragiiſque Mari?
oque in hoc Terræ tremuiſti, Academia, Motu,
uſtrâ) atque ædes contremuêre tuæ.
muêre ipſæ pacatæ Palladis arces; 75
uit Fulmen Laurea ſancta novum.
anquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere Numen,
Item Bellis iſta licere, velit!
a progenies, pereamus; et ecce, perimus!

In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum. 80
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi Mars ipſa ſuperſtes erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea ſaucia dextrâ, 85
(Namque ſolent ipſis Bella nocere Deis)
Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtúſque cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne breves ſecura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent. 90

MISCELLANIES.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their loves, their rivals' envy, parents' hate;
I sing their woeful life and tragic end.
Aid me, ye Gods! this story to rehearse, 5
This mournful tale, and favour every verse.

II.

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy; 10
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form.

III.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her wit in study, that they might
Keep earth from Chaos and eternal Night; 15
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty, then, since she did part,
For in her Nature wasted all her art.

IV.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which
A crown to Phœbus, and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend Arabian odours far,
Or ſmelling flow'rs, wherewith the Spring do
Approaching Summer; teeth like falling ſno
For white, were placed in a double row.

V.

Her wit excelling praiſe, ev'n all admire;
Her ſpeech was ſo attractive, it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty Pallas' ire,
And ſtir up envy from that deity.
The maiden-lilies at her ſight
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew w

VI.

She was in birth and parentage as high,
As in her fortune great or beauty rare,
And to her virtuous mind's nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs ſoul and lovely face
You might have ſeen each deity and grace.

VII.

A ſcornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,
Would Venus ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire;
Each who but ſaw was a competitor
And rival, ſcorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move
And light beholders on their way to love.

VIII.

Among her many ſuitors a young knight,
'Bove others wounded with the majeſty
Of her fair preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight; 45
Yet ſeldom his deſire can ſatisfy
With that bleſs'd object, or her rareneſs ſee;
For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealouſy.

IX.

Oft-times, that he might ſee his deareſt fair,
Upon his ſtately jennet he in th' way 50
Rides by her houſe, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright Conſtantia:
But his poor maſter, tho' he ſee her move
His joy, dares ſhew no look betraying love.

X.

Soon as the Morning left her roſy bed, 55
And all heav'n's ſmaller lights were driv'n away,
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,
Like other maids, would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluſh'd to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own. 60

XI.

Th' obſequious lover follows ſtill her train,
And where they go that way his journey feigns:
Should they turn back, he would turn back again,
For with his love his buſineſs ſtill remains.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loath to part 65
From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

XII.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of noble anceſtors; but greedy Time
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great ſtock did ſhine:
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree;
But blinded Love could no ſuch diff'rence ſee.

XIII.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright,
And dipp'd his arrow in Conſtantia's eyes,
Blowing a fire that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhould riſe
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Tho' he have ſhot him right her heart he'll mi

XIV.

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing ſacrifice,
Entreating Cupid, with inducing pray'rs,
To look upon and eaſe his miſeries;
Where having pray'd, recov'ring breath again,
Thus to immortal Love he did complain:

XV.

" Oh! mighty Cupid! whoſe unbounded ſway
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
" Whom all celeſtial deities obey,
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fe
" Oh! force Conſtantia's heart to yield to love
" Of all thy works the maſterpiece 'twill prove

XVI.

" And let me not affection vainly ſpend,
" But kindle flames in her like thoſe in me;
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth tranſcend,
" Grant that her charming beauty I may ſee;
" For ever view thoſe eyes, whoſe charming light 95
" More than the world beſides does pleaſe my ſight.

XVII.

" Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred deity,
" Laugh at thy pow'r, make them thine anger know;
" I faultleſs am; what honour can it be
" Only to wound your ſlave, and ſpare your foe?" 100
Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect moan,
In language far more moving than his own.

XVIII.

Home he retir'd; his ſoul he brought not home;
Juſt like a ſhip, while every mounting wave,
Toſs'd by enraged Boreas up and down, 105
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

XIX.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy fate; but all in vain; 111
And thus fond Echo anſwers him again.
It mov'd Aurora, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant graſs with many a tear.

XX.

ECHO.

" Oh! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?"
" Eyes," Echo ſaid. " What has detain'd my caſ
" Eaſe," ſtraight the reaſonable nymph replies;
" That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe."
" Peace," Echo anſwers. " What, is any nigh?"
Philetus ſaid; ſhe quickly utters, " Aye."

XXI.

" Is't Echo anſwers? tell me then thy will:"
" I will," ſhe ſaid. " What ſhall I get," ſays he,
" By loving ſtill?" to which ſhe anſwers, " Ill."
" Ill? ſhall I void of wiſh'd-for pleaſure die?"
" Aye." " Shall not I, who toil in ceaſeleſs pain,
" Some pleaſure know?" " No," ſhe returns agai

XXII.

" Falſe and inconſtant Nymph! thou ly'ſt," ſaid
" Thou ly'ſt," ſhe ſaid: " and I deſerv'd her hat
" If I ſhould thee believe." " Believe," ſaid ſhe.
" For why? thy words are of no weight."
" Weight," ſhe anſwers. " Therefore I'll depart
To which reſounding Echo anſwers, " Part."

XXIII.

Then from the woods with wounded heart he goe
Filling with legions of freſh thoughts his mind:
He quarrels with himſelf, becauſe his woes
Spring from himſelf, yet can no med'cine find:
He weeps to quench thoſe fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

XXIV.

No morning baniſh'd darkneſs, nor black Night,
By her alternate courſe, expell'd the day 140
In which Philetus by a conſtant rite
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,
But care and ſorrow was his only gain.

XXV.

But now, at laſt, the pitying god, o'ercome 145
By conſtant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart
A golden ſhaft; and ſhe is now become
A ſuppliant to Love, that with like dart
He'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore
Aid from that pow'r ſhe ſo much ſcorn'd before. 150

XXVI.

Little ſhe thinks ſhe kept Philetus' heart
In her ſcorch'd breaſt, becauſe her own ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
And a like meaſure in their torments have,
His ſoul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown;
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone. 156

XXVII.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd her ſong, poſing that harmony
Which poets attribute to heav'nly ſpheres. 160
Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear love was ſlain,
She'd ſurely call'd him back from Styx again.

XXVIII.

SONG.

" To whom ſhall I my ſorrows ſhew?
Not to Love, for he is blind,
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind:
And all the ſenſeleſs walls which are
Now round about me cannot hear.

XXIX.

For if they could they ſure would weep,
And with my griefs relent,
Unleſs their willing tears they keep
Till I from earth am ſent:
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My fate, ſince I taught them before.

XXX.

I willingly would keep my ſtore,
If the flood would land thy love,
My dear Philetus! on the ſhore
Of my heart; but ſhouldſt thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy coming there."

XXXI.

Then tears, in envy of her ſpeech, did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new ſerpent-griefs to grow.

XXXII.

Here ſtay, my Muſe! for if I ſhould recite
Her mournful language, I ſhould make you weep,
Like her, a flood, and ſo not ſee to write
Such lines as I and th' age requires, to keep 190
Me from ſtern Death, or with victorious ryhme
Revenge their maſter's death and conquer Time.

XXXIII.

By this time Chance, and his own induſtry,
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her brother, ſo that he 195
Might, by this means, his bright Conſtantia view,
And, as time ſerv'd, ſhew her his miſery:
This was the firſt act in his tragedy.

XXXIV.

Thus to himſelf, ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid; "How ſhall I thank thee for this gain, 200
"O Cupid! or reward my helping Fate,
"Which ſweetens all my ſorrows, all my pain?
"What huſbandman would any pains refuſe,
"To reap at laſt ſuch fruit his labours uſe?"

XXXV.

But when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful ſtate, 205
Seeing his griefs link'd, like an endleſs chain,
To following woes, he would, when 'twas too late,
Quench his hot flames, and idle love diſdain;
But Cupid, when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire. 210

XXXVI.

'he wounded youth and kind Philocrates
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true and constant in their amities,
And in that league so strictly joined were,
That death itself could not their friendship sever, 215
But as they liv'd in love they dy'd together.

XXXVII.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
If one be sick, the other's surely ill;
And if Philetus any sorrow had, 220
Philocrates was partner in it still;
Pylades' soul and mad Orestes' was
In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

XXXVIII.

Oft' in the woods Philetus walks, and there
Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind;
With speaking tears his grief he doth declare,
And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind
To sigh, and did ev'n upon that prevail;
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

XXXIX.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between
The shadowing trees, and as they thro' them
Water the earth, and keep the meadows gre
Giving a colour to the verdant grass,
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,
In shew of grief ran murm'ring at his fate

XL.

Philomel anſwers him again, and ſhews, 235
In her beſt language, her ſad hiſtory,
And in a mournful ſweetneſs tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe Tereus, Tereus cries,
With him both grief, and grief's expreſſion, vies. 240

XLI.

Philocrates muſt needs his ſadneſs know,
Willing in ills as well as joys to ſhare,
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in light ſport, not ſorrow, partners are:
Who leaves to guide the ſhip when ſtorms ariſe, 245
Is guilty both of ſin and cowardice.

XLII.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his ſore 250
By counſel, and recall the pois'nous dart,
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

XLIII.

When in the woods, places beſt fit for care,
He to himſelf did his paſt griefs recite,
Th obſequious friend ſtraight follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad Philetus' ſight: 256
Who thus exclaims, for a ſwoln heart would break,
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeak.

XLIV.

h! I am loſt, not in this deſert wood,
ut in Love's pathleſs labyrinth; there I 260
My health, each joy and pleaſure counted good,
Have loſt, and, which is more, my liberty,
And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

XLV.

Long have I ſtaid, but yet have no relief, 265
« Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
« Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
« And I have fear'd to make my ſorrows known.
« For why? alas! if ſhe ſhould once but dart
« Diſdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

XLVI.

« But how ſhould ſhe, ere I impart my love, 271
« Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
« But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
« Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire;
« Why, he who hath all ſorrows borne before, 275
« Needeth not fear to be oppreſs'd with more."

XLVII.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and, ſighing, « Oh!" ſaid he,
« My dear Philetus! be thyſelf, and ſwear
« To rule that paſſion which now maſters thee, 28
« And all thy reaſon; but if it can't be,
« Give to thy love but eyes, that it may ſee."

XLVIII.

:ment ſtrikes him dumb; what ſhall he do?
l he reveal his love, he fears 'twould prove
l'rance; and ſhould he deny to ſhew, 285
ht perhaps his dear friend's anger move:
doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, ſtand,
Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

XLIX.

: reſolv'd; "How ſhall I ſeek," ſaid he,
ccuſe myſelf, dereſt Philocrates! 290
t I from thee have hid this ſecreſy?
cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
aſe with words; my grief you ſhould have known
this, if that my heart had been my own.

L.

ı all love; my heart was burnt with fire 295
n two bright ſuns, which do all light diſcloſe;
: kindling in my breaſt the flame, deſire;
like the rare Arabian bird, there roſe
n my heart's aſhes never-quenched love,
ch now this torment in my ſoul doth move. 300

LI.

. let not then my paſſion cauſe your hate,
let my choice offend you, or detain
: ancient friendſhip; 'tis, alas! too late
all my firm affection back again:
ɔhyſic can recure my weaken'd ſtate; 305
wound is grown too great, too deſperate."

LII.

" But counſel," ſaid his friend, " a remedy
" Which never fails the patient, may at le aſt,
" If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,
" Aſſwage your torment, and procure ſome reſt; 3
" But there is no phyſician can apply
" A med'cine ere he know the malady."

LIII.

" Then hear me," ſaid Philetus. " But why? ſta
" I will not toil thee with my hiſtory;
" For to remember ſorrows paſt away, 3
" Is to renew an old calamity.
" He who acquainteth others with his moan,
" Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his owr

LIV.

" But," ſaid Philocrates, " 'tis beſt in woe
" To have a faithful partner of their care; 3
" That burthen may be undergone by two,
" Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
" I ſhould miſtruſt your love, to hide from me
" Your thoughts, and tax you of inconſtancy."

LV.

What ſhall he do? or with what language frame 3
Excuſe? he muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts and inward flame.
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,
He ſigh'd, as if they'd cool his torment's ire,
When they, alas! did blow the raging fire. 3

LVI.

ı years firſt ſtyl'd me twenty, I began
ort with catching ſnare that Love had ſet,
birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,
e poor fly caught in Arachne's net:
ſo I ſported with her beauties light, 335
at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

LVII.

it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought
s eaſy to repel it; but as fire,
but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought, 339
ine grew great, and quickly mounted high'r;
h ſo has ſcorch'd my love-ſtruck ſoul, that I
ive in torment, yet each minute die."

LVIII.

is it," ſaid Philocrates, "can move
charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
, perhaps, aſſiſt you in your love; 345
can affect more than yourſelf alone.
ounſel this thy error may reclaim,
y ſalt tears quench thy deſtructive flame."

LIX.

" ſaid Philetus, "oft' my eyes do flow
Nilus, when it ſcorns the oppos'd ſhore, 350
ll the watry plenty I beſtow
my flame an oil that feeds it more.
ıme reports of the Dodonean ſpring,
lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

LX.

" But being you desire to know her, she 355
" Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower,
" As if they fain would drown the memory
" Of his life-keeper's name) Constantia!" More
Grief would not let him utter; tears, the best
Expressers of true sorrows, spoke the rest. 360

LXI.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
" And was this all! whate'er your grief would ease,
" Tho' a far greater task, believe 't for thee
" It should be soon done by Philocrates;
" Think all you wish perform'd; but see, the day, 365
" Tir'd with its heat, is hast'ning now away."

LXII.

Home from the silent woods Night bids them go,
But sad Philetus can no comfort find;
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind. 370
Why dost thou vex him, Love? couldst thou but see,
Thou wouldst thyself Philetus' rival be.

LXIII.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,
And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair Constantia, where alone 375
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitless hopes, nipp'd by her coy disdain,
Or by her liking his wish'd joys attain.

LXIV.

" Fairest!" said he, "whom the bright heav'ns do cover,
" Do not these tears, these speaking tears! despise,
" These heaving sighs of a submissive lover, 381
" Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling eyes;
" And do not you condemn that ardent flame
" Which from yourself, your own fair beauty, came.

LXV.

" Trust me, I long have hid my love, but now 385
" Am forc'd to shew 't, such is my inward smart;
" And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know
" To heal the wound of my consuming heart:
" Then since it only in your pow'r doth lie
" To kill or save, oh! help; or else I die." 390

LXVI.

His gently cruel love did thus reply;
" I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
" Without impeachment of my chastity
" And honour, any thing might pleasure you;
" But if beyond those limits you demand, 395
" I must not answer, Sir, nor understand."

LXVII.

" Believe me, virtuous Maiden! my desire
" Is chaste and pious as thy virgin-thought,
" No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire,
" Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought; 400
" But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
" Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty."

LXVIII.

" Oh! how ſhall I reply?" ſhe cry'd; " thou'ſt won
" My ſoul, and therefore take thy victory:
" Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'ercome,
" And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I 406
" Should be tyrant to myſelf; that fire
" Which is kept cloſe burns with the greateſt ire.

LXIX.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightneſs now;
" Impute it rather to my ardent love; 410
" Thy pleaſing carriage won me long ago,
" And pleading Beauty did my liking move:
" Thyeyes, which drawlike loadſtoneswith theirmight
" The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

LXX.

" Oh! I am rapt above the reach," ſaid he, 415
" Of thought; my ſoul already feels the bliſs
" Of heav'n. When, Sweet! my thoughts once tax but [thee
" With any crime, may I loſe all happineſs
" It wiſh'd for; both your favour here, and dead;
" May the juſt gods pour vengeance on my head."

LXXI.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their fate!) 421
Conſtantia's father enter'd in the room,
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting ſun,
Or elſe the Morn, bluſhing thro' clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending Sol congratulate her. 426

LXXII.

.he guilty prisoner fearful stands,
.ing his fatal Theta in the brows
. him who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows; 430
Such was his state to see her father come,
Nor wish'd for, nor expected, in the room.

LXXIII.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there, 435
Till he had given him such authority:
But to depart, since she her love did shew him,
Was living death, with ling'ring torments, to him.

LXXIV.

This being known to kind Philocrates,
He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear, 440
And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly ear
Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her the absent lover's will.

LETTER. PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

"I TRUST, dear Soul! my absence cannot move 445
" You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
" For were there any means to see you, I
" Would run thro' death, and all the misery
" Fate could inflict, that so the world might say,
" In life *and death I lov*'d Constantia. 450

" Then let not, dearest, [illegible] our absence p
" Our loves, but each breast keep the other's
" Give warmth to one another, till there rise
" From all our labours and our industries
" The long-expected fruits. Have patience,
" There's no man whom the summer-pleasure
" Before he taste the winter; none can say,
" Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.
" So when we once have wasted Sorrow's nig
" The sun of comfort then shall give us light.

PHI

LXXV.

This when Constantia read, she thought her f
Most happy by Philetus' constancy
And perfect love: she thanks her flatt'ring fa
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome characters doth dull and stain,
Then thus with ink and tears writes back aga

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

" Your absence, Sir, tho' it be long, yet I
" Neither forget, nor doubt your constancy:
" Nor need you fear that I should yield unto
" Another what to your true love is due.
" My heart is your's; it is not in my claim,
" Nor have I pow'r to take it back again.
" There's nought but death can part our souls: n
" Or angry friends, shall make my love decli

eſt of our hopes I'll ſlay, 475
cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away."

CONSTANTIA.

LXXVI.

w this letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
der was he of this than Phaeton,
hen he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come: 480
Prouder than Jaſon, when from Colchos he
Returned with the Fleece's victory.

LXXVII.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,
Had paid the ſweating ploughman's greedieſt prayer,
And by the fall diſrob'd the gaudy ground 485
Of all thoſe ornaments it us'd to wear,
Them kind Phil'crates to each other brought,
466 Where they this means t'enjoy their freedom wrought.

LXXVIII.

" Sweet fair one!" ſaid Philetus, " ſince the time
" Favours our wiſh, and does afford us leave 490
" T' enjoy our loves, oh! let us not reſign
" This long'd-for favour, nor ourſelves bereave
70 " Of what we wiſh'd for, opportunity,
" That may too ſoon the wings of Love outfly:

LXXIX.

" For when your father, as his cuſtom is, 495
" For pleaſure doth purſue the tim'rous hare,

" If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
" To be in those woods ready for you, where
" We may depart in safety, and no more
" With dreams of pleasure only heal our sore." 500

LXXX.

To this the happy lovers soon agree;
But ere they part Philetus begs to hear,
From her enchanting voice's melody,
One song to satisfy his longing ear:
She yields; and, singing, added to desire:
The list'ning youth increas'd his am'rous fire. 506

SONG.

1.

" Time! fly with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying brings
That wish'd-for and expected day. 510

2.

Comforts, Sun! we then shall see,
Tho' at first it darken'd be
With dangers, yet those clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then tho' Death's sad night appear, 515
And we in lonely silence rest,
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

4.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power. 520
Thus there's nothing can diſſever
Hearts which Love hath join'd together."

LXXXI.

Fear of being ſeen Philetus homeward drove;
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth give
(As faithful pledges of her conſtant love) 525
Many a ſoft kiſs; then they each other leave,
Rapt up with ſecret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

LXXXII.

But ere the ſun thro' many days had run,
Conſtantia's charming beauty had o'ercome 530
Guiſardo's heart, and ſcorn'd affection won:
Her eyes ſoon conquer'd all they ſhone upon,
Shot thro' his wounded heart ſuch hot deſire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

LXXXIII.

In roofs which gold and Parian ſtone adorn 535
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;
In fields ſo fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with ſcorch'd Calabria's ground;
But in his ſoul, that ſhould contain the ſtore
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poor. 540

LXXXIV.

ntia urg'd continually,
to love: ſometimes they did entreat
eeches and mild courteſy,
hey ſee deſpiſed by her, they threat.
deep was ſeated in her heart, 5
out with thought of any ſmart.

LXXXV.

r father to the woods repair,
ſport, and hunt the ſtarted game;
nd Philocrates were there,
y friends, too tedious here to name
m Conſtantia went, but not to find
r or wolf, but Love, all mild and kin

LXXXVI.

nter'd in the pathleſs woods, while t
their game, Philetus, who was late
a thicket, carries ſtraight away
ve, and haſtens his own haſty fate,
came too ſoon upon him, and his fu
quite eclips'd before it fully ſhone.

LXXXVII.

nſtantia miſs'd, the hunters, in amaz
ake each a ſev'ral courſe, and by curs
uiſardo runs, with a love-carried pac
ow'rds them, who little knew their
Philetus, like bold Icarus, ſoaring hi
To honours, found the depth of miſ

LXXXVIII.

Guiſardo ſees his rival there, 565
vith envious rage, he comes behind
who ſuch fortune did not fear,
his ſword a way to's heart does find:
is ſpirits were poſſeſs'd of death,
:w words he ſpent his lateſt breath. 570

LXXXIX.

Conſtantia! my ſhort race is run;
v my blood the thirſty ground doth dye;
: thou happier than thy love hath done,
hen I'm dead think ſometimes upon me.
ıy ſhort time permits me not to tell, 575
v Death ſeizes me. My Dear! farewell."

XC.

s he had ſpoke theſe words life fled
piere'd body, whilſt Conſtantia ſhe
cheeks, that loſe their lively red,
me pale and wan: and now each eye 580
ıs ſo bright, is like, when life was done,
.t 's fall'n, or an eclipſed ſun.

XCI.

hilocrates was driv'n by Fate,
his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
ıale corpſe his weeping ſiſter ſate, 585
hed tears, her heart to ſighs gave birth.
s, when he ſaw this, did cry,
I'll revenge, or bear thee company.

XCII.

"Juſt Jove hath ſent me to revenge this fate.
"Nay, ſtay, Guiſardo! think not Heav'n in jeſt; 5
"'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy ſtate:"
Then thruſt his ſword into the villain's breaſt.
"Here," ſaid Philocrates, "thy life I ſend
"A ſacrifice t' appeaſe my ſlaughter'd friend."

XCIII.

But as he fell, "Take this reward," ſaid he, 5
"For thy new victory." With that he flung
His darted rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
"Farewell, Conſtantia!" that word ſaid he dies. 6

XCIV.

What ſhall ſhe do? ſhe to her brother runs,
His cold and lifeleſs body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kiſſes warms his clammy face.
"My dear Philocrates!" ſhe weeping cries, 6
"Speak to thy ſiſter;" but no voice replies.

XCV.

Then running to her love, with many a tear
Thus her mind's fervent paſſion ſhe expreſs'd:
"O ſtay, bleſs'd Soul! ſtay but a little here,
"And take me with you to a laſting reſt; 6
"Then to Elyſium's manſions both ſhall fly,
"Be married there, and never more to die."

XCVI.

:eing 'em both dead, ſhe cry'd, "Ah me!
., my Philetus! for thy ſake will I
ıke up a full and perfect tragedy. 615
nce 'twas for me, dear Love! that thou didſt die,
ll follow thee, and not thy loſs deplore:
:hefe eyes that ſaw thee kill'd ſhall ſee no more.

XCVII.

It ſhall not, ſure, be ſaid that thou didſt die,
And thy Conſtantia live when thou waſt ſlain: 620
No, no, dear Soul! I will not ſtay from thee,
'That will reflect upon my valu'd fame."
Then piercing her ſad breaſt, "I come," ſhe cries;
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

XCVIII.

Her ſoul being fled to its eternal reſt, 625
Her father comes, and ſeeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be expreſs'd:
Whoſe doleful words my tired Muſe me calls
T'o'erpaſs, which I moſt gladly do, for fear
That I ſhould toil too much the reader's ear. 630

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

CHIEF MASTER OF WESTMINSTER-SCHO

SIR,

Mr childish Muse is in her spring, and yet
Can only shew some budding of her wit:
One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir! from you,
Like some unkinder storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her spring to with'ring autumn's time,
And make her blossoms perish ere their prime:
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious alpha can descry,
How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear
That had such beams their infancy to cheer!
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest off'ring of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful scho

ABR. CO

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Tandem fit surculus arbor.

I.

When Babylon's high walls erected were
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd:
One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair
In th' other: earth ne'er boasted such a pair.
The very walls themselves combin'd,
And grew in one, just like their masters' mind

II.

Thisbe all other women did excel,
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she;
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them so well: 10
But Venus envying they so fair should be,
Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

III.

The all-subduing god his bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,
Which he unseen into their hearts did send, 15
And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end:
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart;
For pity, sure, would have o'ercome his heart.

IV.

Like as a bird which in the net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin, 20
So they who in love's labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain:
The way to enter 's broad; but being in,
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

V.

These lovers, tho' their parents did reprove 25
Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealousy,
Tho' in these storms no comfort can remove
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love;
Tho' he not her's, nor she his face could see,
Yet this cannot abolish Love's decree. 30

VI.

For age had crack'd the wall which them did part;
This th' unanimous couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.
Tho' Love be blind, this shews he can descry 35
A way to lessen his own misery.

VII.

Oft' to the friendly cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the celestial air
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short, 40
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

VIII.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late; 45
The arrow could not be recall'd; their state
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

IX.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent, 50
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart;
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

X.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd Wall! O why 55
"Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
"Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty;
"For both our souls so closely joined lie,
"That nought but angry Death can them remove,
"And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above." 60

XI.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes outflow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watry cloud
O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth shroud;
Till Vesper chase away the conquer'd light, 65
And forceth them, tho' loath, to bid good night.

XII.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The lovers rise, and at the cranny they
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay, 70
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
Whose grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

XIII.

"Dear love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,
"Like fairest flowers, not gather'd in their prime,
"Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee, 75
"Till we bewail, at last, our cruelty
"Upon ourselves? for beauty, tho' it shine
"Like day, will *quickly* find an evening-time

XIV.

"Therefore, ſweet Thiſbe! let us meet this night
"At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall, 80
"Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white
"Abounding, there t' enjoy our wiſh'd delight:
"For mounting love ſtopp'd in its courſe doth fall,
"And long'd-for, yet untaſted, joys, kills all.

XV.

"What tho' our cruel parents angry be? 85
"What tho' our friends, alas! are, too, unkind?
"Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,
"And ſoon hold back fit opportunity.
"Who lets ſlip Fortune, he ſhall never find;
"Occaſion once paſt by is bald behind." 90

XVI.

She ſoon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs where both conſent;
What he ſo long had pleaded ſhe deſir'd;
Which Venus ſeeing, with blind Chance conſpir'd,
And many a charming accent to her ſent, 95
That ſhe, at laſt, would fruſtrate their intent.

XVII.

Thus beauty is by Beauty's means undone,
Striving to cloſe thoſe eyes that make her bright;
Juſt like the moon, which ſeeks t' eclipſe the ſun,
Whence all her ſplendour, all her beams, do come: 100
So ſhe who fetches luſtre from their ſight,
Doth purpoſe to deſtroy their glorious light.

XVIII.

ıe mulberry-tree fair Thiſbe came,
having reſted long, at laſt ſhe 'gan
: her deareſt Pyramus t'exclaim, 105
various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain,
ıitating thus the ſilver ſwan,
while before her death, ſhe ſang.

SONG.

1.

t, Love! why ſtayeſt thou? the night
niſh ere we taſte delight: 110
on obſcures herſelf from ſight,
ɔſent, whoſe eyes give her light.

2.

uickly, Dear! be brief as Time,
y Morn ſhall be o'erta'en,
oys thine own as well as mine; 115
ot, therefore, the time in vain."

XIX.

ıbtful thoughts broke off her pleaſant ſong,
her lover's ſtay ſent many a ſigh,
amus ſhe thought did tarry long,
t his abſence did her too much wrong: 120
etwixt longing hope and jealouſy
s, yet 's loath to tax his loyalty.

XX.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes that danger hath befallen him;
She fears that he another love hath taken; 12
Which being but imagin'd food doth waken
Numberless thoughts; which on her heart did fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

XXI.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood
An angry lion to the crystal springs 13
Near to that place, who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought sweet Thisbe straight begins
To fly from him; fear gave her swallow's wings.

XXII.

As she avoids the lion, her desire 13
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire;
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run
Into a darksome cave ne'er seen by sun. 14

XXIII.

With haste she let her loofer mantle fall;
Which when th' enraged lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
Whilst Thisbe ran and look'd not back at all:
For could the senseless beast her face descry, 14
It had not done her such an injury.

XXIV.

: half wafted, Pyramus did come;
ıg printed in the yielding fand
; paw, and by the fountain fome
's garment, forrow ftruck him dumb : 150
marble ftatue did he ftand,
me fkilful graver's artful hand.

XXV.

g breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
vith tears the torn and bloody weed :
' faid he, " myfelf for her death blame, 155
ore my blood fhall wafh away that feame;
ıe is dead, whofe beauty doth exceed
t frail man can either hear or read."

XXVI.

e, he drew his fatal fword, and faid,
my crimfon blood, as a due debt 160
ıy conftant love, to which 'tis paid :
ıt will meet thee in the pleafant fhade
Elyfium, where we being met,
fte thofe joys that here we could not get."

XXVII.

' his breaft thrufting his fword, life hies 165
, and he makes hafte to feek his fair;
ion the colour'd ground he lies,
had dropt upon the mulberries,
:h th' unfpotted berries ftained were,
fince with red they colour'd are. 170

XXVIII.

At laſt fair Thiſbe left the den, for fear
Of diſappointing Pyramus, ſince ſhe
Was bound by promiſe for to meet him there;
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

XXIX

With what delight, thro' the dark cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her Pyramus lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her ſad ſoul remain!
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breaſt,
And every ſign of raging grief expreſs'd.

XXX.

She blames all-pow'rful Jove, and ſtrives to take
His bleeding body from the moiſten'd ground;
She kiſſes his pale face, till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting ſoul with mournful words; his wo
Waſhes with tears, that her ſweet ſpeech confo

XXXI.

But afterwards recov'ring breath, ſaid ſhe,
" Alas! what chance hath parted thee and m
" O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
" That of thy death I may a partner be;
" Tell Thiſbe what hath caus'd this traged
He, hearing Thiſbe's name, lifts up his eyes,

XXXIII.

ve he rais'd his dying head, 195
g long for breath, at last, said he,
I am hasting to the dead,
t heal that wound my fear hath made.
weet Thisbe! we must parted be,
Death will force me soon from thee."

XXXIII.

him, he from his mistress, part, 201
ove to languish here in woe.
e do? how shall she ease her heart?
language speak her inward smart?
ion reason doth o'erflow; 205
: with her Pyramus she'll go.

XXXIV.

ne sword wherewith her love was slain,
is his crimson blood warm still,
O stay, bless'd Soul! a while refrain,
ay go together, and remain 210
joy, and never fear the ill
g friends."—Then she herself did kill.

XXXV.

grief their parents did sustain,
nan my rude quill can overcome;
d weep and grieve, but all in vain; 215
calls not back the dead again.
grave were laid, when life was done,
w words were writ upon the tomb.

EPITAPH.

1.

INDERNEATH this marble ſtone
Lie two beauties join'd in one:
Two whoſe loves death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

2.

Two whoſe ſouls, b'ing too divine
For earth, in their own ſphere now ſhine:
Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHOEBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame clos'd in his baſhful light,
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,
The Muſe whom I adore, enter'd the room.
Her hair, with looſer curioſity,
Did on her comely back diſhevell'd lie;
Her eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping Endymion.
She bade me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe fields, thoſe manſions of felicity,
We mortals ſo admire at: ſpeaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegaſus,
On whom I rode, knowing wherever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a temple be.

Once lovely boys: and Acis, now a flower,
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power
Created thee, War's potent God: here grows
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;
And all those diverse ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb:
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,
And trees with golden apples loaded down,
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,
Unmindful of her former misery,
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony,

Whilſt all the murm'ring brooks that glide along,
Make up a burden to her pleaſing ſong.
No ſcreech-owl, ſad companion of the night, 45
No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,
Preſaging future ill: nor, Progne! thee
Yet ſpotted with young Itys' tragedy,
Thoſe ſacred bow'rs receive. There's nothing there
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare. 50
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Under a row of ſtorm-contemning bay,
I ſaw the Thracian ſinger with his lyre
Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him and admire:
Him the whole poets' chorus compaſs'd round, 55
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel, crown'd.
There baniſh'd Ovid had a laſting home,
Better than thou couldſt give, ungrateful Rome!
And Lucan (ſpight of Nero) in each vein
Had ev'ry drop of his ſpilt blood again. 60
Homer, Sol's firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
But ſaw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the reſt
Of Greece's admir'd wiſe men, here poſſeſs'd
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain 65
A life as everlaſting as their fame.

By theſe the valiant heroes take their place,
All who ſtern Death and perils did embrace
For Virtue's cauſe. Great Alexander there
Laughs at the earth's ſmall empire, and does wear 70

.er crown than the whole world could give.
did Horatius. Cocles, Sceva, live,
/aliant Decius, who now freely ceafe
war, and purchafe an eternal peace.
xt them, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where doves 75
gallefs pigeons build their nefts, all Love's
: faithful fervants, with an am'rous kifs,
l foft embrace, enjoy their greedieft wifh.
.nder with his beauteous Heroe plays,
r are they parted with dividing feas. 80
rcia enjoys her Brutus, Death no more
m now divorce their wedding, as before.
hifbe her Pyramus kifs'd, his Thifbe he
.mbrac'd, each blefs'd with th' other's company:
And every couple always dancing. fing 85
Eternal pleafures to Elyfium's king.
But fee how foon thefe pleafures fade away,
How near to ev'ning is Delight's fhort day!
The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,
Straight crow'd, and all then vanifh'd from my fight.
My very Mufe herfelf forfook me too. 91
Me grief and wonder wak'd; what fhould I do?
Oh! let me follow thee, faid I, and go
From life, that I may dream for ever fo.
With that my flying Mufe I thought to clafp 95
Within my arms, but did a fhadow grafp.
Thus chiefeft joys glide with the fwifteft ftream,
And all our greateft pleafure's but a dream. 99

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles! (there ſtop, ye Trumpeters of Fam
For he who ſpeaks his titles, his great name,
Muſt have a breathing time) our King: ſtay there,
Speak by degrees, let th' inquiſitive ear
Be held in doubt, and ere you ſay Is come,
Let every heart prepare a ſpacious room
For ample joys; then Iö ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud.

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves 1
Great Neptune's court; let every ſparrow bear *
From the Three Siſters' weeping bark a tear:
Let ſpotted lynxes their ſharp talons fill
With cryſtal fetch'd from the Promethean hill:
Let Cytherea's birds freſh wreaths compoſe, 1
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the roſe:
Let the ſelf-gotten phœnix rob his neſt,
Spoil his own fun'ral pile, and all his beſt
Of myrrh, of frankincenſe, of Caſſia, bring,
To ſtrew the way for our returned King. 2

Let every poſt a panegyric wear,
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear;
And yet let no man invocate a Muſe;
The very matter will itſelf infuſe

fury. Let the merry bells 25
:nown joys work unknown miracles)
hout help of ſexton, and preſage
ade holyday for future age.
f the Ancients us'd to dedicate
a temple to propitious Fate, 30
eturn of any noblemen,
s, or of emp'rors, we muſt then
a double trophy, for their fame
the ſhadow of our Charles his name.
here where all virtues mingled flow? 35
o defects or imperfections grow?
ead is always crown'd with victory
from Bellona's hand; him Luxury
debilitates; whoſe tongue can win
wn garland, Pride to him creeps in: 40
n, like Atlas' ſhoulders, the propt ſtate
ere *primum mobile* of Fate)
lies; him blind Ambition moves,
ny the bridled ſubject proves.
oſe virtues which they all poſſeſs'd 45
are collected in thy breaſt,
arles! Let Cæſar boaſt Pharſalia's fight,
praiſe the Parthians' unfeign'd flight:
ander call himſelf Jove's peer,
e his image near the Thunderer; 50
our Charles with equal balance reigns
Iercy and Aſtrea, and maintains

A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is moſt near, moſt like, the Deity.

A SONG ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded Looks! hence, briny Tears!
Hence eye that Sorrow's liv'ry wears!
What tho' a while Apollo pleaſe
To viſit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What tho' the Spring vaniſh away,
And with it the earth's form decay?
Yet his new birth will ſoon reſtore
What its departure took before.
What tho' we miſs'd our abſent King
A while? great Charles is come again,
And with his preſence makes us know
The gratitude to Heav'n we owe.
So doth a cruel ſtorm impart
And teach us Palinurus' art:
So from ſalt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus doth ariſe.

THE WISH.

I.

Lest the misjudging world ſhould chance to ſay
I durſt not but in ſecret murmurs pray,
To whiſper in Jove's ear
How much I wiſh that funeral,
Or gape at ſuch a great one's fall, 5
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my ſoul's picture ſee
What I abhor, what I deſire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he
Can preach two hours, and yet his ſermon be 10
But half a quarter long;
Tho' from his old mechanic trade
By viſion he 's a paſtor made,
His faith was grown ſo ſtrong;
Nay, tho' he think to gain ſalvation 15
By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a ſchoolmaſter, tho' to him
His rods no leſs than Conſuls' faſces ſeem;
Tho' he in many a place;
Turns Lily oft'ner than his gowns, 20
Till at the laſt he makes the nouns
Fight with the verbs apace;
Nay, tho' he can, in a poetic heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor Virgil beat.

IV.

I would not be a Juſtice of Peace, tho' he
Can with equality divide the fee,
And ſtakes with his clerk draw;
Nay, tho' he ſit upon the place
Of judgment, with a learned face
Intricate as the law;
And whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks Priſcian's head with ſentences ſecurely.

V.

I would not be a courtier, tho' he
Makes his whole life the trueſt comedy;
Altho' he be a man
In whom the tailor's forming art,
And nimble barber, claim more part
Than Nature herſelf can;
Tho', as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off Death, too, with a compliment.

VI.

From lawyers' tongues, tho' they can ſpin with ea
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a paraphraſe,
From uſurers' conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young heirs ſo faſt,
Without all doubt they'll choke at laſt)
Make me all innocence,
Good Heav'n! and from thy eyes, O Juſtice! ke
For tho' they be not blind they're oft' aſleep.

VII.

g-men's religion, who are
:hurch, juſt like the crows, 'cauſe there
themſelves a neſt ; 51
uch poetry, which ſhines
n nothing but its lines,
Powers ! my breaſt ;
ıſtronomy, which in the ſkies 55
ıd bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

Court-madam's beauty, which doth carry
; May, at night a January ;
ave City-brow
want an R, it has 60
f Pythagoras)
Fortune ! now,
of beef innumerable ſend me,
: ſtomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

rant me, that my means may lie 65
envy, for contempt too high.
ır I would have,
reat deeds, but good alone ;
/ers are better than ill known :
ı ope the grave. 70
ts I would have, but when 't depends
ıe number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night.
My houſe a cottage more 75
Than palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, not luxury:
My garden, painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleaſure yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field. 80

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race;
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear nor wiſh my fate, 85
But boldly ſay each night,
To-morrow let my ſun his beams diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to-day. 88

A POETICAL REVENGE.

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed
To meet in. He (ſome buſineſs 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there. I up did go
To the next court: for tho' I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and hear 5
(As moſt ſpectators do at theatre)

ſtrange. Fortune did ſeem to grace
there, and help'd me to a place:
owly ſettled at the ſport,
leman of the Inns of Court, 10
:, redeem'd but yeſterday,
raviſh'd with a cock-pit play,
God to deliver him from no evil
lor's bill, and fears no devil
jeant, thruſt me from my ſeat; 15
'gan to quarrel, till a neat
ff (whom therefore I did take
r) open'd his mouth and ſpake:
you gone; this is no ſchool." "Oh, no;
vere, all you gown'd men would go 20
lſe Latin." They grew ſtraight to be
ſcar'd they would have brought on me
of Treſpaſs, till the young man
n the ſattin ſuit, began
e. Doubtleſs there had been a fray, 25
providently ſkipp'd away
plying; for to ſcold is ill,
y tongue 's the clapper of a mill,
itſound Homer's Gradivus; ſo
; but ere I far did go, 30
darts of wounding poetry)
or three ſharp curſes back: May he
ather in his ſtudy took
eare's Plays, inſtead of my Lord Coke.

May he (tho' all his writings grow as ſoon
As Fleckno's out of eſtimation)
Get him a poet's name, and ſo ne'er come
Into a ſerjeant's or dead judge's room:
May he become ſome poor phyſician's prey,
Who keeps men with that conſcience in delay
As he his client doth, till his health be
As far fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree:
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long vacation:
May neighbours uſe all quarrels to decide;
But if for law any to London ride,
Of all thoſe clients may not one be his,
Unleſs he come *in forma pauperis*.
Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!
That all theſe never-ceaſing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a threadbare black; but ſpare
Them who bear ſcholars' names, leſt ſome one ta
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFI

I.

MARK that ſwift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Uſe all perſuaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it back, or ſtay it there.
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

and the fond archer thou.
u'ſt ſhot away
but yeſterday,
hard a taſk to do. 10
what canſt find
ehind ?

III.

with too ſtrong a tide,
ur ſubſtance bears,
f all our years : 15
a winged whirlwind ride.
un out, and muſt
duſt.

IV.

o without grief can ſee,
his end too near, 20
Thou art mine heir,
life's nat'ral brevity;
only way
in a day. 24

ON THE

AIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

cauſe to me and men unknown)
houſes and his own,

And both abandon'd to the common foe,
How near to ruin did my glories go!
Nothing remain'd t'adorn this princely place, 5
Which cov'tous hands could take, or rude deface.
In all my rooms and galleries I found
The richeſt figures torn, and all around
Diſmember'd ſtatues of great heroes lay;
Such Naſeby's field ſeem'd on the fatal day. 10
And me, when nought for robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death; the gaſping walls were cleft,
The pillars ſunk, the roofs above me wept,
No ſign of ſpring, or joy, my garden kept;
Nothing was ſeen which could content the eye, 15
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now foundreſs, came!
It does not fill her bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall) before: 20
She imitates the kindneſs to her ſhown;
She does, like Heav'n, (which the dejected throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what ſhe repairs.
And now I dare, (tho' proud I muſt not be, 25
Whilſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo humble ſee
In all her various glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt palaces compare:
My beauty and convenience will (I'm ſure)
So juſt a boaſt with modeſty endure; 30

ıſt to me yield when I ſhall tell
ɔlac'd, and who does in me dwell.
y gate a ſtreet's broad channel goes,
with waves of crowding people flows,
ɩay there paſſes by my ſide, 35
eſtern reach, the London tide,
tides of the term: my front looks down
pride and bus'neſs of the Town:
ront, (for as in kings we ſee
ɩ image of the Deity, 40
houſes ſhould Heav'n's likeneſs find,
ıing can be ſaid to be behind)
ıir and more majeſtic face,
the fair to more advantage place?)
zes on itſelf below, 45
mirror that the world can ſhow.
e, behold, in a long bending row,
ɔint cities make one glorious bow;
the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by me,
een by all, and all o'erſee. 50
ſoe'er I turn my joyful eye,
eat Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
de dwells Safety and Delight,
the left, and Pow'r upon the right.
et my defence, on either hand, 55
y forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
beſt and ſtatelieſt piles which e'er
al piety of old did rear,

Where [illegible] two princes of th' apostles' band,
My neig[illegible]ours and my guards, watch and commar
My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,
Might be my object too, were not the eye
Stopp'd by the houses of that wondrous street,
Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.
The stream's eternal siege they fix'd abide,
And the swoln stream's auxiliary tide,
Tho' both their ruin with joint pow'r conspire,
Both to outbrave, they nothing dread but fire.
And here my Thames, tho' it more gentle be
Than any flood, so strengthen'd by the sea,
Finding by art his nat'ral forces broke,
And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,
Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,
But recomposes straight, and calms his face,
Is into rev'rence and submission strook,
As soon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace, where that king does re
Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.
Amidst these louder honours of my seat,
And two vast cities, troublesomely great,
In a large various plain, the country, too,
Opens her gentler blessings to my view;
In me the active and the quiet mind,
By different ways, equal content may find.
If any prouder virtuoso's sense
At that part of my prospect take offence,

By which the meaner cabanes are descry'd
Of my imperial river's humbler side,
If they call that a blemish, let them know
God, and my godlike Mistress, think not so; 90
For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me
Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,
Take here this one instruction as thou goest: 95
When thy mix'd waves shall visit ev'ry coast,
When round the world their voyage they shall make,
And back to thee some secret channels take,
Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,
Except thy mighty Master's sov'reign fleet, 100
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last!
(Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past)
From hence may omens take of that success 105
Which both their future wars and peace shall bless:
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build,
With her sons' fabrics the rough sea is fill'd. 108

ON HIS MAJESTY'S

RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

I.

Welcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of Peace and you:

T'w[illegible]ſt bleſſings which this age can know;
For [illegible] thee, for thee to Heav'n, we owe.
Others by war their conqueſts gain,
You, like a god, your ends obtain,
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word, and ſweetly order'd all.

II.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heav'n full thanks for it. 1[illegible]
No mothers here lament their children's fate;
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their huſbands' knells.
No drop of blood is ſpilt, which might be ſaid 1[illegible]
To mark our joyful holyday with red.

III.

'Twas only Heav'n could work this wondrous thing
And only work't by ſuch a king.
Again the Northern hinds may ſing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the weather now. 2[illegible]
Again may tradeſmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The armour now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

IV.

The gain of Civil wars will not allow 2[illegible]
Bay to the conqu'ror's brow.

At ſuch a game what fool would venture in,
Where one muſt loſe, yet neither ſide can win?
How juſtly would our neighbours ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our iſle, 30
Swell'd with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we bet all, and yet for nothing play?

V.

How was the ſilver Tyne frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore?
His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe, 35
And haſted to the ſea to tell the news.
The ſea itſelf, how rough ſoe'er,
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the Scots and we be en'mies grown?
That, and its maſter, Charles, had made us one. 40

VI.

No blood ſo loud as that of Civil war;
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and ſeek out them and Fame;
Thus our forefathers got, thus left a name.
All their rich blood was ſpent with gains, 45
But that which ſwells their children's veins.
Why ſit we ſtill our ſp'rits wrapt up in lead?
Not like them whilſt they liv'd, but now they 're dead.

VII.

This noiſe at home was but Fate's policy
To raiſe our ſp'rits more high, 50

So bold a lion, ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.
How would the German Eagle fear,
To see a new Gustavus there?
How would it shake, tho' as 'twas wont to do 55
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

VIII.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles his days.
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whose very peace itself is victory? 60
When Heav'n bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less,
And we, the prophet's sons, write not by guess. 64

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's ship, presented to the University library in Oxford, by John Davis of Deptford, Esq.

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,
By knowledge once, and transformation now) 5
In her new shape this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate:

:at of endleſs reſt is giv'n
'xford, and to him in heav'n. 10

THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

pyramid of marble-ſtone,
s our ambition;
omb cut out in braſs, which can
th' aſhes of a man,
nly: they ſhall freſh appear, 5
: are men to read or hear,
ſhall make the laſting braſs decay,
pyramid away,
it monument wherein men truſt
; to what it keeps, poor duſt; 10
he epitaph remain, and be
in eternity.
ith are conquer'd, but the wit
mph over it
: verſe? When Thracian Orpheus took 15
l gently on it ſtrook,
ſtones came dancing all along,
ne to the charming ſong.
al pace the warlike pine,
d his wife, the ivy, twine, 20
better trees which erſt had ſtood
rſook their native wood.

The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a ſhade.
The beaſts, too, ſtrove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And wolf was ſhepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmleſs Syrens of the air,
And Muſes of the place, were there;
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whoſe tomb might be,
Mauſolus! envied by thee!

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c.

WHAT ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I ſhall like beaſts or common people die,
Unleſs you write my elegy;
Whilſt others great by being born are grown,
Their mother's labour, not their own.


DITION,
EAT BRITAIN
E FROM
URCHILL.
IE I.
ver known
my own!
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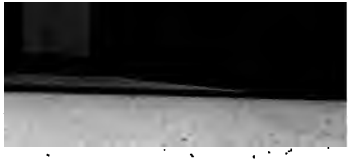
nd London Jan.y 1778



In this ſcale gold, and in th' other fame, does lie,
The weight of that mounts this ſo high.
Theſe men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light. 10
If I, her vulgar ſtone, for either look,
Out of myſelf it muſt be ſtrook.
Yet I muſt on. What ſound is 't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It ſounds like the laſt trumpet, for it can 15
Raiſe up the bury'd man.
Unpaſs'd Alps ſtop me, but I'll cut thro' all,
And march the Muſes' Hannibal.
Hence all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roſes in the way; 20
Hence the deſire of honours or eſtate,
And all that is not above Fate;
Hence Love himſelf, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praiſe.
Come, my beſt Friends! my Books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone. 25
Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy ſcholar's vict'ries thou doſt far outdo;
He conquer'd the earth, the whole world you. 30
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whoſe bleſs'd tongue and wit
Preſerves Rome's greatneſs yet:
Thou art the firſt of orators; only he
Who beſt can praiſe thee next muſt be.

Welcome the Mantuan ſwan! Virgil the wiſe, 35
Whoſe verſe walks higheſt, but not flies;
Who brought green Poeſy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what ſhall I do
To be like one of you? 40
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there ſit
On the calm flouriſhing head of it,
And whilſt, with wearied ſteps, we upward go,
See us and clouds below. 44

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

I.

MARGARITA firſt poſſeſs'd,
If I remember well, my breaſt,
Margarita firſt of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my reſtleſs heart had play'd, 5
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous Katherine:
Beauteous Katherine gave place
(Tho' loath and angry ſhe to part 10
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To Eliſa's conqu'ring face.

III.

Elisa till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke, 15
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began; 20
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose, 25
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free. 30

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride, 35
And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One [illegible] three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith [illegible] the ſov'reign pow'r:
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her wit, 40
That ſhe to g[illegible]
And ſo Suſan[illegible].

But when Iſabella came [illegible]
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame,
And th' artillery of her eye [illegible] 45
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about,
Greater conqueſts to find out,
She beat out Suſan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd [illegible]
Black-ey'd Beſs, her vice-roy maid, 50
To whom enſu'd a vacancy.
Thouſand worſe paſſions then poſſeſs'd
The inter-regnum of my breaſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then, 55
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomaſine,
And then another Katherine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

XI.

you relate
ches of their ſtate,
es, and the pins,
s, and the rings, 65
t, and warlike things
their magazines:

XII.

e politic arts
p men's hearts,
aſſies, and ſpies, 70
d ſmiles, and flatteries,
ears, and perjuries,
meleſs, myſteries!

XIII.

ttle lime-twigs laid
l the waiting-maid; 75
inous ſhould grow
like them ſhould tell
f weathers that befel)
gſhed or Stow.

XIV.

riefer with them be, 80
f them were long with me.
and a nobler ſtrain
t empereſs does claim,
! firſt o' the name, 84
od grant long to reign.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

I.

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,
The phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest.
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic st
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour, and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshin

II.

Taste not, said God; 'tis mine and angels' meat
A certain death does sit,
Like an ill worm, i' the core of it.
Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind t

III.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ign'rant poor estate, and was asham'd of it:

Yet ſearches probabilities,
And rhetoric and fallacies,
And ſeeks, by uſeleſs pride,
With ſlight and with'ring leaves that nakedneſs to hide.

IV.

Henceforth, ſaid God, the wretched ſons of earth 25
Shall ſweat for food in vain,
That will not long ſuſtain,
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That ſerpent, too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd, 30
That learn'd and eloquent luſt,
Inſtead of mounting high, ſhall creep upon the duſt.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

In a deep viſion's intellectual ſcene,
Beneath a bow'r for ſorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable ſhade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray, 5
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muſe appear'd to his clos'd ſight,
(The Muſes oft' in lands of viſion play)
Body'd, array'd, and ſeen by an internal light: 10
A golden harp, with ſilver ſtrings, ſhe bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe ſhe wore,

In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenu's stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on

II.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd h
The shaken strings melodiously resound. [the
" Art thou return'd at last, said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou Changling! thou, bewitch'd with noise a
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a sh
In all the follies and the tumults there;

Thou wouldst, forsooth! be something in a sta
And bus'ness thou woudst find, and wouldst c
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me: 5
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last, 55
The Sovereign is tost'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.
ut whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
'l march'd up to possess the promis'd land, 60
ou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
on the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

IV.

fair morning of the blessed spring,
a tedious stormy night,
vas the glorious entry of our King; 65
ing moisture dropp'd on every thing;

Plenty he fow'd below, and rift about him light.
But then, was I to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry herb around, 7
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass, 7
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass;
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain. 8

V.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and more
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Tho' she contracted was to thee, 8
Giv'n to another thou didst see,
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try, 9
Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the Court's deceitful lottery:

But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough, 95
Shouldſt in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
Shouldſt even able be to live;
Thou! to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

VI.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile 100
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley ſaid:
"Ah! wanton Foe! doſt thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyſelf haſt made? 105
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit! ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed ſoul didſt bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air; 110
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſh'd freedom to regain:
Still I rebel, ſtill thou doſt reign,
Lo, ſtill in verſe againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds 115
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholeſome herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow
Make all my art and labour fruitleſs now; 120
Where *once ſuch fairies* dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye: 125
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain,
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again. 130
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft' to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee, 135
As they who only heav'n desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate, 140
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse; 145
The heav'n under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear;

Thine, thine shall flow hereafter, if thou
Mak'st me fit still and dog when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year 150
Our patient Sovereign did attend
His long misfortune's fatal end,
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be secure'd if I refuse 155
To wait on him, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death! 162

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

As when our kings (lords of the spacious main)
Take, in just wars, a rich Plate-fleet of Spain,
The rude unshapen ingots they reduce
Into a form of beauty and of use,
On which the conqu'ror's image now does shine, 5
Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine;
So in the mild contentions of the Muse
(The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought
This carquanza of Spain with treasures fraught. 10

You have not lately gotten it by stealth,
Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth:
But by a pow'rful sp'rit made in your own;
Metal before, money by you 'tis grown:
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.
But tho' we praise this voyage of your mind,
And tho' ourselves enrich'd by it we find,
We 're not contented yet, because we know
What greater stores at home within it grow;
We 've seen how well you foreign ores refine,
Produce the gold of your own nobler mine;
The world shall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you;
They all shall watch the travels of your pen,
And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

A translation of verses

UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Written in Latin by the

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DR. A.

AVE MARIA.

ONCE thou rejoicedst, and rejoice for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never;
Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,
Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.

u brought the word of joy in, which was born 5
ı hail to all; let us an hail return.
ɔm you God ſave, into the world there came;
r echo hail is but an empty name.

GRATIA PLENA.

w loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,
ɔm divers flow'rs by chymic bees diſtill'd! 10
w full the collet with his jewel is,
ıich, that it cannot take, by love doth kiſs:
w full the moon is with her brother's ray,
ıen ſhe drinks up with thirſty orb the day!
w full of grace the Graces' dances are, 15
full doth Mary of God's light appear.
s no wonder if with graces ſhe
full, who was full with the Deity.

DOMINUS TECUM.

e fall of mankind under Death's extent
e choir of bleſſed angels did lament, 20
d wiſh'd a reparation to ſee
him who manhood join'd with Deity.
v grateful ſhould man's ſafety then appear
ıimſelf, whoſe ſafety can the angels cheer?

BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

th came, and troops of ſad diſeaſes led 25
:h' earth, by woman's hand ſolicited.

Life came ſo too, and troops of Graces led
To th' earth, by woman's faith ſolicited.
As our life's ſpring came from thy bleſſed womb,
So from our mouths ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall com
Who did life's bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe
Above all women ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
He a good Word ſent from his ſtored breaſt;
'Twas Chriſt, which Mary, without carnal though
From the unfathom'd depth of goodneſs brought;
The Word of Bleſſing a juſt cauſe affords
To be oft' bleſſed with redoubled words.

SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when ſoft weſt winds fan the garden-roſe,
A ſhower of ſweeter air ſalutes the noſe;
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with power
Unlocks the virgin boſom of the flower;
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,
And from her ſacred box whole rivers flow'd:
Yet loos'd not thine eternal chaſtity,
Thy roſes' folds do ſtill entangled lie.
Believe Chriſt born from an unbruiſed womb,
So from unbruiſed bark the odours come.

VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

great Son begat ere time begun,
time brought forth her little Son: 50
.e ſubſtance One; life he began,
nout mother, without father man.
the birth, and 'tis a ſtranger deed
no man, that God no wife, ſhould need.
delighted the child-bearing maid, 55
d himſelf became to her a ſhade.
e deſcent! who is light's author, he
iis creature thus a ſhadow be.
n light did from the Father flow,
en light from Virgin Mary grow. 60
ioſes ſought God in a ſhade to ſee,
her's ſhade was Chriſt the Deity.
k for day, flee darkneſs, whilſt our ſight
finds darkneſs, and in darkneſs light. 64

HE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A TRANSLATION.

I.

off unfit complaints, and clear [blow,
hs your breaſt, and from black clouds you
ie ſun ſhines not with his wonted cheer,
-tune throws an adverſe caſt for you.

That ſea which vex'd with Notus is,
The merry Weſt-winds will to morrow kiſs.

II.

The ſun to-day rides drowſily,
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair;
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears ſports neareſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the gods appointed ſo,
That good fare ſhould with mingled dangers flo

III.

Who drave his oxen yeſterday,
Doth now over the nobleſt Romans reign,
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en.
Whom Heſperus ſaw poor and low,
The Morning's eye beholds him greateſt now.

IV.

If Fortune knit amongſt her play
But ſerioufneſs, he ſhall again go home
To his old country farm of yeſterday,
To ſcoffing people no mean jeſt become;
And with the crowned axe, which he
Had rul'd the world, go back and prune ſome t
Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own faſces he ſhall make him fires.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY

is to be preferred before

DISCONTENTED RICHES.

I.

O! doth gaudy Tagus raviſh thee,
eptune's treaſurehouſe it be?
ɔth Pactolus thee bewitch,
l yet with Midas' glorious itch?

II.

lull and ſleepy ſtreams are not at all, 5
her floods, poetical;
ave no dance, no wanton ſport,
tle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

III.

inhabit the adulterate flood,
. it feed the neighb'ring wood; 10
er or herb is near it found,
:rpetual winter ſtarves the ground.

IV.

: a river which doth ſcorn to ſhow
ed beauty, whoſe clear brow
my looking-glaſs, to ſee 15
ıy face is, and what my mind ſhould be.

V.

ıves call waves, and glide along in rank,
ıttle to the ſmiling bank:
l king-fiſhers tell their tales,
ı enrich the brook with ſilver ſcales. 20

VI.

Daiſies, the firſt-born of the teeming Spring,
On each ſide their embroidery bring,
Her lilies waſh, and grow more white,
And daffodils to ſee themſelves delight.

VII.

Here a freſh arbour gives her am'rous ſhade,
Which Nature, the beſt gard'ner, made;
Here I would ſit and ſing rude lays,
Such as the Nymphs, and me myſelf would pleaſe.

VIII.

Thus would I waſte, thus end, my careleſs days,
And Robin-red-breaſts, whom men praiſe
For pious birds, ſhould, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

In commendation of the time we live in,

Under the reign of our gracious King,

CHARLES II.

I.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor ſure) wl
brought
Dire ſwords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The ſpade, the ploughſhare, and the rake,
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Man's life t' epitomize.

II.

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride poſt to th' grave,
And cut thoſe threads which yet the Fates would ſave:
Then Charon ſweated at his trade,
And had a larger ferry made. 10
Then 'twas the ſilver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

III.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,
Begat black War; then Avarice crept on:
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd, 15
And Terminus a godhead gain'd:
To men before was found,
Beſides the ſea, no bound.

IV.

In what plain or what river hath not been
War's ſtory, writ in blood (ſad ſtory!) ſeen? 20
This truth too well our England knows;
'Twas Civil ſlaughter dy'd her Roſe;
Nay, then her Lily, too,
With blood's loſs paler grew.

V.

Such griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould feel,
Did not juſt Charles ſilence the rage of ſteel; 26
He to our land bleſs'd peace doth bring,
All neighbour-countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till Charles his reign! 30

VI

Where, dreaming Chymics! is your pain and cost
How is your oil, how is your labour, loſt?
Our Charles, beſt alchymiſt, (tho' ſtrange,
Believe it, future Times!) did change
The Iron Age of old,
Into an Age of Gold.

AN ANSWER TO

AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

I.

NICHOLS! my better ſelf, forbear;
For if thou tell'ſt what Cambridge pleaſures are,
The ſchool-boy's ſin will light on me,
I ſhall, in mind, at leaſt, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philoſophy,
In Ovid's Nut I ſhall not find
The taſte once pleaſed me.
O tell me not of logic's diverſe cheer,
I ſhall begin to loath our crambe here.

II.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned ſhire;
I ſhall contemn the troubled Thames,
On her chief holyday, even when her ſtreams
Are with rich folly gilded, when

The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Juſt like the brav'ry of the men,
And graces with freſh paint that day,
When th' City ſhines with flags and pageants there,
And ſattin doublets ſeen not twice a-year. 20

III.

Why do I ſtay, then? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chief wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy company:
Till then we'll ſcorn to let that toy 25
Some forty miles divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy
Friendſhip and wit, thy better parts.
Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,
We'll eas'ly ſee each other; Love hath wings. 30

AN ANSWER TO A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a Northern people (whom the ſun
Uſes juſt as the Romiſh Church has done
Her profane laity, and does aſſign
Bread only both to ſerve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives; 5
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with briſk Racy verſes in which we
The ſoil from whence they came taſte, ſmell, and ſee:

Such is your present t' us; for you must know,
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow, 10
No more than sack: one lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here;
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge,
Written by ——— Esquire, the 15
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.
Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To ryhme with than Mount Orgueil * is to me. 20
Mount Orgueil! which in scorn o' th' Muses' law
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here, 25
Strange as to bring camels and el'phants were;
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of, God save the King.
Yet this I'll say for th' honour of the place,
That by God's extraordinary grace, 30
(Which shows the people' have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most sing'lar blessing, and no less

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

'han Ireland's wanting ſpiders: and ſo far 35
'rom th' actual ſin of bombaſt too they are,
'hat other crying ſin o' th' Engliſh Muſe)
'hat even Satan himſelf can accuſe
lone here, (no not, ſo much as the divines)
or th' *motus primò primi* to ſtrong lines. 40
Vell, ſince the ſoil, then, does not nat'rally bear
erſe, who (a-devil) would import it here?
or that to me would ſeem as ſtrange a thing
.s who did firſt wild beaſts into' iſlands bring:
'nleſs you think that it might taken be 45
.s Green did Gondibert, in a prize at ſea.
et that's a fortune falls not ev'ry day;
'is true Green was made by it; for they ſay
'he Parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
ınd gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteenths too. 50

PROMETHEUS ILL PAINTED.

Iow wretched does Prometheus' ſtate appear,
Vhilſt he his ſecond mis'ry ſuffers here!
)raw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands,
Ie blame great Jove's leſs than the painter's hands. 4
t would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
f once again his liver thus ſhould grow.
'ity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee giant him row.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

I.

When chance or cruel bus'neſs parts us two,
What do our ſouls, I wonder, do?
Whilſt ſleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they ſhould not ſtay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not how, or where:
Their friendly lights together twine,
Tho' we perceive 't not to be ſo,
Like loving ſtars which oft' combine,
Yet not themſelves their own conjunctions know.

III.

'Twere an ill world, I'll ſwear, for ev'ry friend,
If diſtance could their union end:
But love itſelf does far advance
Above the pow'r of time and ſpace;
It ſcorns ſuch outward circumſtance,
His time's for ever, ev'ry where his place.

IV.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart.
Miracles ceaſe not yet in Love,
When he his mighty pow'r will try,
Abſence itſelf does bounteous prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our preſence multiply.

V.

flame of friendſhip, and divine, 25
hich in heav'n's ſun does ſhine;
h' upper air and ſky,
cts of heat beſtow,
ams the farther fly,
armth, life, beauty, here below. 30

VI.

s leſs apparent when too nigh,
, if they touch the eye.
rious, then, is love;
e friends together ſee
much both one do prove, 35
ove then ſeems but ſelf-love to be.

VII.

ink on me, and each day I ſhall
ike hours canonical.
nd that comes this way,
leaſt a ſigh or two; 40
many I'll repay,
mſelves make winds to get to you.

VIII.

pretty ways we'll think upon
ir ſeparation.
houſand will not do; 45
ill thus no longer ſtay,
twill be kept from you,
againſt the breaſt to get away.

IX.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t'appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

REASON,

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

I.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

II.

Visions and inspirations some expect,
Their course here to direct:
Like senseless chymists their own wealth destroy,
Imaginary gold t'enjoy.
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
What but a sordid slime is found?

III.

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reaſon ſet,
And faſt, that they may dream of meat.
Sometimes ill ſp'rits their ſickly ſouls delude,
And baſtard forms obtrude. 20
So Endor's wretched ſorcereſs, altho'
She Saul thro' his diſguiſe did know,
Yet when the devil comes up diſguis'd, ſhe cries,
Behold! the gods ariſe.

IV.

In vain, alas! theſe outward hopes are try'd; 25
Reaſon within 's our only guide.
Reaſon! which (God be prais'd!) ſtill walks, for all
Its old orig'nal fall.
And ſince itſelf the boundleſs Godhead join'd
With a reaſonable mind, 30
It plainly ſhews that myſteries divine
May with our reaſon join.

V.

The holy Book, like the eighth ſphere, does ſhine
With thouſand lights of truth divine.
So numberleſs the ſtars, that to the eye 35
It makes but all one Galaxy.
Yet reaſon muſt aſſiſt too; for in ſeas
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by ſtars above we cannot know,
Without the compaſs, too, below. 40

VI.

Tho' reaſon cannot thro' faith's myſt'ries ſee,
It ſees that there, and ſuch, they be;
Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly k
And there thro' chinks and keyholes peep.
Tho' it, like Moſes, by a ſad command
Muſt not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all deſcry'd.

HYMN. TO LIGHT.

I.

First-born of Chaos, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old Negro's darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely child,
The melancholy maſs put on kind looks and ſmi

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no reſt doſt know
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden ſhow'r of a true Jove!
Who does in thee deſcend, and heav'n to earth m [lk

III.

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy huſband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the luſty br [groom

IV.

Day from what golden quivers of the ſky
So all thy winged arrows fly?

Swiftneſs and Power by birth are thine: 15
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word [Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in colours thou,
And ſkill in painting, doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow. 20

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finiſh'd when begun;
Let a poſt-angel ſtart with thee,
And thou the goal of earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as he.

VII.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay, 25
Doſt thy bright wood of ſtars ſurvey,
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal ſpring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, doſt round thy lands above
The ſun's gilt tent for ever move, 30
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go,
The ſhining pageants of the world attend thy ſhow.

IX.

Nor amidſt all theſe triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild, 35
(O greatneſs without pride!) the buſhes of the field.

X.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of Night,
Asham'd and fearful to appear;
They screen their horrid shapes with the black [misphe

XI.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alar
Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
At the first op'ning of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouze his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the kn

XV.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place;

To Darkneſs' curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing night he rolls his ſmoky fires. 60

XVI.

When, Goddeſs! thou lift'ſt up thy waken'd head
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world ſalutes the riſing day.

XVII.

The ghoſts, and monſter ſp'rits, that did preſume 65
A body's priv'lege to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And bodies gain again their viſibility.

XVIII.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy ſev'ral liveries; 70
Thou the rich dye on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landſcape as thou go'ſt.

XIX.

A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin lilies, in their white, 75
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, ſtands
Girt in thy purple ſwaddlingbands:
On the fair tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd coat. 80

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah! Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand with-
And be less liberal to gold; [hold, 85
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man [relieve!

XXIII.

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are; 90
But few, ah! wondrous few there be
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee!

XXIV.

Thro' the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide, 95
And with thy living stream thro' the close channels [slide.

XXV.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

XXVI.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day 101
In th' empyrean heav'n does stay;

Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below, [flow.
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A paraphrase upon Horace, Book II. *Sat.* vi.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main, 5
Yet one who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And arriv'd early, and belighted there 10
For a day's lodging. The good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite:
Pitches and beans, pease, and oats, and wheat, 15
And a large chesnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.
And for a hautgoust there was mix'd with these
The swerd of bacon and the coat of cheese,
The precious relics which at harvest he 20
Had gather'd from the reapers' luxury.

Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and never ſpare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their genius ſacrific'd the day: 25
Yet the [illegible] gueſt's Epicurean mind
(Tho' b[illegible] ſeem and kind)
Deſpi[illegible] ſtill his thought
Upon [illegible] ndon wrought.
Your bounty and [illegible] he) 30
Which I'm ſurpris[illegible] de parts to ſee
Shews that the gods have g[illegible] you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a ſoul ſo virtuous and ſo great
Loſe itſelf thus in an obſcure retreat? 35
Let ſavage beaſts lodge in a country den,
You ſhould ſee towns, and manners know, and men;
And taſte the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beauteous ſhees about you move, 40
And by high fare are pliant made to love.
We all ere long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from Death.
Since life is ſo uncertain, and ſo ſhort,
Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport. 45
Come, worthy Sir! come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas! what virtue hath ſufficient arms
T' oppoſe bright Honour and ſoft Pleaſure's charms?

a can their magic force repel? 50
rev'rend hermit from his cell.
ne, when witty poets tell,
bus into Thetis' bosom fell:
l at first, and then put out the light,
the modest curtains of the night." 55
troth to tell, the sun was set,
Town our weary'd trav'llers get.
ouse, as lordly as can be,
use of pride and luxury,
the gentle courtier at the door 60
ill hardly enter in before;
your command, and being so,
obedience; and so in they go.
ging in a spacious room,
work of Mortlake's noble loom) 65
while, their weary'd limbs to rest,
ould invite them to their feast.
hour that Cynthia's silver light
'd the pale meridies of the night,"
rious supper being done, 70
hat the company was gone
emote, servants and all,
ir noble fancies with a ball.
s forth his stranger, and does find
he bounties of his mind. 75
ble half-fill'd dishes stood,
icious bits the floor was strow'd.

The courteous Mouse, perhaps, bids adieu to this world,
And both with the [illegible] [illegible]
Th' industrious Pismire [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And thanks the gods for his little happy [illegible]
Lo! in the midst of a well-fraught plate
They both, at last, glutted and content, lie
When, see the fed rout [illegible] [illegible]
And what sweet dreams [illegible] [illegible]
With hideous noise down the rude [illegible] [illegible]
Six dogs before run barking like the [illegible];
The wretched glutton [illegible] [illegible] affright,
And hate the falsest which results this night.
Our trembling Parisat wishes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains covered him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
This, of all lives, said he, is the worst.
Give me again, ye Gods! my cave and wood;
With peace, let cares and storms be my food.

Dulcissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

DOMINO D. COMBER,

Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, et Collegii SS. et Individuae Trinitatis Magistro Vigilantissimo.

Siste gradum: quonam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimiùm facta superba togâ?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere plûris erit.

ollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum, 5
æ pugno carmina scripta tenent.
vel Hip. Qualis? nè. vel, af. un. Quanta? par.
Edictum, destruit Ique modum. [insin.
grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore sonabit;
dicent, quid velit iste sibi? 10
ausidicos: poteris sic culta videri,
Romanis fundere verba modis.
post Ignoramum gens cautior illa est;
it Musas, Granta, timere tuas.
ectorem nullum; sic salva latebis; 15
is Criticas spernere tuta manus.
ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
: hic Domini nil decet esse suo.
calamo referat mysteria verbi,
illius sancta lucerna videt. 20
Altari trepidat Fax pæne timenda,
um attollit sic veneranda caput.
quid dices; Nostros Academia lusus
t; nugæ tum placuere meæ.
stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus; 25
ntæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
uthore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
em quemvis candidus ille facit.)
i tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ
et hæc illi paucula metra refer. 30
ro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
auspicium quod sibi vellet idem.

Non peto ut ista probes; tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
Si Socius, tandem sit, meliora dabit. 36

Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia ab Auctore A. Cowley conscripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.

De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ.

Dum more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchûsque Cerésque ministrant, 5
Et litium vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cùm corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet? 10
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Credite mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria; 15
Colit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.

plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
in methodo te perperisse juvat. 20
onjugii concors discordia vestri!
hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
oli puro respirans vultus in auro
ulo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
m, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd sumus avari; 25
m, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.
(sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)
n ascendas læta per astra tuum,
in facie tua viva et mollis imago
ùs in terris quàm tua sculpta, regat. 30

Ob paciferum

SERENISSIMI REGIS CAROLI

E SCOTIA REDITUM.

lis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
ue ingens laurea pacis adest.
alii bellis et Marte cruento;
u solus vincere bella potes.
ur volucri mitis Victoria penna, 5
pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
e sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
ent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
n, et Delo plus licuisse dolen. 10

Non peto ut ista probes; tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
Si Socius, tandem sit, meliora dabit. 36

Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia ab Auctore A. Cowley conscripta, quæ ne deperdantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.

De felici partu Reginæ Mariæ.

Dum more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchúsque Ceréſque ministrant, 5
Et risum vitis lachryma rubra movet.
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.
Cùm corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet? 10
Quídve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.
Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria; 15
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.

Jam tua plùs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet
Regis, et in methodo te perperisse juvat.
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!
O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro
Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille) placet.
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimiùm quòd simus avari; 25
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.
Cùmque (sed ô nostris sint lux serior annis)
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,
Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago
Non minùs in terris quàm tua sculpta, regat. 30

Ob pacifarum

SERENISSIMI REGIS CAROLI

E SCOTIA REDITUM.

Ergo redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,
Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.
Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento;
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.
Te sequitur volucri mitis Victoria penna, 5
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.
Et voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.
Ipsa propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,
Recentem, et Delo plus licuisse dolen. 10

Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tec
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat,
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arct
Horrentésque novo lumine adornat equos.
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!
Callisto in vetitum potiùs defenderet æquor
Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.
Convenisse feris inter se noverat Ursis,
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine et A
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.
Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis;
Effectùque potest vix priùs ire suo.
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo
Circumfert subitam, quà volat ipse, diem.
Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens;
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

EPISTLES.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

upon his marriage with

THE LORD FAIRFAX HIS DAUGHTER.

I.

AUTY and Strength together came,
ı from the birth, with Buckingham;
little active ſeeds which ſince are grown
air, ſo large, and high,
h life itſelf were in him ſown: 5
.our and Wealth ſtood like the midwives by,
take the birth into their happy hands,
l wrapt him warm in their rich ſwaddling bands.
the great ſtock the thriving infant ſoon
le greater acquiſitions of his own: 10
h beauty generous goodneſs he combin'd,
rage to ſtrength, judgment to wit he join'd:
pair'd and match'd his native virtues right,
h to improve their uſe and their delight.

II.

leſs'd conjunction of the faireſt ſtars 15
ıt ſhine in human nature's ſphere!
, O! what envious cloud your influence bars!
'ortune! what doſt thou do there?
lſt thou the leaſt of modeſty,
ɔu'dſt be aſham'd that we ſhould ſee 20

Thy deform'd looks, and dress, in such a company.
Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess! in thy hate,
If thou didst foolishly believe
That thou couldst him of ought deprive
But, what men hold of thee, a great estate. 25
And here, indeed, thou to the full didst show
All that thy tyrant deity could do:
His virtues never did thy pow'r obey;
In dissipating storms and routed battles they
Did close and constant with their captain stay; 30
They with him into exile went,
And kept their home in banishment.
The noble youth was often forc'd to flee
From the insatiate rage of thee,
Disguised and unknown: 35
In all his shapes they always kept their own;
Nay, with the foil of darkness brighter shone,
And might unwillingly have done,
But that just Heav'n thy wicked will abhorr'd, 39
What virtues most detest, might have betray'd their Lord.

III.

Ah! slothful Love! couldst thou with patience see
Fortune usurp that flow'ry spring from thee,
And nip thy rosy season with a cold,
That comes too soon when life's short year grows old?
Love his gross error saw at last, 45
And promis'd large amends for what was past;

s'd, and has done it, which is more
ho knew him long, e'er knew him do before;
ne it nobly, and we must confess
no more, tho' he ought to do no less. 50
he done? he has repaid
which a luckless war did make:
ed to it a reward
han Conquest for its share could take:
: estate could not such gain produce, 55
d out a hundred years at use.

IV.

ings to thy noble choice betide,
nd happy-making Bride!
ı art born of a victorious race,
heir rougher victory dost grace 60
tle triumphs of thy face,
, in this milder war, to prize
ıy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes;
t the honour of that field
ou didst first o'ercome ere thou didst yield.
thy father's martial name 66
the trumpets and the drums of Fame,
and triumphs now no less than he,
ay justly question'd be
ıs the happiest conqu'ror of the three. 70

V.

n Fate (which none but poets see)
n Fate the noblest poetry, [thee;
ıas shown, Great Duke! her utmost art in

For after all the troubles of thy ſcene,
Which ſo confus'd and intricate have been,
She 'as ended with this match thy tragi-come
We all admire it, for, the truth to tell,
Our poet, Fate, ends not all plays ſo well;
But this ſhe as her maſterpiece does boaſt,
And ſo indeed ſhe may;
For in the middle acts and turnings of the pl
Alas! we gave our hero up for loſt.
All men, I ſee, this with applauſe receive;
And now let me have leave,
A ſervant of the perſon and the art,
To ſpeak this prologue to the ſecond part.

TO THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHA

If I ſhould ſay that in your face were ſeen
Nature's beſt picture of the Cyprian queen;
If I ſhould ſwear, under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the preſent, which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as fa
As you above the reſt of women are.

When Mannor's name with Villiers join'd
How do I rev'rence your nobility!
But when the virtues of your ſtock I view,
(Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what woman can,
Beſides yourſelf, (nay, I might ſay, what ma

ex, and birth, and fate, and years, excel 15
ind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
ı! how had this begot idolatry,
n had liv'd in the world's infancy,
n man's too-much religion made the best
cities, or semi-god at least? 20
ne, forbidden this by piety,
f we were not, by your modesty,
make our hearts an altar, and there pray
to, but for, you, nor that England may
y your equal, when you once are gone,
what's more possible, t' enjoy you long. 26

To his very much honoured

GODFATHER, MR. A. B.

I.

re (for that upon the wings of Fame
l perhaps mock Death, or Time's dart) my name;
e it more, because 'twas giv'n by you;
e it most, because 'twas your name too:
if I chance to slip, a conscious shame 5
ks me, and bids me not defile your name.

II.

glad that city t'whom I ow'd before
, ah me! Fate hath cross'd that willing score)
ther, gave me a godfather too,
I'm more glad because it gave me you, 10
om I may rightly think, and term to be,
he whole city an epitome.

III.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenſed my tongue
Farther then cries) who ſhould my office do;
I thank her more becauſe ſhe found out you,
In whoſe each look I may a ſentence ſee,
In whoſe each deed a teaching homily.

IV.

How ſhall I pay this debt to you? my Fate
Denies me Indian pearl or Perſian plate;
Which tho' it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend apples to Alcinous,
And ſell the cunning'ſt way: no, when I can
In every leaf, in every verſe, write Man;

V.

When my quill reliſheth a ſchool no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learn'd to ſc
And gotten wings as well as feet, look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied pen;
Till future ages ſay, 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made your's to live.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

Tyrian dye why do you wear,
You whoſe cheeks beſt ſcarlet are?
Why do you ſo fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your ſkin,

tin, that's whiter far) 5
a dusky cloud before a star?

II.

ars your neck a golden chain?
ture make your hair in vain?
most pure and fine,
ems why do you shine? 10
neighbours to your eyes,
it like phosphor when the sun doth rise.

III.

I have all my Mistress' parts
ore to Nature than to arts;
I not wooe the dress, 15
whose nights give less
tment than the day.
air whose beauty only makes her gay.

IV.

not buildings make a court,
ip, but 'tis the king's resort. 20
er down pour
f, and in a show'r
ich bright majesty,
an a golden one it cannot be. 24

TO A LADY WHO DESIRED

A SONG OF MR. COWLEY,

HE PRESENTED THIS FOLLOWING.

I.

Come, Poetry! and with you bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of nobleſt words into my ſong:
Into my numbers let them gently flow,
Soft and pure, and thick as ſnow,
And turn thy numbers ſtill to prove
Smooth as the ſmootheſt ſphere above,
And, like a ſphere, harmoniouſly move.

II.

Little doſt thou, vain Song! thy fortune know,
What thou art deſtin'd to,
And what the ſtars intend to do.
Among a thouſand ſongs but few can be
Born to the honour promis'd thee:
Eliza's ſelf ſhall thee receive,
And a bleſs'd being to thee give;
Thou on her ſweet and tuneful voice ſhalt live.

III.

Her warbling tongue ſhall freely with thee play,
Thou on her lips ſhalt ſtray,
And dance upon the roſy way:

No prince alive that would not envy thee, 20
And count thee happier far than he:
And how ſhalt thou thy author crown!
When fair Eliza ſhall be known
To ſing thy praiſe, when ſhe but ſpeaks her own. 24

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

For his ſafe return from the

NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North! be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her Falkland to thy truſt:
Return him ſafe: Learning would rather chuſe
Her Bodley or her Vatican to loſe.
All things that are but writ or printed there, 5
In his unbounded breaſt engraven are:
There all the Sciences together meet,
And ev'ry art does all her kindred greet,
Yet joſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome common principle. 10
So in an army, govern'd right, we ſee
(Tho' out of ſev'ral countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The Engliſh, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane.
So thouſand divers ſpecies fill the air, 15
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beaſts, houſes, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undiſturb'd into the eye.

And this great Prince of [illegible] Fate
Thrust into th' [illegible] of a state,
All virtues, and some vices, of the [illegible]
Other men's labour, must [illegible]
Whilst [illegible]
Whom Idleness itself might learned make,
Who hears of nothing, and no [illegible]
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft' tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow:
Whilst she, like a danger brothers, get at first
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should they have think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?

Such is the man whom we require, the fame
We lent the North, untouch'd as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger as from fear he's free:
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for foul war and bloody battles born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

TO THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

PARDON, my Lord! that I am come so late
T' express my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;
My thoughts a while, like you, imprison'd lay; 5
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should ev'ry man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to shew itself the last, 10
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall,
As soon as it was heard it ravish'd all. 16
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome,
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
Rome, the world's head! was nothing without his. 20
Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The Consulship of wit and eloquence.

Nor did your fate differ from his at all, 25
Becauſe the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world without a native home,
Is nothing but a pris'n of larger room:
But like a melting woman ſuffer'd he,
He, who before outdid humanity: 30
Nor could his ſp'rit conſtant and ſtedfaſt prove,
Whoſe art it had been, and greateſt end, to move.
You put ill Fortune in ſo good a dreſs,
That it outſhone other men's happineſs.
Had your proſper'ty always clearly gone 35
As your high merits would have led it on,
You 'ad half been loſt, and an example then
But for the happy, the leaſt part of men.
Your very ſuff'rings did ſo graceful ſhew,
That ſome ſtraight envy'd your affliction too: 40
For a clear conſcience and heroic mind
In ills their bus'neſs and their glory find.
So tho' leſs worthy ſtones are drown'd in night,
The faithful di'mond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkneſs for a ray 45
That would be more oppreſs'd than help'd by day.
Your ſoul then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd pow'r,
Was ſtronger and more armed than the Tow'r.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your ſp'rit no more;
She 'as try'd her weakneſs and your ſtrength before. 50
T' oppoſe him ſtill who once has conquer'd ſo,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe.

orth, will more of Prov'dence have,
our friend than be your slave. 54

'HO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I.

he the time would ever be
lt in dwarfish posies foe.
few letters live,
rds all sense dost give.
ught you this rare art 5
uch to shew,
d she did impart
epitomiz'd in you.

II.

nts did not doubt to sing,
irs be well compar'd t' a ring, 10
te'er from you we hear,
osy of the year:
only will remain,
former face does shew,
imself again, 15
ry'd wit is always new.

III.

ij'rers have an art found out
confin'd in rings about:
w will less appear,
l your magic here. 20

You by your rings do pris'ners take,
And chain them with your myſtic ſpells,
And the ſtrong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great devil, charm'd to thoſe circles dwells.

IV.

They who above do various circles find, 25
Say like a ring th' equator heav'n does bind.
When heav'n ſhall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more heav'n than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou muſt write the poſy there,
For it wanteth one as yet, 30
Tho' the ſun paſs thro' it twice a-year,
The ſun who is eſteem'd the god of wit.

V.

Happy the hands which wear thy ſacred rings,
They'll teach thoſe hands to write myſterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright, 35
Caſt around their coſtly light,
Let them want no noble ſtone
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy marriage bind. 40

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT,

finiſhed before his voyage to America.

METHINKS heroic poeſy till now
Like ſome fantaſtic Fairy-land did ſhow;

rells, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
but man, in man's chief work had place.
ke some worthy knight, with sacred arms, 5
ve the monsters thence and end the charms:
of those dost men and manners plant,
ngs which that rich soil did chiefly want:
thy mortals do their gods excel,
by thy Muse to fight and love so well. 10
tal hands whilst present empires fall,
rom the grave past monarchies recall.
more thanks from human-kind does merit
t's fury than the zealot's spirit:
m the grave thou mak'st this empire rise, 15
some dreadful ghost t' affright her eyes,
h more lustre and triumphant state
hen it crown'd at proud Verona fate.
our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
ise him up much better, yet the same: 20
ike poets do past things rehearse,
nge, but heighten Nature by their verse.
shame, methinks, great Italy must see
qu'rors rais'd to life again by thee;
by such pow'rful verse, that ancient Rome 25
ufft no less to see her wit o'ercome.
nen their fancies like their faith derive,
ink all ill but that which Rome does give;
arks of old and Catholic would find,
same chair would Truth and Fiction bind. 30

Thou in thoſe gaiten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time and all things change, then think'ſt not fit
This latter age ſhould ſee all new but wit.
Thy fancy like a flame its way doth make,
And leaves bright traces for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the Muſe
Did thy deſire to ſeek new worlds infuſe,
And ne'er did Hero's ſo much a voyage bleſt,
If thou muſt plant but there with like ſucceſs.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

PHILOSOPHY! the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious ſin,
Tho' full of years he do appear,
(Philoſophy! I ſay, and call it he, 5
For whatſoe'er the painter's fancy be,
It a male virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd, or enjoy'd his vaſt eſtate.
Three or four thouſand years, one would have thought,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought 11
A ſcience ſo well bred and nurs'd,
And of ſuch hopeful parts, too, at the firſt;
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious men) 15

Would ne'er conſent to ſet him free,
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own bus'neſs he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the ſports of wanton Wit; 20
With the deſerts of poetry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid meats t' increaſe his force;
Inſtead of vig'rous exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant labyrinths of ever freſh diſcourſe:
Inſtead of carrying him to ſee 25
The riches which do hoarded for him lie
In Nature's endleſs treaſury,
They choſe his eye to entertain
(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)
With painted ſcenes and pageants of the brain. 30
Some few exalted ſp'rits this latter age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the liberty
(From guardians who were now uſurpers grown)
Of this old minor ſtill, captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight 35
For ſuch a long-oppreſſed right.
Bacon, at laſt, a mighty man! aroſe,
Whom a wiſe King and Nature choſe
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cauſe. 40

III.

Authority, which did a body boaſt,
Tho' 'twas but air condens'd, and ſtalk'd about

Like some old ghost, a strange affrighted,
To terrify the frighted rout
With the glittering magic of that dazling light,
He chas'd out of our sight,
Nor suffer'd dying men to be baffled
By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from thence it only the conquer'd plunder
He broke that metal from gaol which held
In midst of the orchard, and the whole field blasted,
Which with a subtle sophistry wrought,
And something else not worth a name,
(Both vast fat fruit, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget,
Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke that darling deity:
Come, enter all that will,
Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your fill.
Yet still, unthinks, we think would be
Catching at the forbidden tree;
We would be like the Deity;
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we
Without the senses' aid within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All nature in his mind.

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
(Tho' we our thoughts from them perversely drew)

To things, the mind's right object, he it brought;
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew:
He sought and gather'd for our use the true;
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He press'd them wisely the mechanic way, 75
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take; 80
No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory:
No, he before his sight must place 85
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went, 90
And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon! like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he pass'd,
Did on the very border stand 95
Of the bless'd Promis'd Land,

And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himſelf. and ſhew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to diſcover worlds and conquer too; 100
Nor can ſo ſhort a line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt depths of Nature's ſea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' exceſs 105
Of low affliction and high happineſs:
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That 's always in a triumph or a fight?

VI.

From you, great Champions! we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious countries but diſcover'd yet; 110
Countries where yet, inſtead of Nature, we
Her image and her idols worſhipp'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy regions to ſubdue,
Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land, 115
A better troop ſhe ne'er together drew.
Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God with deſign has pick'd out you,
To do theſe noble wonders by a few.
When the whole hoſt he ſaw, They are, ſaid he. 120
Too many to o'ercome for me:
And now he chuſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then:

Not thoſe many, whom he found
Idlely extended on the ground
To drink, with their dejected head, 125
The ſtream, juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No, but thoſe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight 130
Their wondrous pattern, too, you take:
Their old and empty pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Iō! ſound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear; 135
New ſcenes of heav'n already we eſpy,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which from the ſpacious plains of earth and ſea
Could never yet diſcover'd be
By ſailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye. 140
Nature's great works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmallneſs her near objects can ſecure:
Ye 'ave taught the curious ſight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her imperceptible littleneſs: 145
Ye 'ave learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hand,
And well begun her deepeſt ſenſe to underſtand.

VIII.

Miſchief and true diſhonour fall on thoſe
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe.

So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, so knowledge to mankind
The things which their proud minds despise, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and idle all,
Those smallest things or Nature let me know,
Rather than all their gaudy visions show.
Whoever would deposed Truth advance
Into the throne which is her own by
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious wit.
So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,
Tho' heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

12.

With courage and freedom you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle been:
None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years age worthy a history;
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of Philosophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit:
His candid style like a clean stream does slide,

And his bright fancy all the way
Does, like the sunshine, in it play;
It does like Thames, the best of rivers! glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn, 18[illegible]
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
It has all the beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint, of Art. 184

ELEGIAC POEMS.

An elegy on the death of

JOHN LITTLETON, ESQ.

Son and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger brother.

And must these waters smile again, and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the sun court them still? and shall they show
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thirsty traveller may say, 5
I am accurs'd, go turn some other way?
It is unjust; black Flood! thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loss, than all thy watry store
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,
And beasts, henceforth, afraid to drink with thee.
What have I said! my pious rage hath been 11
Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.
Thou 'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.
How is our angry zeal confin'd! for he 15
Must quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death Oh! I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been:

ı his brother (tears for him I'd ſpill,
're all chaſtening'd by the greater ill) 20
l for life with the rude waves, he, too,
: and when hope no faint beam could ſhow,
ty ſhone moſt: "Thou ſhalt," ſaid he,
ith me, Brother! or I'll die with thee;"
:e did. Had he been thine, O Rome! 25
ıuldſt have call'd his death a Martyrdom,
ted him: my Conſcience! give me leave,
too. If Fate will us bereave
re honour'd living, there muſt be
ſf rev'rence to his memory 30
ı death: and where more juſt than here,
ſe and end were both ſo ſingular?
had only talk'd with him might find
ıcademy in his mind;
Viſdom maſter was, and Fellows all 35
ve can good, which we can virtuous, call.
ınd holy Fear the Proctors were,
:hend thoſe words, thoſe thoughts that err.
ıing had outrun the reſt of heirs,
eard from Time, and leapt to twenty years. 40
:he ſun, tho' in full glory bright,
pon all men with impartial light,
ood-morrow to the beggar brings
full rays as to the mightieſt kings;
tho' his worth juſt ſtate might claim, 45
e to Pride an honourable name,

With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In 's body, too, no critique eye could find
The smallest blemish to belie his mind: 50
He was all pureness, and his outward part
But represents the picture of his heart.
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry worm of its expected meat;
When gems, pluck'd from the shore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native sands; 56
'Mongst all those spoils there was not any prey
Could equal what this brook hath stoll'n away.
Weep then, sad Flood! and tho' thou 'rt innocent,
Weep, because Fate made thee her instrument: 60
And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more. 64

On the death of the Right Hon.

DUDLEY LORD CARLETON,

VISCOUNT DORCHESTER, LATE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The Infernal Sisters did a council call
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian-hall;
The dire Tartarean monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame 5
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.

Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill.
Thither blind Boldness and impatient Rage
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age: 10
These to oppress the earth the Furies sent,
To spare the guilty, vex the innocent.
The council thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,
Whose quenchless thirst by blood was fated never,
Envying the riches, honour, greatness, love, 15
And virtue, (loadstone that all these did move)
Of noble Carleton! him she took away,
And like a greedy vulture seiz'd her prey.
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his country's tears. 20
The Muses lost a patron by his fate,
Virtue a husband, and a prop the state:
Sol's chorus weeps, and to adorn his herse
Calliope would sing a tragic verse:
And had there been before no spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon with tears. 26

On the death of my loving friend and cousin,

MR. RICHARD CLARKE,

LATE OF LINCOLN'S-INN, GENT.

It was decreed by stedfast Destiny,
(The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.

He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,
And dangers of th' infernal region,
Leading Hell's triple porter captivate,
Was overcome himself by conqu'ring Fate.
The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,
Which in the ears did lock up every sense
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm still remorseless Death;
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save
Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro to his fun'ral flame;
And would have ended in that fire his fame;
Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be
Time's conqu'rors, and outlast eternity.
Ev'n so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could find,
Tho' arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years, tho' far more young,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue;
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,
Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age:
Who would not, therefore, now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end?
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,
As not to weep when so much virtue dies?
The god of poets doth in darkness shrowd
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.

.oleful Muſes thinking now to write
egies, their tears confound their ſight;
.m t' Elyſium's laſting joys they bring,
e winged angels his ſad requiems ſing. 34

'HE DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

AT ſhall we ſay, ſince ſilent now is he,
when he ſpoke, all things would ſilent be?
had ſo many languages in ſtore,
only Fame ſhall ſpeak of him in more?
n England now no more return'd muſt ſee? 5
gone to Heav'n on his fourth embaſſy.
.rth he travell'd often; not to ſay
d been abroad, or paſs'd looſe time away.
ıatſoever land he chanc'd to come,
ad the men and manners, bringing home 10
· wiſdom, learning, and their piety,
he went to conquer, not to ſee.
:ll he underſtood the moſt and beſt
ngues that Babel ſent into the Weſt,
e them ſo truly, that he had (you'd ſwear) 15
ɔnly liv'd, but been born every where
/ each nation's ſpeech to him was known,
for the world was made, not us alone.
ɔught the language of that man be leſs,
in his breaſt had all things to expreſs. 20
ay that learning's endleſs, and blame Fate
ıot allowing life a longer date;

He did the strongest bounds of knowledge find;
He found there not, though as man, his mind;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did mean
Because that Art had no more worlds than one;
And when he saw that he thro' all had past,
He dy'd, left he should idle grow at last.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

Hence! and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read th' epitaph on this tomb.
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and show
His native Belgia what she 's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide:
His birth was theirs; his death the mournful pride
Of England; and t' avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life.

But we in chief; our country ſoon was grown
A debtor more to him than he to his own. 20
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men againſt the future times:
For deeds of age are in their cauſes then,
And tho' he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a maſter, in thoſe ancient days, 25
When men ſought knowledge firſt, and by it praiſe:
Was a thing full of rev'rence, profit, fame,
Father itſelf was but a ſecond name.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his inſtructions all
Were like the ſcience, free and liberal. 30
He deſerv'd honours, but deſpis'd them, too,
As much as thoſe who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himſelf leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he, 35
Was nought on earth but his own memory:
His memory! where all things written were
As ſure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whilſt ſtill the uſe came in and ſtock remain'd: 40
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with it to enrich others now:
Did thus a new and harder taſk ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in mines for others' gain.
He, tho' more nobly, had much more to do 45
To ſearch the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too:

Tho' my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less.
But if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, Be thou a poet; men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have,
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
(Tho' poets in that word with painters share)
T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
An art, like painting here, an art that 's dumb.
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw 't, for none his works could view,
Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces so with their live objects strive,
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.
Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express.
His all-resembling pencil did outpass
The mimic imag'ry of looking-glass.

Nor was his life less perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart:
There was no false or fading colour there,
The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were. 20
Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call,
Where rev'rend Luke salutes him first of all;
Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair, 25
And could almost wish for his pencil there,
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously painted in the mind Divine,
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorns his own art which we admire below. 30

Only his beauteous lady still he loves;
(The love of heav'nly objects heav'n improves).
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.
And you, fair Widow! who stay here alive, 35
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, bless'd Pair! to disagree.
No wonder death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a new-born you, he left behind. 40
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life. 42

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARVE

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus. MART

I.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Ligh
When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled brea
By something liker death possess'd:
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My sweet Companion! and my gentle Peer!
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here, 1
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part 1
Than I, my dearest Friend! do part from thee.

III.

My dearest Friend! would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world, henceforth, will tedious be;
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too. 2

Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen ghoſts ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid treaſures lie:
Alas! my treaſure 's gone; why do I ſtay?

IV.

He was my friend, the trueſt friend on earth; 25
A ſtrong and mighty influence join'd our birth:
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding name
By Friendſhip giv'n of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and ſiſters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me; 30
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myſelf I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye Immortal Lights!
How oft', unweary'd, have we ſpent the nights,
Till the Ledæan ſtars, ſo fam'd for love, 35
Wonder'd at us from above?
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine,
But ſearch of deep philoſophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry; 39
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my Friend! were thine.

VI.

Ye Fields of Cambridge! our dear Cambridge! ſay,
Have ye not ſeen us walking ev'ry day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle Trees! for ever shade, 45
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer, 50
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds thro' the glad branches fly,
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be, 55
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

VIII.

To him my Muse made haste with ev'ry strain,
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend. 60
Hence, now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse,
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow, 65
I should contemn that flour'shing honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress! which tombs does beautify: 70

Not Phœbus griev'd ſo much as I
For him, who firſt was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his ſoul; as large a ſoul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here:
High as the place 'twas ſhortly' in heav'n to have, 75
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come
As to the chiefeſt ſeat,
Conſpicuous and great;
So low, that for me, too, it made a room. 80

XI.

He ſcorn'd this buſy world below, and all
That we, miſtaken mortals, pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'cent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the ſins of youth.
He, like the ſtars, to which he now is gone, 85
That ſhine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather ſought: 90
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort mortality.
Whene'er the ſkilful youth diſcours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his el'quent tongue, 95
Nor could his ink flow faſter than his wit.

XIII.

So strong a wit did Nature to his frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heav'nly moon did show,
Temp'ring that mighty sea below. 10
O had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His overpow'ring soul?
We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure sp'rits of various wit, 10
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Tho' his own searching mind before 11
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history:
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach, 11
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, Queen of virtues, sway,
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way. 12

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other ſaints do die.
Still with his ſoul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he ſlept:
Then down in peace and innocence he lay, 125
Like the ſun's laborious light,
Which ſtill in water ſets at night,
Unſully'd with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young Man! why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatch'd hence ere better underſtood? 130
Snatched before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their laſt ſad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that breath 135
Where life, ſp'rit, pleaſure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age!
Where ign'rance and hypocriſy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no ſoul e'er choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe. 140
There 'mong the bleſs'd thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And wereſoe'er thou caſts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a ſoul cloath'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and purify'd :
There, whilst immortal hymns thou doſt rehearſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly poeſy,
Where grief and mis'ry can be join'd with verſe.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n
The two moſt ſacred names of earth and heav'n;
The hard and rareſt union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muſes baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moſes thou, (tho' ſpells and charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the ſame poet which thou 'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as thine,
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old;
And they, kind Spirits! ſhall all rejoice to ſee
How little leſs than they exalted man may be.

the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell,
iv'nliest thing on earth still keeps up hell:
'e we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;
ls here, like calves at Bethel, stand: 20
o' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,
in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
th the worst of Heathen dotage we
Ien!) the monster Woman deify;
rs, and tie our fates there in a face, 25
radise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
iff'rent faults corrupt our Muses thus?
as girls, as old wives fabulous!
potless Muse, like Mary, did contain
ndless Godhead; she did well disdain 30
r eternal verse employ'd should be
s subject than eternity;
a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to
kind) her miracles did do; [make.
al mother was, and virgin too. 36
vell, bless'd Swan! did Fate contrive thy death,
de thee render up thy tuneful breath
reat mistress' arms *? thou most divine
iest off'ring of Loretto's shrine! 40
ike some holy sacrifice t' expire,
burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly
tion of that church.

Angels, they ſay, brought the fa
And bore the ſacred load in triu
'Tis ſurer much they brought th
And thou, their charge, went ſ

Pardon, my Mother Church!
That angels led him when fro
For ev'n in error ſure no dang
When join'd with ſo much pie
Ah, mighty God! with ſhame
Ah! that our greateſt faults w
And our weak reaſon were ev'
Rather than thus our wills too
His faith, perhaps, in ſome n
Be wrong; his life, I'm ſure,
And I myſelf a Catholic will
So far, at leaſt, great Saint! t

Hail, Bard triumphant! an
On us, the Poets militant bel
Oppos'd by our old en'my, a
Attack'd by Envy and by Ig
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'
Expos'd by tyrant Love to fa
Thou from low earth in nobl
And, like Elijah, mount aliv
Eliſha-like, (but with a wiſh
More fit thy greatneſs and my
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou
So humble to eſteem, ſo good

ts a happy end,
not the reward
faithfully and hard;
master calls him home,
himself some honourable

IV.

avours did he bring
and restore his King;
ly half of him, which tho
to be the whole suppose,
of Virtue's vigorous life,
his lovely wife,
and his cares divide,
paralitic side:
human state,
attacks of Fate,
and portion still,
ffer any to be ill.
ver let me be,
ch was he
ms of bad success,
calls unhappiness,
virtuous wife did still accom

V.

anions 'twas not strange
ld his temper change.
ntry's ruin had not weight

Angels, they say, brought the sam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they 45
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is
When join'd with so much piety as his. 50
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and grief,
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might 55
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below! 60
Oppos'd by our old en'my, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise, 65
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies:
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love) 70

Not that thy ſp'rit might on me doubled be,
I aſk but half thy mighty ſp'rit for me;
And when my Muſe ſoars with ſo ſtrong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and firſt of thee, to ſing. 74

UPON THE DEATH OF

THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

I.

'Tis folly all that can be ſaid
By living mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis as if we, who ſtay behind
In expectation of the wind, 5
Should pity thoſe who paſs'd this ſtreight before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah! happy Man! who art to ſail no more!
And if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our friends are newly come from ſea, 10
Tho' ne'er ſo fair and calm it be,
What would all ſober men believe,
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay,
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our love and our reſpect command, 15
At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand,
Is from a ſtorm, alas! caſt ſuddenly on land?

II.

If you will ſay, few perſons upon earth
Did, more than he, deſerve to have

A life exempt from fortune and the grave, 20
Whether you look upon his birth;
And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread,
But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead!
Or whether you consider more
The vast increase, as sure you ought, 25
Of honour by his labour bought;
And added to the former store;
All I can answer is, that I allow
The privilege you plead for, and avow,
That as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now. 30

III.

Tho' God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends,
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit Balearres' hand,
That once, with so much industry and art, 35
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,
From all th' oppression and the woe 40
Of his frail body's native soil below,
To his soul's true and peaceful country' above:
So godlike kings, for secret causes, known,
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest ministers elect, 45
And send abroad, to treaties which they intend

Shall never take effect,
But tho' the tempest seems a happy end,
The happy adventurers are the wind,
For which he laboured faithfully and hard:
His just and righteous master calls him home,
And gives him, at his left, first honourable room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his country, and restore his king:
And whilst the mighty half of him, which those
Who knew not have to be the whole suppose,
Performed all parts of Virtue's righteous life,
The heavenly half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours, and his cares divide,
Nor was a pleasure nor a pain side
In all the pains of human fate,
And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,
She bore her thousand portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he
Whom, in the flames of bad success,
And all that some calls unhappiness,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany.

With these companions 'twas not strange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and country's ruin had not weight

Enough to crush his mighty mind:
He saw around the hurricanes of state,
Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind. 75
Thus far the greedy sea may reach,
All outward things are but the beach;
A great man's soul it doth assault in vain;
Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible chain, 80
And bid it to go back again.
His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
His courage, both to suffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady, too,
Were things celestial: and we see, 85
In spight of quarrelling Philosophy,
How in this case 'tis certain sound,
That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

I.

CRUEL Disease! ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all,
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of Empress Beauty, ev'n the face.

There was enough of that here to aſſwage
(One would have thought) either by luſt or rage. 10
Was 't not enough when thou, profane Diſeaſe!
Didſt on this glorious temple ſeize?
Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot, there
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images? 15
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded ſacrilege commit
On th' inward holieſt holy of her wit?
Cruel Diſeaſe! there thou miſtook'ſt thy pow'r; 20
No mine of Death can that devour;
On her embalmed name it will abide
An everlaſting pyramid,
As high as heav'n the top, as earth the baſis wide

II.

All ages paſt record, all countries now, 25
In various kinds ſuch equal beauties ſhow,
That ev'n Judge Paris would not know
On whom the golden apple to beſtow;
Tho' goddeſſes to his ſentence did ſubmit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it; 30
Nor durſt he ſay, of all the female race
This is the ſov'reign face.
And ſome (tho' theſe be of a kind that 's rare,
That 's much, ah! much leſs frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are, 35

That it the mother of the gods might pose,
When the best woman for her guide she chose:
But if Apollo should design
A woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take, 40
Tho' Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a princess or a queen
Is great, but 'tis a greatness always seen;
The world did never but two women know 45
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of sp'ritual dignities,
One female Pope of old, one female Poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told, 50
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flatt'ry only, and male-poetry!
Few minutes did their beauties' lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that, too, soon was past. 55
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Tho' long, perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen, 60
Tho' great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd:

m the female coasts of Fame
s all the goods of a poetic name: 65
no partner with her see,
the bus'ness there alone, which we
'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

s like a luxuriant vine,
) Virtue's prop it join, 70
l erect towards heav'n bound; [crown'd,
with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
form'd, and rotting on the ground.
me and blushes on us all,
own sex superior call! 75
oes our boasting sex outdo,
it only, but in virtue too:
above our best examples rise
f vice and scorn of vanities.
d spirit of the manly make, 80
p'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,
r more invulnerable take.
nt passion could an entrance find
tender goodness of her mind;
lls of stone those furious bullets may 85
ir impetuous way;
r soft breast they hit, pow'rless and dead they
[lay.

V.

of Friendship which so long had told
or four illustrious names of old,

Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew, 90
Rejoices now to 'ave got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing ſtory,
Of fair Leucaſia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome foreign country he muſt live, 95
The language and the manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practiſe here,
That he may come no ſtranger there;
So well Orinda did herſelf prepare,
In this much-different clime, for her remove
To the glad world of Poetry and Love. 101

OGUES AND EPILOGUES.

To the truly worthy and noble

KENELM DIGBY, KNIGHT *.

:er age, the lees of time, has known
have made both Pallas' arts their own;
great Sir! two laurels wear, and are
; in peace as well as war:
by right of conquest is your own, 5
y lib'ral art your captive grown;
lected Science (for it now
me defenders) fled for help to you;
must follow, and let this for me
ſt of my future ſervice be; 10
hould fear to ſend you, did I know
;ment only, not your candour too:
a work ſtoll'n (tho' you'll juſtly call
as fond as thoſe) from Cat or Ball.
en written ſince, I ſhould, I fear, 15
ve abſtain'd from a philoſopher,
' tradition here is thought to be
ry part in comedy.
I tell you this; each line of it
ie time and place wherein 'twas writ; 20

oem is prefixed to the paſtoral comedy of Love's

And I could wish that I could safely say,
Reader, this play was made but th' other day.
Yet 'tis not stuff'd with names of gods, hard w
Such as the Metamorphoses affords;
Nor has't a part for Robinson, whom they
At school account essential to a play.
The style is low, such as you'll easily take
For what a swain might say, and a boy make.
Take it, as early fruits, which rate appear,
Tho' not half ripe, but worst of all the year;
And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
The birch which crown'd her then is grown a be

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ALUPIS.

The Author bid me tell you—'Faith I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very slave
If I know what to say; but only this,
Be merry; that my counsel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say
'Tis foolish;—why? 'twas a boy made the play;
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
Because he goes in plush, be of his mind.
Let none his time, or his spent money, grieve:
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe:
Or if you will not, I'll go in and see
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me

ay the day,
t a folly
ancholy,
t can't mend the play. 16

LOGUS. NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE.

rasinepte; nullamne habebunt hic comœdiam?
quam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
jam Sophista junior, et modestus adhuc?
nihil possum, præter quod cætera solent,
ete cives Attici, et corona florentissima. 5
nam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
uros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
m nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
isi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.
ragœdia isthæc fiet, et Naufragium verum. 10
icturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
odire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
on audet, et plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
ius ergò causâ, finite exorator siem
t nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio, 15
nodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
isi fari inceptaverit, Nemo est futurus eloquens.
ui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
liquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui. 19
eque annos novem poscite; non est, Spectatores op-
dulta res, sed Puerilis, Ludere. [timi,

Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum diculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit gur
Favete et huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis F
Repentè exortus, repentinò occidat.

EPILOGUS NAUFRAGIUM JOCULA

Hactenus, peracta est Fabula; nil restat denique
Nisiliq; vos valqve jubeim; quod et fiat mature
Valeré et nos etiam jubentis precor.
Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placui
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirab
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

Who says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great Prince! our night is d
You are our morning star, and shall be our sun
But our scene's London now, and by the rout
We perish, if the Roundheads be about.
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when, ye know,
Cheapside Cross falls for making but a show?

Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may paſs, too, made *extempore*.
Tho' other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poeſy, which was always ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days, 15
And ſcorn no leſs their cenſure than their praiſe.
Our Muſe! bleſs'd Prince! does only' on you rely,
Would gladly live, but not refuſe to die.
Accept our haſty zeal; a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made. 20
Our ign'rance, but our duty, too, we ſhow:
I would all ign'rant people would do ſo!
A other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart. 24

EPILOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN.

The play, Great Sir! is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Tho' you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your Highneſs, and we 'ave now
Three hours done treaſon here, for ought we know.
But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give, 5
It can give pow'r to make abortives live:
In which, if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſs'd,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has loſt:
Tho' it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born. 10

PROLOGUE,

TO THE CUTTER OF COLEMAN-STREET.

As when the midland sea is no where clear
From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,
Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,
And upon which nought can be got but blows,
The merchant ships so much their passage doubt, 5
That, tho' full-freighted, none dares venture out,
And trade decays, and scarcity ensues:
Just so the tim'rous wits of late refuse,
Tho' laded, to put forth upon the stage,
Affrighted by the critics of this age. 10
It is a party num'rous, watchful, bold;
They can from nought, which fails in sight, with-hold.
Nor do their cheap, tho' mortal, thunder spare;
They shoot, alas! with wind-guns charg'd with air.
But yet, Gentlemen Critics of Argier, 15
For your own int'rest I'd advise ye here
To let this little forlorn hope go by,
Safe and untouch'd. That must not be, you'll cry.
If ye be wise it must; I'll tell ye why. 19
There are sev'n, eight, nine,—stay—there are be-
Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind, [hind
And the glad news that we the en'my miss,
And those are all your own if you spare this.
Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new,
Some by known shipwrights built, and others too 25

By that great Author made, whoe'er he be,
That ſtyles himſelf Perſon of Quality.
All theſe, if we miſcarry here to-day,
Will rather till they rot in th' harbour ſtay;
Nay, they will back again, tho' they were come 30
Ev'n to their laſt ſafe road, the Tiring-room.
Therefore again I ſay, if you be wiſe;
Let this for once paſs free, let it ſuffice
That we, your ſov'reign pow'r here to avow,
Thus humbly, ere we paſs, ſtrike ſail to you. 35

ADDED AT COURT.

Stay, Gentlemen; what I have ſaid, was all
But forc'd ſubmiſſion, which I now recall.
Ye 're all but pirates now again; for here
Does the true Sov'reign of the ſeas appear,
The ſov'reign of theſe narrow ſeas of wit; 5
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he
Pleaſes 'tis either ſhut to us or free.
Not only if his paſſport we obtain,
We fear no little rovers of the main; 10
But if our Neptune his calm viſage ſhow,
No wave ſhall dare to riſe, or wind to blow. 12

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY CUTTER.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[*Without his peruke.*
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-street.
But yet I wonder much not to espy a 5
Brother in all this court call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! where are we? what may this place be?
For I begin my vision now to see
That this is a mere theatre; well, then,
If 't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again. [*Puts on his peruke.*
Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier, 11
For to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this Town. 15
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended,
And if we m[illegible]leve one who has fail'd before,
Our Aut[illegible]'ll mend, that is, he'll write no

EPILOGUE AT COURT.

The madness of your people, and the rage,
You 'ave seen too long upon the public stage;
'Tis time at last, Great Sir! 'tis time to see
Their tragic follies brought to comedy.
If any blame the lowness of our scene, 5
We humbly think some persons there have been
On the world's theatre not long ago,
Much more too high, than here they are too low.
And well we know that Comedy of old
Did her plebeian rank with so much honour hold, 10
That it appear'd not then too base or light
For the great Scipio's conqu'ring hand to write.
Howe'er, if such mean persons seem too rude,
When into royal presence they intrude,
Yet we shall hope a pardon to receive 15
From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive;
A Prince who, with th' applause of earth and heav'n,
The rudeness of the vulgar has forgiv'n. 18

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London

Harp. Sc.

in Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan.y 10th 1778

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſures dance.
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My Muſick's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound. THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,
Jove and COWLEY claim my ſong.——
The Muſes did young COWLEY raiſe,
They ſtole thee from thy nurſe's arms,
Fed thee with ſacred love of praiſe,
And taught thee all their charms:
As if Apollo's ſelf had been thy ſire,
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre. VERSES TO COWLEY.

VOL. II.

Bell's *ſecond edition.*

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISTRESS,	PINDARICK ODES,
ODES,	ANACREONTICKS,

&c. &c. &c.

Alone exempted from the common fate,
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:
In whom the double miracle was seen,
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradise.——

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.

THE MISTRESS:

Or, several copies of

LOVE-VERSES.

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo. VIRG. Æn. iv.

THE REQUEST.

I.

: often wish'd to love; what shall I do?
.ll the cruel Boy does spare,
a double task must bear,
o woo him, and then a Mistress too.
at last, and strike for shame, 5
ı art any thing besides a name;
ink thee else no god to be,
ɔets rather gods, who first created thee.

II.

ıot one in whom all beauties grow;
e but love, whate'er she be, 10
.nnot seem deform'd to me,
would have her seem to others so.
takes wings, and straight does fly,
s not dully to inquire the why.
ıappy thing, a lover grown, 15
not see with others' eyes, scarce with mine own.

III.

If ſhe be coy, and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why, I 'll enjoy the very love,
And make a Miſtreſs of my own deſire. 2
Flames their moſt vig'rous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſs'd round with cold:
So, when ſharp Winter means moſt harm,
The ſpringing plants are by the ſnow itſelf kept warm.

IV.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo begone; 2
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove
All the extremities of mighty Love. 3
Th' exceſs of heat is but a fable;
We know the Torrid Zone is now found habitable.

V.

Among the woods and foreſts thou art found,
There boars and lions thou doſt tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game? 3
Let Venus men, and beaſts Diana wound.
Thou doſt the birds thy ſubjects make;
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:
Thou all the ſpring their ſongs doſt hear.
Make me love too, I 'll ſing to thee all th' year. 4

VI.

What service can mute fishes do to thee?
Yet against them thy dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their scales;
And still thy seaborn mother lives i' th' sea.
Dost thou deny only to me 45
The no-great priv'lege of captivity?
I beg or challenge here thy bow;
Either thy pity' to me or else thine anger show.

VII.

Come, or I 'll teach the world to scorn that bow:
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts, 50
Both to resist and cure thy darts,
More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.
Musick of sighs thou shalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear:
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,
My verses shall not only wound, but murder thee. 56

THE THRALDOM.

I.

I CAME, I saw, and was undone;
Lightning did thro' my bones and marrow run;
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;
A swift, cold trembling, seiz'd on ev'ry part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear 5
The poison that was enter'd there.

II.

So a deſtroying angel's breath
Blows in the plague, and with it haſty death.
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch when Legion enter'd in.
Forgive me, God! I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd myſelf I was to die.

III.

But quickly to my coſt I found
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wou
Death a more gen'rous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe:
Whilſt Love with barb'rous mercy ſaves
The vanquiſh'd lives, to make them ſlaves.

IV.

I am thy ſlave then; let me know,
Hard Maſter! the great taſk I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In tempeſts and rough ſeas thy gallies row;
They pant, and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs increaſe the angry wind.

V

Like an Egyptian tyrant, ſome
Thou wearieſt out in building but a tomb:
Others, with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i' th' quarries of a ſtony heart.
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

THE GIVEN LOVE.

I.

r what ſhould hinder me
g and enjoying thee?
not thoſe exceptions make,
gar ſordid mortals take,
te 's too mean and low; 5
y I ſhould love thee ſo,
cauſe could hinder me
d enjoying thee.

II.

me a whit diſpleaſe,
ch all honours ſeize; 10
ll titles make your own,
, learned, wiſe, alone:
laim o'er women too
which over men ye do,
: muſt lovers be, 15
rs! you muſt pardon me.

III.

n loſe what does ſo near
y life and being here,
ich crooked ways invent,
our foreſathers went: 20
or oppoſe the king,
an. or any thing;
y mind to arts ſo new,
and love as well as you.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain, 25
As man in Paradise did reign,
When perfect love did so agree
With innocence and poverty.
Adam did no jointure give,
Himself was jointure to his Eve: 30
Untouch'd with av'rice yet, or pride,
The rib came freely back to' his side.

V.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women that love was to be bought;
Rather dote only on your gold, 35
And that with greedy av'rice hold;
For if woman, too, submit
To that, and sell herself for it,
Fond Lover! you a Mistress have
Of her that 's but your fellow-slave. 40

VI.

What should those poets mean of old,
Who made their god to woo in gold?
Of all men sure they had no cause
To bind Love to such costly laws:
Yet I scarcely blame them now; 45
O[illegible] they' would not allow
Lad[illegible] should such gifts receive,
Of all [illegible], who, be what they give?
To all the [illegible]
Employ me, [illegible]

VII.

ıy Dear! thyſelf ſhouldſt prize,
ıt value would ſuffice? 50
iard could not do' it, tho' he
both Indies jointure thee.
ties therefore wrong will take,
ɔuldſt any bargain make;
ll will befit thee well, 55
t underrates to ſell.

VIII.

ıy beauty then on me
Nature gave it to thee;
:ploded Popiſh thought
that heav'n may be bought. 60
ıymns, and praiſes, are the way,
: my thankful Muſe ſhall pay;
r, in my verſe enſhrin'd,
w immortal as thy mind.

IX.

y title next in fame 65
riſſa's well-ſung name.
ılly will I declare
thy wondrous beauties are,
:n, at the laſt great aſſize,
en ſhall together riſe, 70
ight ſhall caſt their eyes on thee,
w at firſt that thou art ſhe. 72

THE SPRING.

I.

Tho' you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flow'rs as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay, the birds' rural musick, too,
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you.
I saw a rosebud ope this morn; I 'll swear
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be so fair and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flow'rs so gay
Could they remember but last year
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain
Creep back into their silent barks again.

III.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as rev'rend im
As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry shade.
Is 't possible they should not know
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull Creatures! 'tis not without cause that she
Who fled the God of Wit was made a tree.

IV.

re, they much wiſer were, 25
the Thracian verſe to hear;
bid them ſtay,
his ſong begun,
ond'ring roots away,
it to him run. 30
earned trees have follow'd you!
awn them and their poet too.

V.

them now? for, ſince you're gone,
nly fair, and ſhine alone.
al rights invade; 35
walk or ſit
is could make no ſhade,
granted it:
could pleaſe no more, near you,
'rs ſet next to them could do. 40

VI.

ou come hither, that ſhall be
his to others is, to me.
ch here are now,
hments do bear,
it they let us know 45
of greater are.
f ſeaſons with you bring;
ind that for men, the Spring. 48

WRITTEN IN JUICE OF LEMON.

I.

WHILST what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, even to you, write poetry.
Ah! fooliſh Muſe! which doſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well,
How much it does thy pow'r excel, 5
Yet dar'ſt be read by thy juſt doom, the fire.

II.

Alas! thou think'ſt thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is innocent and pure;
Like hypocrites, which ſeem unſpotted here,
But when they ſadly come to die, 10
And the laſt fire their truth muſt try,
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

III.

Go then, but reverently go,
And, ſince thou needs muſt ſin, confeſs it too;
Confeſs 't, and with humility clothe thy ſhame; 15
For thou, who elſe muſt burned be
An Heretick, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

IV.

But if her wiſdom grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her goodneſs to be there; 20

rcies cruelly it reſtrain,
g'd, but require
ordeal fire,
Love's flames read it again.

V.

of Heat! thou yet doſt ſhow 25
-th, naked, or cloth'd with ſnow;
c'ning ſun approaching near,
: up by degrees,
adorns the trees,
ature's characters appear; 30

VI.

in thee is ſeen,
iial heat warms thee within,
ood of various lines there grows;
, and there a B,
V, and there a Γ, 35
uriſhing letters ſtand in rows.

VII.

-! thou wilt think
ight as well be writ with ink.
ſenſe in this, and myſtery;
'ſt change thy author's name, 40
d lay noble claim,
ſhe makes the words in thee.

VIII.

n unworthineſs
hou art mine, not her's, confeſs,

Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,
And so her grace or pity move:
The gods, tho' beasts they do not love,
Yet like them when they 're burnt in sacrifice.

INCONSTANCY.

Five years ago, says Story, I lov'd you,
For which you call me most Inconstant now.
Pardon me, Madam! you mistake the man,
For I am not the same that I was then;
No flesh is now the same 't was then in me;
And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things more strangely' inconstant prove
If from one subject they to another move.
My members then the father-members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this day inconstant name,
Because the weather is not still the same
That it was yesterday; or blame the year,
'Cause the spring flow'rs, and autumn fruit, does bear
The world 's a scene of changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;

For 't were to break the laws herself has made:
Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;
The most fix'd being still does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of Time 't is measur'd by.
T' imagine then that love should never cease, 25
(Love, which is but the ornament of these)
Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
Beauty and colour stay not when we die. 28

NOT FAIR.

'Tis very true I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are:
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then (methought) there something shin'd within
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin; 6
Nor could I chuse but count it the Sun's light
Which made this cloud appear so bright;
But since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside, 10
Every Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be.
Men, they say, by Hell's delusions led,
Have ta'en a succubus to their bed,
Leave it fair, and themselves happy call, 15
Till the cleft foot discovers all;
Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves with [fear,
devil as it is it does appear.

So ſince againſt my will I found thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy ſoul, 20
My reaſon ſtraight did to my ſenſes ſhow
That they might be miſtaken too:
Nay, when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There 's not a man will think you fair;
Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be, 25
They 'll call their eyes as falſe as thee.
Be what thou wilt, Hate will preſent thee ſo
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papiſts Luther do. 28

PLATONICK LOVE.

I.

Indeed I muſt confeſs,
When ſouls mix 't is an happineſs;
But not complete till bodies, too, combine,
And cloſely as our minds together join:
But half of heav'n the ſouls in glory taſte, 5
Till by love in heav'n at laſt
Their bodies, too, are plac'd.

II.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art;
But ſomething 't is that differs thee and me, 10
And we muſt one ev'n in that difference be.
I thee both as a man and woman prize,
For a perfect love implies
Love in all capacities.

III.

'or true love pafs, 15
ir woman courts her glafs?
g unlike muft in Love's likenefs be,
er is one and variety:
ofe foul nought but a foul can move,
w Narciffus prove, 20
wn image love.

IV.

i do beauty know,
: body's help they owe;
iey know it they ftraight abufe that truft,
the body from it,—'t is as unjuft 25
ought my dearefl friend to fee
'efs, and at th' inftant he
al her quite from me. 28

THE CHANGE.

I.

ier funny eyes does bafking play;
ks the pleafant mazes of her hair;
on both her lips for ever ftray,
and reaps a thoufand kiffes there:
outward parts Love 's always feen, 5
he never went within.

II.

ove's foes, his greateft foes, abide,
nconftancy, and Pride.

So the earth's face trees, herbs, and flow'rs, do dress,
With other beauties numberless; 10
But at the centre darkness is, and hell;
There wicked sp'rits, and there the damned, dwell.

III.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears, 15
And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

IV.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you 'll prove
Within, too, flor'd enough of love: 20
Give me but your's, I'll by that change so thrive,
That love in all my parts shall live.
So pow'rful is this Change, it render can
My outside woman, and your inside man. 25

CLAD ALL IN WHITE.

I

Fairest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear?
Wouldst thou a White most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear:
Thou wilt seem much whiter so, 5
Than winter when 't is clad with snow.

II.

inen ſhows ſo fair,
ies thro' and makes it bright;
mſelves like ſuns appear,
n pierces them with light; 10
glaſs encloſe,
ll ſeem as white as thoſe.

III.

ne heap of beauty art,
vards or within is foul;
eams make every part; 15
clothed like thy ſoul.
hich does itſelf diſplay,
lac'd i' th' Milky-way.

IV.

he ſaints departed wear,
vith light divine; 20
xalted bodies are,
ich full glory ſhine;
ard not mortals' pain;
I fear, to both in vain.

V

hee ſo gently pure, 25
vill needs continue ſtill;
iſt not take this garment, ſure,
hadſt an intent to kill?
d yielding who would doubt,
White flag he ſees hung out? 30

LEAVING ME, AND THEN LOVING MAN

So men, who once have caſt the truth away,
Forſook by God, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more:
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtraight and boundleſs grow
They worſhipp'd many a beaſt, and many a ſtone.
Ah! fair Apoſtate! couldſt thou think to flee
From truth and goodneſs, yet keep unity?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſs'd ſelf could call
The univerſal monarch of her all.
Mine, mine her fair Eaſt Indies were above,
Where thoſe ſuns riſe that cheer the world of love
Where beauties ſhine like gems of richeſt price;
Where coral grows, and every breath is ſpice:
Mine, too, her rich Weſt Indies were below,
Where mines of gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But as when the Pellæan conqu'ror dy'd,
Many ſmall princes did his crown divide;
So. ſince my love his vanquiſh'd world forſook,
Murder'd by poiſons from her falſehood took,
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

MY HEART DISCOVERED.

Her body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the ſight,

yſtal to the view,
ere ſtone it grew)
fleſh, methinks, is ſeen 5
ul that dwells within:
btile covering paſs,
y thro' its glaſs.
it her heart eſpy,
ts do ſouls deſcry; 10
itle motions beat,
but find no heat.
gels in the ſky,
ied thoughts do fly;
ght and nobleſt kind, 15
is mother-mind:
ther heart is there,
l crowds to her 's ſo near?
:, and does like fire
s heav'n, aſpire: 20
: many in 't and deep;
d, and ſtill does weep.
itched heart it be,
ut grieve to ſee.
y breaſt does reign? 25
, too, all its pain:
defac'd, it lies,
:'er be known by th' eyes;
I heard it groan
n' voice that 't was mine own. 30

So poor Alcione, when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwreck'd body tow'rds her draw,
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,
Which only then did pity wear;
But when the corpſe on ſhore were caſt, 35
Which ſhe her huſband found at laſt,
What ſhould the wretched widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a bird; and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from by murder'd heart and murd'rer fly. 40

ANSWER TO THE PLATONICKS.

So angels love: ſo let them love for me;
When I 'm all ſoul, ſuch ſhall my love, too, be.
Who nothing here but like a ſp'rit would do,
In a ſhort time (believe it) will be one too.
But ſhall our love do what in beaſts we ſee? 5
Ev'n beaſts eat too, but not ſo well as we.
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of wine, becauſe beaſts water uſe:
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſs'd they take it, devour it raw and crude: 10
But to us men Love cooks it at his fire,
And adds the poignant ſauce of ſharp deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame: 't is true; but ancient Fame
Says, gods themſeves turn'd beaſts to do the ſame.

ıd'rer, who, without the female bed, 15
ldesses bring forth from out his head,
her mortals this way to create,
ı' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.
: fires which shine, but never burn;
id world they 'll hardly serve our turn; 20
to despairing lovers grown,
ıt flames to men i' th' Frigid Zone.
loes his pure fires on earth bestow
ıtial warmth, to bring forth things below:
ove's noblest and divinest heat, 25
ms like his, and does, like his, beget.
call this; a name to your's more just,
dinate desire be lust.
ın, loving what none can enjoy,
ful was than the hot youth of Troy. 30

THE VAIN-LOVE.

: first, because she could love no body, afterwards ıer with desire.

new-found witchcraft was in thee,
ıe own cold to kindle me?
rt! like him that should devise
a burning-glass of ice:
inter so the plants would harm, 5
' itself does keep them warm.

Fool that I was! who having found
A rich and ſunny diamond,
Admir'd the hardneſs of the ſtone,
But not the light with which it ſhone.
Your brave and haughty ſcorn at all
Was ſtately and monarchical:
All gentleneſs, with that eſteem'd,
A dull and ſlaviſh virtue ſeem'd:
Shouldſt thou have yielded then to me,
Thou'dſt loſt what I moſt lov'd in thee;
For who would ſerve one whom he ſees
That he can conquer if he pleaſe?
It far'd with me as if a ſlave
In triumph led, that does perceive
With what a gay majeſtick pride
His conqu'ror thro' the ſtreets does ride,
Should be contented with his wo,
Which makes up ſuch a comely ſhow.
I ſought not from thee a return,
But without hopes or fears did burn;
My cov'tous paſſion did approve
The hoarding up, not uſe, of love.
My love a kind of dream was grown,
A fooliſh, but a pleaſant one;
From which I'm waken'd now, but, oh!
Priſoners to die are waken'd ſo:
For now th' effects of loving are
Nothing but longings with deſpair:

ir, whoſe torments no men, ſure, 35
vers, and the damn'd, endure.
:orn I doted once upon,
ect for affection;
ice, alas! too much 't is prov'd
yet 't was ſomething that I lov'd: 40
my deſires are worſe, and fly
y impoſſibility:
s which, whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
roud as that I lov'd before.
lover can like me complain,
irſt lov'd vainly, next in vain! 46

THE SOUL.

I.

ne eyes do e'er declare
'ave ſeen a ſecond thing that 's fair;
's that they have muſick found,
s thy voice, in any ſound;
taſte do ever meet, 5
thy kiſs with ought that 's ſweet;
abuſed touch allow
t to be ſmooth or ſoft but you;
at ſeaſonable ſprings,
e eaſtern ſummer brings, 10
y ſmell perſuade at all
it perfume but thy breath to call;

If all my ſenſes' objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And ſo thro' thee more pow'rful paſs, 15
As beams do thro' a burning-glaſs;
If all things that in Nature are
Either ſoft, or ſweet, or fair,
Be not in thee ſo' epitomiz'd,
That nought material 's not compris'd, 20
May I as worthleſs ſeem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

II.

If I ever anger know,
Till ſome wrong be done to you;
If gods or kings my envy move, 25
Without their crowns crown'd by thy love;
If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image ſtamp'd on it,
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein; 30
If a joy e'er come to me,
That taſtes of any thing but thee;
If any ſorrow touch my mind
Whilſt you are well, and not unkind;
If I a minute's ſpace debate, 35
Whether I ſhall curſe and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Tho' all the world, myſelf and all;
And for love, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh 40

a toleration
l glimm'ring inclination;
e doſt not control
rants of my ſoul,
beauties ty'ſt them ſo, 45
nt they as habits grow;
on of my heart,
e, or any art,
to move one ſtep from thee,
no paſſion have for me. 50

III.

imagination
in all things faſhion
fair ſpecies be
ick marks of thee;
her ſports does keep 55
ſoul being all aſleep)
e dream with all her art,
haſt not the longeſt part;
place in my remembrance,
me badge of thy reſemblance, 60
parts become to me
rt of memory;
rſtanding do
owledge but of you,
ar thy body prize 65
of Philoſophies;

If she to the will do show
Ought desirable but you,
Or if that would not rebel,
Should she another doctrine tell; 70
If my will do not resign
All her liberty to thine;
If she would not follow thee,
Tho' Fate and thou shouldst disagree,
And if (for I a curse will give 75
Such as shall force thee to believe)
My soul be not entirely thine,
May thy dear body ne'er be mine. 78

THE PASSIONS.

I.

From hate, fear, hope, anger, and envy, free,
And all the passions else that be,
In vain I boast of liberty;
In vain this state a freedom call,
Since I have love, and love is all: 5
Sot that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no disease besides the plague!

II.

So in a zeal the sons of Israel
Sometimes upon their idols fell,
And they depos'd the powers of hell; 10
Baal and Astarte down they threw,
And Accaron and Moloch too:

mperfect piety did no good,
:t, alas! the calf of Bethel ſtood.

III.

boaſt that I have dreſs'd my vine 15
nful art, and that the wine
le rich and divine;
e, by mixing poiſon there,
: it worſe than vinegar:
n the taſte of nectar changes ſo, 20
s chuſe rather water here below.

IV.

:er, hope, all paſſions elſe that be,
s one tyrant out of me,
ſife all your tyranny.
ıge of ills ſome good will do; 25
eſſed wretched Indians ſo,
ves by the great Spaniſh monarch made,
ıe States of Holland to their aid. 28

WISDOM.

ghty wiſe that you would now be thought,
ır grave rules from muſty morals brought,
ıich ſome ſtreaks, too, of divin'ty ran,
Monk, and partly Puritan;
ious repetitions, too, you 'ave ta'en 5
: name of Vanity in vain:
hich, I take it, Friend! you 'd ne'er recite,
e I love but ſay to' you, Come at night.

The wiſeſt king refus'd all pleaſures quite,
Till wiſdom from above did him enlight; 10
But when that gift his ign'rance did remove,
Pleaſures he choſe, and plac'd them all in love.
And if by' event the counſels may be ſeen,
This wiſdom 't was that brought the Southern queen.
She came not, like a good old wife, to know 15
The wholeſome nature of all plants that grow;
Nor did ſo far from her own country roam,
To cure ſcall'd heads and broken ſhins at home:
She came for that which more befits all wives,
The art of giving, not of ſaving, lives. 20

THE DESPAIR.

I.

Beneath this gloomy ſhade,
By Nature only for my ſorrows made,
I 'll ſpend this voice in cries,
In tears I 'll waſte theſe eyes,
By love ſo vainly fed; 5
So Luſt of old the deluge puniſhed.
Ah! wretched Youth ſaid I;
Ah! wretched Youth! twice did I ſadly cry;
Ah! wretched Youth! the fields and floods reply.

II.

When thoughts of love I entertain, 10
I meet no words but Never, and, In vain;
Never, alas! that dreadful name

ueis the infernal flame:
ny time to come muſt waſte;
torments the preſent and the paſt: 15
in vain! ſaid I;
in vain! twice did I ſadly cry:
in vain! the fields and floods reply.

III.

: ſhall fields or floods do ſo,
ſhades more dark and ſilent go: 20
world's noiſe appears to me
l-acted comedy:
'ort to my wounded ſight,
n's buſy and impert'nent light.
wn I laid my head 25
a cold earth, and for awhile was dead,
freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled.

IV.

iſh ſoul! ſaid I,
ick to' its cage again I ſaw it fly:
reſume her broken chain 30
' her galley here again!
that body to return
: condemn'd and deſtin'd is to burn!
id, how can it be
ould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to thee,
u ſhouldſt come to live it o'er again in me? 36

THE WISH.

I.

WELL, then, I now do plainly ſee,
This buſy world and I ſhall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the ſooneſt cloy:
And they (methinks) deſerve my pity 5
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah! yet, ere I deſcend to the grave,
May I a ſmall houſe and large garden have! 10
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wiſe, and both delightful too!
And ſince Love ne'er will from me flee,
A Miſtreſs moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are, 15
Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh! Fountains! when in you ſhall I
Myſelf, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, eſpy?
Oh! Fields! oh! Woods! when, when ſhall I be made
The happy tenant of your ſhade? 20
Here's the ſpring-head of Pleaſure's flood,
Where all the riches lie that ſhe
Has coin'd and ſtamp'd for good.

IV.

Pride and ambition here,
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear; 25
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heav'n, did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say 30
That 't is the way, too, thither.

V.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude! 35
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here. 39

MY DIET.

I.

Now by my Love, the greatest oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I;
I do not ask your love for this,
But for Heav'n's sake believe me or I die.
No servant e'er but did deserve 5
His master should believe that he does serve,
And I 'll ask no more wages, tho' I starve.

II.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and fare
I shall not by it too lusty prove;
Yet shall it willingly endure,
If it can but keep together life and love.
Being your prisoner and your slave,
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;
A little bread and water's all I crave.

III.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;
One tear will keep me twenty at least;
Fifty a gentle look will give;
An hundred years on one kind word I 'll feast;
A thousand more will added be,
If you an inclination have for me;
And all beyond is vast eternity.

THE THIEF.

I.

Thou robb'st my days of business and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights:
Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heav'n to?
Thou ev'n my pray'rs dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

II.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus,
Like an ill conscience torture us?

do, where'er I go, 10
lefs e'er was haunted fo)
ethinks thy face I view,
y fhape does me purfue,
u me, but I had murder'd you.

III.

I ftrive fome remedy to take, 15
ne all the letters make;
is writ, I find that there,
and commas, every where:
for this les no man hold,
idas did of old, 20
urning ev'ry thing to gold.

IV.

eek, alas! or why do I
vain from thee to fly?
thee my deity,
hen ubiquity. 25
femble hell in this,
Prefence there, too, is,
ent men, not to give them blifs. 28

ALL OVER LOVE.

I.

't is well with them, fay I,
tliv'd paffions with themfelves can die;
n be unhappy who,
is ills, a time does know
fo long) when he fhall not be fo. 5

II.

Whatever parts of me remain,
Those parts will fill the love of thee again;
For 't was not only in my heart,
But like a God by pow'rful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in ev'ry part. 10

III.

My' affection no more perish can
Than the first matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one dust of me
Mix'd with another's substance be,
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee. 15

IV.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse
My atoms over all the universe;
At the last they eas'ly shall
Themselves know, and together call;
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all. 20

LOVE AND LIFE.

I.

Now, sure, within this twelvemonth past,
I 'ave lov'd at least some twenty years or more:
Th' account of love runs much more fast
Than that with which our life does score:
So tho' my life be short, yet I may prove 5
The great Methusalem of love.

II.

Love's hours or minutes are
han thofe our being 's meafur'd by;
're more clofe compacted far,
1 leffer room do lie. 10
y things extend themfelves in fpace,
olid take up little place.

III.

, alas! and life, in me,
:wo fev'ral things, but purely one;
now can there in it be 15
: diff'rent motion?
ere may; for fo the felfsame fun
does flow and fwiftly run.

IV.

is daily journey' he goes,
ds his annual with a ftatelier pace, 20
s three hundred rounds enclofe
me yearly circle's fpace;
with double courfe, in the fame fphere,
the day, and walks the year.

V.

l does to myfelf refer, 25
1 my life, and does but flowly move;
n it does relate to her,
' flies, and then is love.
ny diurnal courfe, divided right
one and fear, my day night 30

THE BARGAIN.

I.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid!
Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd;
Thyſelf for money? Oh! let no man know
The price of beauty fall'n ſo low!
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When love that 's blind is by blind Fortune led.

II.

The fooliſh Indian, that ſells
His precious gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffick hold,
Than thou who ſell'ſt thyſelf for gold.
What gains in ſuch a Bargain are?
He 'll in thy mines dig better treaſures far.

III.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare?
The ſun that makes it is not ſo fair;
The ſun which can nor make nor ever ſee
A thing ſo beautiful as thee,
In all the journies he does paſs,
Tho' the ſea ſerv'd him for a looking-glaſs.

IV.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;
Since Magus none ſo bold as he:
Thou 'rt ſo divine a thing, that thee to buy
Is to be counted Simony;

:ar he 'll find his ſordid price;
forfeited that and the benefice.

V.

: lawful thee to buy, 25
's none can pay that rate but I;
ıg on earth a fitting price can be,
hat on earth 's moſt like to thee:
ıat my heart does only bear,
ere thyſelf, thy very ſelf, is there. 30

VI.

ch thyſelf does in me live,
when it for thyſelf I give,
ıt to change that piece of gold for this,
: ſtamp and value equal is:
ıat full weight, too, may be had,
ul and body, two grains more, I 'll add. 36

THE LONG LIFE.

I.

from Time's wings hath ſtol'n the feathers, ſure,
ı, and put them to his own,
urs, of late, as long as days endure,
ery minutes hours are grown.

II.

ırious motions of the turning year 5
; not now at all to me;
ummer's night does Lucy's now appear,
vinter's day St. Barnaby.

III.

How long a space since first I how'd it is!
To look into a glass I fear,
And am surpris'd with wonder when I mark
Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

IV.

Th' old Patriarchs' age, and not their happ'ness
Why does hard Fate to us restore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew
What the flood wash'd away before?

V.

Sure those are happy people that complain
O' the shortness of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heav'n! and bring them back a
To th' ordinary span.

VI.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be,
Punish me justly, Heav'n! make her to love,
And then 't will be too short for me.

COUNSEL.

I.

Gently, ah! gently, Madam! touch
The wound which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

II.

Do but awhile with patience ſtay,
For Counſel yet will do no good,
Till time, and reſt, and heav'n, allay
The vi'lent burnings of my blood; 10
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk for being ſo?

III.

Perhaps the phyſick 's good you give,
But ne'er to me can uſeful prove;
Med'cines may cure, but not revive; 15
And I 'm not ſick, but dead in love.
In Love's hell, not his world, am I;
At once I live, am dead, and die.

IV.

What new-found rhetorick is thine?
Ev'n thy diſſuaſions me perſuade, 20
And thy great pow'r does cleareſt ſhine
When thy commands are diſobey'd.
In vain thou bidd'ſt me to forbear;
Obedience were rebellion here.

V.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant 25
Againſt thine eyes t' aſſiſt my heart;
But diff'rent far was his intent,
For ſtraight the traitor took their part;
And by this new foe I 'm bereft
Of all that little which was left. 30

VI.

The act, I muſt confeſs, was wiſe,
As a diſhoneſt act could be!
Well knew the tongue, alas! your eyes
Would be too ſtrong for that and me,
And part o' th' triumph choſe to get,
Rather than be a part of it.

RESOLVED TO BE BELOV

I.

'Tis true, I 'ave lov'd already three or fo
And ſhall three or four hundred more;
I 'll love each fair one that I ſee,
Till I find one at laſt that ſhall love me.

II.

That ſhall my Canaan be, the fatal foil
That ends my wand'rings and my toil:
I 'll ſettle there, and happy grow;
The country does with milk and honey flo

III.

The needle trembles ſo, and turns about,
Till it the Northern point find out;
But conſtant, then, and fix'd, does prove,
Fix'd, that his deareſt pole as ſoon may m

IV.

Then may my veſſel torn and ſhipwreck'd
If it put forth again to ſea;
It never more abroad ſhall roam,
Tho' it could next voyage bring the Indie

V.

ıuſt ſweat in love and labour yet,
competency get,
e ſlothful fools who leave a trade
:y a mod'rate fortune by it have made. 20

VI.

r I aſk not: give me one
perpetually upon.
rſon Love does to us fit,
anna, has the taſte of all in it. 24

THE SAME.

I.

leav'n's ſake, what do' you mean to do?
ıe, or let me go, one of the two;
and warm hours let me not idly loſe,
tle time that love does muſe;
ys here I muſt not ſtay, 5
be gone whilſt yet 't is day,
aint, and, benighted, loſe my way.

II.

ſmal one ſo long to love
, till to love more as vain muſt prove;
it ſo long on nimble prey, till we 10
ary to take others be:
t is folly to remain,
aſte our army thus in vain,
a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At several hopes wildly tossed, 15
Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy;
'Tis more inclination always to pursue
A thing that always flies from you;
For that at last may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found; 20
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

IV.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,
My love does then rebound t' another side;
But if it ought that 's soft and yielding hit,
It lodges there, and stays in it. 25
Whatever 't is shall first love me,
That it my heav'n may truly be,
I shall be sure to give it eternity. 28

THE DISCOVERY.

I.

By Heav'n I 'll tell her boldly that 't is she;
Why should she' asham'd or angry be
To be belov'd by me?
The gods may give their altars o'er,
They 'll smoke but seldom any more, 5
If none but happy men must them adore.

II.

The lightning which tall oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain
The humble furzes of the plain.

high, and I so low, 10
y this does greater show,
distance gives so sure a blow.

III.

ith her all things so worthless prove,
: on earth can tow'rds her move
lted by her love. 15
, alas! there 's none;
ity is grown,
eate, or else must be alone.

IV.

an who thinks himself so high
l equality, 20
her less than I;
l cheat for his relief,
ıld give with lesser grief
erving beggar than a thief. 24

GAINST FRUITION.

: a fool, I 'll swear, if e'er thou grant;
veneration thou must want,
ıy kindness puts my ign'rance out,
age is always least devout.
distance; for at once, to me, 5
voman, too, thou canst not be.
n of all that sees thee, and, as such,
tyrannize nor yield too much.

Such freedoms give so many a short sight-sickness;
But keep the fortunate happiness in thy hand. 20
Thou 'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
My large ambition; but I'm deny'd still,
Left I like the Pythian priests should lay
And weep for other trouble, having conquer'd that:
When Love has taken all, then left twice 25
His strength, by too much tribute will decay.
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I 'm sure, a lover be,
To change thee, as thou 'rt there, for any other. 30
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,
That should'st thou nectar give, 't would spoil the taste.
Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight:
W' admire it whilst unknown, but after, more 35
Admire ourselves for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,
Does overgorge himself with his own prey;
Of very hopes a surfeit he 'll suffer in,
Unless by fears he cast them up again: 40
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;
If once he lose his sting he grows a drone. 42

LOVE UNDISCOVERED.

I.

Some others may with safety tell
The mod'rate flames which in them dwell,

find ſome med'cine there,
mſelves ev'n by deſpair:
ſo great, that it might prove 5
to tell her that I love:
my wound, it muſt not bear
tho' of the kindeſt air.

II.

: have her know the pain,
ats, for her I ſuſtain, 10
ich goodneſs make her throw
on a fate too low.
ſeav'n! my life ſhould be
ith her leaſt conveniency:
perith rather with my grief, 15
r diſadvantage find relief.

III.

die, my laſt breath ſhall
, and plainly tell her all;
us men who ne'er deſcry
hid treaſures till they die. 20
Maid! how will it cheer
to get from thee a tear!
ed; for if me thou pitieſt then,
one but I ſhall live again. 24

THE GIVEN HEART.

I.

I WONDER what thoſe lovers mean who ſ
They have giv'n their hearts away:
Some good kind lover tell me how,
For mine is but a torment to me now.

II.

If ſo it be one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What courteſy can Love do more,
Than to join hearts that parted were befo

III.

Wo to her ſtubborn heart, if once mine co
Into the ſelfſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado ſhot into a magazine.

IV.

Then ſhall Love keep the aſhes and torn p
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's th' alloy, from mine the metal

V.

For of her heart he from the flames will fi
But little left behind:
Mine only will remain entire;
No droſs was there to periſh in the fire.

THE PROPHET.

I.

ıe to love? go teach thyſelf more wit;
ſeſſor am of it.
ſt to Scots, and thriſt to Jews;
dneſs to the ſtews;
courts teach ſupple flattery; 5
ıits, that have travell'd far, to lie;
to burn, and winds to blow;
léſs fountains how to flow;
dull earth, fix'd, to abide;
mankind inconſtancy and pride: 10
diligence here will uſeful prove;
ee, teach not me to love.

II.

f Love, if ſuch a thing there be,
ı to love from me.
oes boaſt that he has been 15
eart ſince Adam's ſin,
y life, nay, Miſtreſs, on 't, that 's more,
him things he never knew before;
him a receipt to make
ıt weep, and tears that ſpeak; 20
him ſighs, like thoſe in death,
the ſouls go out, too, with the breath:
ıuls ſtays, yet ſtill does from me run,
nd heat does with the ſun.

III.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 't is I
Who muſt new worlds in it deſcry;
Rich worlds, that yield of treaſure more
Than all that has been known before:
And yet, like his, I fear, my fate muſt be,
To find them out for others, not for me.
Me times to come, I know it, ſhall
Love's laſt and greateſt Prophet call;
But, ah! what 's that, if ſhe refuſe
To hear the wholeſome doctrines of my M
If to my ſhare the Prophet's fate muſt com
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

THE RESOLUTION.

I.

The devil take thoſe fooliſh men
Who gave you firſt ſuch pow'rs;
We ſtood on even grounds till then;
If any odds, creation made it ours.

II.

For ſhame! let theſe weak chains be broke
Let 's our ſlight bonds like Samſon tear,
And nobly caſt away that yoke
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could b

III.

French laws forbid the female reign,
Yet Love does them to ſlav'ry draw:

if we 'll our rights maintain,
ll mankind muſt make a Salique law. 12

CALLED INCONSTANT.

I.

ha! you think you 'ave kill'd my fame
is not underſtood, yet common name;
ne that 's full and proper when aſſign'd
omankind;
hen you call us ſo, 5
at beſt but for a metaphor go.

II.

ou the ſhore inconſtant call,
h ſtill, as waves paſs by, embraces all,
had as lief the ſame waves always love,
hey not from him move? 10
n you fault with pilots find
anging courſe, yet never blame the wind?

III.

drunk with vanity you ſell,
hings turn round to you that ſtedfaſt dwell;
ou yourſelf, who from us take your flight, 15
ler to find us out of ſight;
ſame errour ſeizes you,
n in motion think the trees move too. 18

THE WELCOME.

I.

Go! let the fatted calf be kill'd,
My prodigal 's come home at last,
With noble resolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with sorrow for the past:
No more will burn with love or wine,
But quite has left his women and his swin

II.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor Heart!
Welcome; I little thought, I 'll swear,
('Tis now so long since we did part)
Ever again to see thee here:
Dear Wanderer! since from me you fled,
How often have I heard that thou wert d

III.

Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The lands where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possess'd,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy couldst take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

IV.

Lust, the scorching dogstar, here
Rages with immoderate heat,
Whilst Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,
In others makes the cold too great:
And where these are temp'rate known,
The soil is all barren sand or rocky stone.

V.

en once or twice you chanc'd to view 25
ich well-govern'd heart,
e China, it admitted you
to the frontier-part.
m Paradise shut out for evermore,
at good is 't that an angel kept the door? 30

VI.

ll fare the pride, and the disdain,
l vanities with beauty join'd,
'er had seen this heart again,
ny fair one had been kind:
dove, but once let loose, I doubt
uld ne'er return, had not the flood been out. 36

THE HEART FLED AGAIN.

I.

LSE, foolish Heart! didst thou not say
at thou wouldst never leave me more?
old again 't is fled away,
d as far from me as before:
ove to bring it back again; 5
y'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,
en neither grief nor love prevail,
the dear object of her flame,
' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail; 10

Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore him and her loſt words a

III.

The dolefull Ariadne ſo
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood;
"Falſe Theſeus! whither doſt thou go?"
Afar falſe Theſeus cut the flood.
But Bacchus came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf 's too weak to eaſe my

IV.

Ah! ſenſeleſs Heart! to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be froz'n in every breaſt,
And to be ſcorch'd in ev'ry eye!
Wand'ring about like wretched Cain,
Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none fl

V

Well, ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I'll e'en to live without thee try;
My head ſhall take the greater pain,
And all thy duties ſhall ſupply;
I can more eas'ly live, I know,
Without thee, than without a Miſtreſs t

WOMEN'S SUPERSTITI

I.

O, I'm a very dunce, or womankind
Is a unintelligible thing;

o ſenſe, nor no contexture find,
ıeir looſe parts to method bring.
r not what the learn'd may ſee, 5
ey're ſtrange Hebrew things to me.

II.

ıoms and traditions they live,
ıolifh ceremonies of antique date;
vers new and better doctrines give,
ey continue obſtinate: 10
ı we, Love's prophets, what we will,
ews, they keep their old law ſtill.

III.

their mothers' gods they fondly fall,
ıol-gods that have no ſenſe nor mind:
ır's their Aſhtaroth, and pride their Baal, 15
ıund'ring Baal of womankind,
:wenty other devils more,
ı they, as we do them, adore.

IV.

en, like men both cov'tous and devout,
coſtly ſuperſtition loath t' omit, 20
et more loath to iſſue monies out,
ir own charge to furniſh it,
:ſe expenſive deities
carts of men they ſacrifice. 24

THE SOUL.

I.

SOME dull philos'pher, when he hears m
My Soul is from me fled away,
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,
But in another's breast does lie.
That neither is nor will be I
As a form servient and assisting there;

II.

Will cry, Absurd! and ask me how I live,
And syllogisms against it give.
A curse on all your vain philosophies,
Which on weak Nature's law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and religion, those great mysteries.

III.

Her body is my Soul; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is:
'Tis that preserves my being and my bre
From that proceeds all that I do,
Nay, all my thoughts and speeches too,
And separation from it is my death.

ECHO.

I.

'Tir'd with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say.
Ah! gentle Nymph! who lik'st so well 5
In hollow solitary caves to dwell;
Her heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so.

II.

Complaisant Nymph! why dost thus kindly share
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know? 10
Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,
How much compassion wouldst thou show!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of less beauty, and less rav'shing power;
Alas! I might as easily 15
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

III.

By repercussion beams engender fire,
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;
The voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,
And a new voice is made by it. 20
Thus things by opposition
The gainers grow; my barren love alone
Does from her stony breast rebound,
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

I.

II.

AGAINST HOPE.

I.

hose weak being ruin'd is,
succeed and if it miss,
od or ill does equally confound,
the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;
ow! which dost vanish quite, 5
ll noon and perfect night!
have not a possibility
g thee:
then, from their end we happy call,
is the most hopeless thing of all, 10

II.

ou bold taster of delight,
lst thou shouldst but taste, devour'st it quite!
ig'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
ng it with legacies before!
which we entire should wed, 15
ow'red virgins to our bed.
unes without gain imported be,
ity customs paid to thee:
ke wine, kept close does better taste;
ir before, its spirits waste. 20

III.

rtune's cheating lottery!
one prize an hundred blanks there be;
her! Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
or short or wide thine arrows are!

Thin empty cloud, which th' eye dece
With ſhapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud which gilt and painted now a
But muſt drop preſently in tears!
When thy falſe beams o'er Reaſon's lig
By *igues fatui* for North-ſtars we ſail.

IV.

Brother of Fear! more gaily clad;
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Deſir
That blow'ſt the chymick's and the lov
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly' on
By the ſtrange witchcraft of Anon!
By thee the one does changing Nature
Her endleſs labyrinths purſue,
And th' other chaſes woman, whilſt ſh
More ways and turns than hunted Nat

FOR HOPE.

I.

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and univerſal cure!
Thou captive's freedom! and thou ſick
Thou loſer's vict'ry! and thou beggar's
Thou manna, which from heav'n we ea
To every taſte a ſev'ral meat!
Thou ſtrong retreat! thou ſure entail'd
Which nought has pow'r to alienate!

.ſant, honeſt Flatterer! for none
happy men but thou alone! 10

II.

ou firſt-fruits of happineſs!
tle dawning of a bright ſucceſs!
d prepar'tive, without which our joy
t too ſtrong, and whilſt it cures deſtroy;
of Fortune's reach doſt ſtand, 15
bleſſing ſtill in hand!
e, her earneſt-money, we retain,
n are to gain,
he her bargain break or elſe fulfil;
good, not worſe for ending ill! 20

III.

Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
of heav'n and earth divided be!
be heir, and have the fix'd eſtate,
on yet in moveables is great.
itſelf is all one 25
in poſſeſſion!
uture is thine, the preſent his!
he more hard and noble bliſs;
hender of our joys, which haſt
reach, and yet canſt hold ſo faſt! 30

IV.

ou ſad lover's only friend!
, that may'ſt diſpute it with the end!
I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
ſelf leſs than the ſmell and ſight.

Fancying more desirable in
That thou canst be when thou dost mis
Men leave thee by obtaining, and desig
Some other way again to thee:
And that's a pleasant country, without d
To which all form return that travel out.

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE.

I.

LITTLE thoughts, thou fond ingrateful fi
When first I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my or my heart,
That thou wouldst ever have grown
So large as among to make it all thine own.

II.

At my own breast with care I feed thee still,
I bring thee back thy ill,
And shall, when thou wouldst thee
No more in strangers and poetry!
When [illegible] could thou allow?
[illegible] thee, and now dost starve me now.

III.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
Nor had the power of doing ill;
[illegible] my bosom did I take
[illegible] frozen and benumbed snake,
[illegible] from it any harm,
[illegible] things that breath which made it warm

IV.

What curſed weed 's this love! but one grain ſow,
And the whole field 't will overgrow; 20
Straight will it choke up and devour
Each wholeſome herb and beauteous flow'r;
Nay, unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

V.

But now all 's gone; I now, alas! complain, 25
Declare, proteſt, and threat, in vain;
Since by my own unforc'd conſent
The traitor has my government,
And is ſo ſettled in the throne,
That 't were rebellion now to claim mine own. 30

THE FRAILTY.

I.

I know 't is ſordid, and 't is low,
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear, 5
And all the weakneſs and the baſeneſs there,
Alas! alas! it will be always ſo.

II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,
I rage ſometimes and bite my chain;

For to what purpoſe do I bite
With teeth which ne'er will break it
For if the chieſeſt Chriſtian head,
Was by this ſturdy tyrant buffeted,
What wonder is it if weak I be ſlain

COLDNESS.

I.

As water fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fix'd by cold;
So in warm ſeaſons Love does looſely
Froſt only can it hold:
A woman's rigour and diſdain
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

II.

Tho' conſtant and conſiſtent now it b
Yet when kind beams appear
It melts, and glides apace into the ſea
And loſes itſelf there;
So the Sun's am'rous play
Kiſſes the ice away.

III.

You may in vulgar loves find always
But my ſubſtantial love
Of a more firm and perfect nature is,
No weathers can it move;
Tho' heat diſſolve the ice again,
The cryſtal ſolid does remain.

I *.

THEN like ſome wealthy iſland thou ſhalt lie,
And like the ſea about it I;
Thou like fair Albion to the ſailor's ſight,
Spreading her beauteous boſom all in white:
Like the kind Ocean I will be, 5
With loving arms for ever claſping thee.

II.

But I 'll embrace thee gentlier far than ſo,
As their freſh banks ſoft rivers do,
Nor ſhall the proudeſt planet boaſt a pow'r
Of making my full love to ebb one hour; 10
It never dry or low can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted fountain feeds my love.

III.

Such heat and vigour ſhall our kiſſes bear,
As if like doves we' engender'd there.
No bound nor rule my pleaſures ſhall endure; 15
In love there 's none too much an epicure.
Nought ſhall my hands or lips control;
I 'll kiſs thee thro'; I 'll kiſs thy very ſoul.

IV.

Yet nothing but the night our ſports ſhall know;
Night, that is both blind and ſilent too. 20
Alphæus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd Sicanian fountain to embrace,

* *This poem has no title in any of the editions.*

Creeping so far beneath the sea,
Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

V.

Men out of wisdom, women out of pride, 25
The pleasant thefts of love do hide.
That may secure thee; but thou 'ast yet from me
A more infallible security;
For there 's no danger I should tell
The joys which are to me unspeakable. 30

SLEEP.

I.

IN vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,
Thou, who man's soul dost overshade
With a thick cloud by vapours made,
Canst have no pow'r to shut his eyes, 5
Or passage of his sp'rits to choke,
Whose flame 's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

II.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?
Tears that bewinter all my year?
The fate of Egypt I sustain, 10
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear,
But all my too much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

III.

Thou who doſt men (as nights to colours do) 15
Bring all to an equality;
Come, thou juſt God! and equal me
Awhile to my diſdainful ſhe:
In that condition let me lie,
Till Love does me the favour ſhew, 20
Love equals all a better way than you.

IV.

Then never more ſhalt thou b' invok'd by me;
Watchful as ſpirits and gods I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I
Thee and thy kinſman Death defy: 25
For betwixt thee and them that love
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' unhappy, and the happy thee. 28

BEAUTY.

I.

Beauty! thou wild fantaſtick ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou Flatt'rer! which comply'ſt with ev'ry ſight!
Thou Babel! which confound'ſt the eye 5
With unintelligible variety!
Who haſt no certain what nor where,
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thyſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy ſhe-profeſſors are.

II.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade, 10
So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made!
False coin! with which th' impostor cheats us still!
The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee! 15
For tho' thy being be but show,
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow,
And chuse t' enjoy thee when thou least art thou.

III.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!
Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill! 20
Thou Tulip! who thy stock in paint dost waste,
Neither for physick good, nor smell, nor taste.
Beauty! whose flames but meteors are,
Shortliv'd and low, tho' thou wouldst seem a star,
Who dar'st not shine own home descry, 25
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,
When thou, alas! dost in the fancy lie.

IV.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;
Weak Victor! who thyself destroy'd must be 30
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee!
Thou unwholesome thaw to frozen age!
Thou strong wine which youth's fever dost enrage!

Thou tyrant! which leav'st no man free!
Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can
Thou murd'rer, which last kill'st! and devil, w
wouldst damn me!

THE PARTING.

I.

As men in Greenland, left behold the sun
From their horizon run,
And thought upon the sad half year
Of cold and darkness they must suffer there:

II.

So on my parting Mistress did I look, 5
With such swoln eyes my farewell took:
Ah! my fair Star! said I,
Ah! those bless'd lands to which bright thou dost fly!

III.

In vain the men of learning comfort me,
And say I 'm in a warm degree; 10
Say what they please, I say and sweat
'Tis beyond eighty, at least, if you 're not here.

IV.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,
And know that I the day have lost;
And those wild things which men they call, 15
Find to be but beasts or fools all.

V.

Return, return, gay Planet of mine East!
Of all that shines thou much the best!
And as thou now descend'st to us,
More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me. 20

VI.

Thou who, in many a prophecy,
So truly art the sun to me,
Add one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,
And let me and my sun beget a man. 25

MY PICTURE.

I.

Here, take my likeness with you, whilst 't is so;
For when from hence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this Picture draw, 5
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

II.

I really believe, within awhile,
If you upon this shadow smile,
Your presence will such vigour give,
(Your presence, which makes all things live) 10
And absence so much alter me,
This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

III.

ſrom your well-wrought cabinet you take it,
ɔur bright looks awake it,
not frighted if you ſee 15
w-ſoul'd Picture gaze on thee,
:ar it breathe a ſigh or two;
ɪſe are the firſt things that it will do.

IV.

:al image will be then thought bleſs'd,
ugh at me as diſpoſſeſs'd; 20
ɔu who, (if I know thee right)
ıbſtance doſt not much delight,
ıther ſend again for me,
hen ſhall but my Picture's picture be. 24

THE CONCEALMENT.

I.

o what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
'retched Heart! ſwell till you break!
nnot love me if ſhe would,
o ſay truth, 't were pity that ſhe ſhould.
ı the grave thy ſorrows bear, 5
nt as they will be there:
hat lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
dſomely the thing contrive,
he may guiltleſs of it live:
iſh, that her killing thee 10
chance-medley, and no murder, be.

II.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
By' her beauty, not her anger, die:
This will look juſtly, and become
An execution, that a martyrdom. 15
The cens'ring world will ne'er refrain
From judging men by thunder ſlain.
She muſt be angry ſure if I ſhould be
So bold to aſk her to make me,
By being her's, happier than ſhe. 20
I will not; 't is a milder fate
To fall by her not loving than her hate.

III.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear,
When, found in ev'ry other part, 25
Her ſacrifice is found without an heart:
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that, too, with my breath:
Then ſhall the world my noble ruin ſee,
Some pity, and ſome envy me; 30
Then ſhe herſelf, the mighty ſhe!
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth,
'Twas only love deſtroy'd the gentle youth. 33

THE MONOPOLY.

I.

WHAT mines of ſulphur in my breaſt do lie,
That feed the eternal burnings of my heart?
Not Ætna flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of Vulcan's ſmoky art;
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there, 5
And Cupid's forge is ſet up here.

II.

Here all thoſe arrows' mortal heads are made
That fly ſo thick unſeen thro' yielding air;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,
Are Jealouſy, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair. 10
Ah! cruel God! and why to me
Gave you this curs'd Monopoly?

III.

I have the trouble, not the gains of it;
Give me but the diſpoſal of one dart,
And then (I'll aſk no other benefit) 15
Heat as you pleaſe your furnace in my heart:
So ſweet 's revenge to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

IV.

Deep into her boſom would I ſtrike the dart,
Deeper than woman e'er was ſtruck by thee; 28
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from the [heart,
They flutter *ſtill about* inconſtantly.

Curſe on thy goodneſs, whom we find
Civil to none but womankind!

V.

Vain God! who women doſt thyſelf ado
Their wounded hearts do ſtill retain the
To travel and to wander as before;
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that ſex and c
So' unjuſtly are diſtributed,
They take the feathers, we the head.

THE DISTANCE.

I.

I 'AVE follow'd thee a year, at leaſt,
And never ſtopp'd myſelf to reſt;
But yet can thee o'ertake no more
Than this day can the day that went bef

II.

In this our fortunes equal prove
To ſtars, which govern them above;
Our ſtars that move for ever round,
With the ſame diſtance ſtill betwixt the

III.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
The wheel of Fate faſter to drive,
Since, if around it ſwiftlier fly,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

IV.

Hearts by Love ſtrangely ſhuffled are,
That there can never meet a pair!
Tamelier than worms are lovers ſlain;
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again. 16

THE INCREASE.

I.

I THOUGHT, I 'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eas'ly might account
Till to the top of numbers you amount,
As caſt up my love's ſcore. 5
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs millions are to come.

II.

I 'm ſure her beauties cannot greater grow;
Why ſhould my love do ſo?
A real cauſe at firſt did move, 10
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,
With ſhadows from itſelf that flow.
My love, as we in numbers ſee,
By ciphers is increas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made and untry'd ſpheres above 15
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of Jove,
But are ſince that beginning found
By *their own forms* to move for ever round.

All violent motions ſhort do prove,
But by the length 't is plain to ſee
That love 's a motion natural to me.

LOVE'S VISIBILITY.

I.

With much of pain, and all the art I knew,
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

II.

The world perceives it, and it may be ſhe,
Tho' ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that ſkill to me.

III.

Men without love have oft' ſo cunning grown
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none who had it ever ſeem'd t' have none

IV.

Love 's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple, kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it 'cauſe itſelf is blind.

V.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorough it he paſs'd into the heart.

VI.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet
Like dr[illegible] neſs, ir[illegible] ngue 't will ge

LOOKING ON, AND DISCOURSING WITH,

HIS MISTRESS.

I.

HESE full two hours now have I gazing been,
hat comfort by it can I gain?
look on heav'n, with mighty gulfs between,
as the great miser's greatest pain;
near was he to heav'n's delight, 5
with the bless'd converse he might,
t could not get one drop of water by 't.

II.

! Wretch! I seem to touch her now; but, oh!
hat boundless spaces do us part?
rtune, and friends, and all earth's empty show, 10
y lowness, and her high desert:
t these might conquerable prove;
thing does me so far remove,
her hard soul's aversion from my love.

III.

travellers that lose their way by night, 15
from afar they chance t' espy
' uncertain glimm'rings of a taper's light,
ke flatt'ring hopes, and think it nigh;
ll, wearied with the fruitless pain,
hey sit them down and weep in vain,
nd there in darkness and despair remain. 21

RESOLVED TO LOVE.

I.

I WONDER that the grave and wise
Think of all us that love;
Whether our pretty fooleries
Their mirth or anger move;
They understand not breath that words does want; 5
Our sighs to them are insignificant.

II.

One of them saw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand which I admire,
My soul was melting straight away,
And dropp'd before the fire. 10
This silly wise man, who pretends to know,
Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

III.

Another from my Mistress' door
Saw me with eyes all wat'ry come,
Nor could the hidden cause explore, 15
But thought some smoke was in the room:
Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,
He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

IV.

If learn'd in other things you be,
And have in love no skill, 20
For God's sake keep your arts from me,
For I 'll be ign'rant still.

Study or action others may embrace;
My love 's my business, and my books her face.

V.

These are but trifles, I confess, 25
Which me, weak Mortal! move;
Nor is your busy seriousness
Less trifling than my love.
The wisest king who from his sacred breast
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best. 30

MY FATE.

I.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious flame no more ascend:
And when these false to their old motions prove, 5
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

II.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you;
My fix'd love hangs not on your love or hate,
But will be still the same whate'er you do. 10
You cannot kill my love with your disdain;
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

III.

Me mine example let the Stoicks use,
Their *sad and cruel* doctrine to maintain,

Let all Predeſtinators me produce, 15
Who ſtruggle with eternal bonds in vain:
This fire I'm born to, but 't is ſhe muſt tell
Whether 't be beams of heav'n, or flames of hell.

IV.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,
To find out mine, look not, alas! on me; 20
But mark her face, and all the features heed,
For only there is writ my deſtiny:
Or if ſtars ſhow it, gaze not on the ſkies,
But ſtudy th' aſtrology of her eyes.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays, 25
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the fate of mortal days
Is writ in heav'n, but, oh! my heav'n is there.
What can men learn from ſtars they ſcarce can ſee?
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me. 30

THE HEART-BREAKING.

I.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke;
The love within too ſtrong for 't was,
Like poiſon put into a Venice-glaſs.

II.

I thought that this ſome remedy might prove, 5
But, oh! the mighty ſerpent, Love,

Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

III.

And now, alas! each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart, 10
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

IV.

Ev'n ſo rude armies, when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral quarters get,
Each troop does ſpoil and ruin more, 15
Than all join'd in one body did before.

V.

How many loves reign in my boſom now?
How many loves! yet all of you:
Thus have I chang'd, with evil fate,
My monarch-love into a tyrant-ſtate. 20

THE USURPATION.

I.

Thou 'adſt to my ſoul no title or pretence;
I was mine own, and free,
Till I had giv'n myſelf to thee;
But thou haſt kept me ſlave and pris'ner ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou 'rt grown, 5
Fond Tyrant! I 'll depoſe thee from thy throne:
Such outrages muſt not admitted be
In an elective monarchy.

II.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall;
My country, kindred, and my beſt 10
Acquaintance, were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their cov'tous neighbour, draw'ſt out all:
Nay, more, thou mak'ſt me worſhip thee,
And wouldſt the rule of my religion be.
Was ever tyrant claim'd ſuch pow'r as you, 15
To be both Emp'rour and Pope too?

III.

The publick mis'ries and my private fate
Deſerve ſome tears; but greedy thou
(Inſatiate Maid!) wilt not allow
That I one drop from thee ſhould alienate: 20
Nor wilt thou grant my ſins a part,
Tho' the ſole cauſe of moſt of them thou art;
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,
Since firſt mine eyes I gave to you.

IV.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes doſt claim; 25
Thou rageſt like a fire in me,
Converting all things into thee;
Nought can reſiſt or not increaſe the flame:
Nay, every grief and every fear
Thou doſt devour, unleſs thy ſtamp it bear. 30
Thy preſence, like the crowned baſiliſk's breath,
Kill other ſerpents puts to death.

V.

ıen in hell are from diſeaſes free,
om all other ills am I;
from their known formality; 35
ıll pains eminently lie in thee.
! alas! I hope in vain
conquer'd ſoul from out thine hands to gain,
: all the natives there thou 'aſt overthrown,
planted garriſons of thine own. 40

MAIDENHEAD.

I.

ou worſt eſtate ev'n of the ſex that 's worſt,
refore by Nature made at firſt
ttend the weakneſs of our birth!
ıt outward curtain to the nuptial bed!
u caſe to buildings not yet finiſhed! 5
ɔ, like the centre of the earth,
heavieſt things attract to thee,
' thou a point imaginary be.

II.

ing God thought for mankind ſo unfit,
t his firſt bleſſing ruin'd it. 10
l frozen nurſe of fierceſt fires!
ɔ, like the parched plains of Afric's ſand,
teril and a wild unlovely land)
always ſcorch'd with hot deſires,

Yet barren quite, didſt thou not bring 15
Monſters and ſerpents forth thyſelf to ſting!

III.

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe conjurer in his cell!
And fear'ſt the Day's diſcov'ring eye!
No wonder 't is at all that thou ſhouldſt be 20
Such tedious and unpleaſant company,
Who liv'ſt ſo melancholily!
Thou thing of ſubtile, ſlippery kind,
Which women loſe, and yet no man can find!

IV.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be, 25
Yet I 'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains:
So tho' the chymick his great ſecret miſs,
(For neither it in art nor nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains, 30
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way.

V

Say what thou wilt, chaſtity is no more
Thee, than a porter is his door.
In vain to honour they pretend, 35
Who guard themſelves with ramparts and with walls;
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,
Who can an open breach defend.
Of thy quick loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo hated, and ſo lov'd without. 40

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

I.

ossibilities! Oh, no, there 's none;
ld mine bring thy heart captive home,
as'ly other dangers were o'erthrown,
Cæsar after vanquish'd Rome
little Asian foes did overcome. 5

II.

e lovers oft' by Fortune are envy'd,
earth and hell against them strive;
Providence engages on their side,
l a good end at last does give;
ast just men and lovers always thrive. 10

III.

tars, (not pow'rful else) when they conjoin,
nge, as they please. the world's estate;
hy heart in conjunction with mine
ll our own fortunes regulate,
l to our stars themselves prescribe a fate. 15

IV.

ould grieve me much to find some bold romance
it should two kind examples show,
ich before us in wonders did advance;
that I thought that story true,
none should fancy more than I would do. 20

[illegible] Passage be,
As was the am'rous youth's o'er H[illegible]

VI.

In vain the winds, in vain the billo[illegible]
In vain the flars their aid deny'd;
[illegible] Sestiun to w'r on th' othe[illegible]
[illegible] Hellispont our loves divide
[illegible] the Atlantick ocean's boundle[illegible]

VII.

[illegible] betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd a[illegible]
[illegible] Miami do not deny
[illegible] Beams shine on me from afar;
[illegible] tarce let me' espy,
[illegible] light goes out I sink and di[illegible]

SILENCE

II.

Ah! never more ſhall thy unwilling ear
My helpleſs ſtory hear.
Diſcourſe and talk awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain
That in my breaſt does reign;
Silence, perhaps, may make it ſleep:
I 'll bind that ſore up I did ill reveal;
The wound, if once it cloſe, may chance to heal.

III.

No, 't will ne'er heal; my love will never die,
Tho' it ſhould ſpeechleſs lie.
A river, ere it meet the ſea,
As well might ſtay its ſource
As my love can his courſe,
Unleſs it join and mix with thee.
If any end or ſtop of it be found,
We know the flood runs ſtill, tho' under ground.

THE DISSEMBLER.

I.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify'd all others with the pain;
But now I feel the mighty evil;
Ah! there 's no fooling with the devil!
So wanton men, whilſt others they would fright,
Themſelves have met a real ſpright.

II.

[illegible] I swear, an handfome *lie*
[illegible] in poetry;
[illegible] an arreft
[illegible] by me in jeft 10
[illegible] love, and can it be
[illegible] not raillery?

III.

[illegible] wounds, and flame, and heat,
[illegible] rhyme or the conceit,
[illegible] fhould raised be 15
[illegible] prophefy:
[illegible] propriety to my fryle,
[illegible] does fpoil.

IV.

[illegible] much does reign,
[illegible] 20
[illegible] does grow,
[illegible]
[illegible] became
[illegible]
[illegible] 25
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 30

'HE INCONSTANT.

I.

:ould ſee that face
› dart for me;
years to fifty's ſpace,
›rious be.
t a devil, if I may call thee one, 5
: thy name is Legion.

II.

pe, good limbs or face;
vit, in all I find;
in ſpeech a grace;
't is womankind; 10
reak, the piſtol need not be
ble charg'd to murder me.

III.

me of Proper ſlays;
›leaſant as the light;
ettineſs does pleaſe; 15
t lover loves not night?
r'd, I love, leſt it ſhould be
others for not loving me.

IV.

plenty, fills my heart;
th love makes me, too, ſo; 20
:r body's Cupid's dart.
ooked, 't is his bow.

Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline,
And strength to women gives, as well as w

V.

Just half as large as Charity
My richly-lauded love 's become,
And judg'd aright is Constancy
Tho' it takes up a larger room:
Him who loves always one, why should they ca
More constant than the man loves always all?

VI.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Thro' all Love's gardens and his fields,
And like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
Tho' I return not home with laden thighs. 35

VII.

My soul at first indeed did prove
Of pretty strength against a dart,
Till I this habit got of love;
But my consum'd and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire, 40
Since that by every spark is set on fire.

THE CONSTANT. 42

I.

Great and wise Conqu'ror! who where'er
Thou com'st dost fortify and settle there!

Who canſt defend as well as get,
And never hadſt one quarter beat up yet;
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part 5
With one inch of my vanquiſh'd heart;
For ſince thou took'ſt it by aſſault from me,
'Tis garriſon'd ſo ſtrong with thoughts of thee,
It fears no beauteous enemy.

II.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs, 10
I 'd ſerv'd ere this an hundred Miſtreſſes.
I 'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my pris'n to be a vagabond:
A pris'n in which I ſtill would be,
Tho' ev'ry door ſtood ope to me. 15
In ſpite both of thy coldneſs and thy pride,
All love is marriage on thy lover's ſide,
For only death can them divide.

III.

Cloſe, narrow chain, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which ſp'rits above to good does bind: 20
Gentle and ſweet neceſſity,
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!
Your love on me were ſpent in vain,
Since my love ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what, alas! can be 25
Added to that which hath infinity
Both in extent and quality? 27

HER NAME.

I.

WITH more than Jewiſh reverence as yet
Do I the ſacred Name conceal;
When, ye kind Stars! ah! when will it be fit
This gentle myſt'ry to reveal?
When will our love be nam'd, and we poſſeſs 5
That chriſt'ning as a badge of happineſs?

II.

So bold as yet no verſe of mine has been,
To wear that gem on any line;
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muſe be ſeen,
Shall any ſtanza with it ſhine. 10
Reſt, mighty Name! till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by her ere taken up by me.

III.

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then Echo's burden it ſhall be;
Then all the birds in ſev'ral notes ſhall ſing, 15
And all the rivers murmur thee;
Then ev'ry wind the ſound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper 't to ſome angel's ear.

IV.

Then ſhall thy Name thro' all my verſe be ſpread,
Thick as the flow'rs in meadows lie, 20
And, when in future times they ſhall be read,
(*As ſure, I think*, they will not die)

any critick doubt that they be mine,
ſen by that ſtamp ſhall quickly know the coin.

V.

can-while I will not dare to make a Name 2
) repreſent thee by;
dam (God's nomenclator) could not frame
ne that enough ſhould ſignify.
ſtræa or Celia as unfit would prove
r thee, as 't is to call the Deity Jove. 30

WEEPING.

I.

ee where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe
ops tears more fair than others' eyes!
! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune ſee
attire thy ſorrow wears,
know the beauty of thy tears, 5
he 'll ſtill come to dreſs herſelf in thee.

II.

rs reflect on waters, ſo I ſpy
y drop, methinks, her eye:
by which lives there, and always plays
lluſtrious ſphere, 10
Narciſſus does appear,
n his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

III.

did I behold ſo glorious weather
ſhine and rain together;

Pray Heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of snow, 15
(For some such fountain we must find
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

IV.

Ah! mighty Love! that it were inward heat
Which made this precious limbeck sweat! 20
But what, alas! ah! what does it avail
That she weeps tears so wondrous cold,
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold;
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail. 24

DISCRETION.

I.

Discreet! what means this word Discreet?
A curse on all Discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Love's lexicon.

II.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate, 5
Houses, household-stuff, or land,
(The low conveniencies of Fate)
Are Greek no lovers understand.

III.

Believe me, beauteous One! when love
Enters into a breast, 10
The two first things it does remove
Are friends and interest.

IV.

Paſſion 's half blind, nor can endure
The careful ſcrup'lous eyes,
Or elſe I could not love, I 'm ſure, 15
One who in love were wiſe.

V.

Men in ſuch tempeſts toſs'd about
Will, without grief or pain,
Caſt all their goods and riches out,
Themſelves their port to gain. 20

VI.

As well might martyrs, who do chuſe
That ſacred death to take,
Mourn for the clothes which they muſt loſe,
When they 're bound naked to the ſtake. 24

THE WAITING-MAID.

I.

[illegible]AY Maid! Ah! find ſome nobler theme
[illegible]hereon thy doubts to place,
[illegible]or by a low ſuſpect blaſpheme
[illegible]e glories of thy face.

II.

[illegible]a! ſhe makes thee ſhine ſo fair, 5
[illegible]xquiſitely bright,
[illegible]t her dim lamp muſt diſappear
[illegible]re thy potent light.

III.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent, 10
And make that beauty tyranny,
That 's else a civil government.

IV.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart, 15
Too apt before to kill.

V.

The min'ft'ring angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty' or face
For which by men they worshipp'd be,
But their high office and their place. 20
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her only to pray to thee. 25

COUNSEL.

I.

Ah! what advice can I receive?
No, satisfy me first;
For who would physick-potions give
To one that dies with thirst?

II.

A little puff of breath, we find, 5
Small fires can quench and kill,
But when they 're great the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.

III.

whilst you speak, it moves me much,
·aight I 'm just the same; 10
th' effect must needs be such
ting thro' a flame. 15

THE CURE.

I.

s, Doctor! use thy roughest art,
canst not cruel prove;
burn, and torture, every part,
:al me of my love.

II.

e is no danger; if the pain 5
ld me to a fever bring,
par'd with heats I now sustain,
ver is so cool a thing,
e drink which feverish men desire)
I should hope 't would almost quench my fire. 10

THE SEPARATION.

I.

: me not what my love shall do or be
ve! which is soul to body, and soul of me)
:n I am sep'rated from thee,
! I might as eas'ly show
it after death the soul will do; 5
ill last, I 'm sure, and that is all we know.

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Maliciously are spent,
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Small fires can quench and kill;
But when they 're great the adverse wind
Does make them greater still.

III.

Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much,
But straight I 'm just the same;
Alas! th' effect must needs be such
Of cutting thro' a flame.

THE CURE.

I.

Come, Doctor! use thy roughest art,
Thou canst not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture, every part,
To heal me of my love.

II.

There is no danger; if the pain
Should me to a fever bring,
Compar'd with heats I now sustain,
A fever is so cool a thing,
(Like drink which feverish men desire)
That I should hope 't would almost quench my fire.

THE SEPARATION.

I.

Ask me not what my love shall do or be
(Love! which is soul to body, and soul of me)
When I am sep'rated from thee,
Alas! I might as eas'ly show
What after death the soul will do;
'Twill last, I 'm sure, and that is all we know.

II.

The thing call'd Soul will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a lifeleſs carcaſs prove,
For 't is the body of my love;
Not that my love will fly away, 10
But ſtill continue, as they ſa
Sad troubled ghoſts about th graves do ſtray. 15

THE TREE.

I.

I CHOSE the flour'ſhing'ſt Tree in all the park,
With freſheſt boughs and faireſt head,
I cut my love into his gentle bark,
And in three days behold 't is dead;
My very written flames ſo violent be, 5
They 'ave burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

II.

How ſhould I live myſelf, whoſe heart is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large hiſtory of many a wound,
Larger than thy trunk can bear? 10
With art as ſtrange as Homer in the Nut,
Love in my heart has volumes put.

III.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The leaves and beauties all?
As a ſtrong poiſon with one drop does make 15
The nails and hairs to fall.

Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,
Or characters could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye Birds and Nymphs! who lov'd this shade;
And pardon me, thou gentle Tree! 20
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed omens hop'd from thee:
Notes of my love, thrive here, said I, and grow,
And with ye let my love do so.

V.

Alas! poor Youth! thy love will never thrive! 25
This blasted Tree predestines it;
Go, tie the dismal knot, (why shouldst thou live?)
And by the lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the sad picture be
To that unlucky history. 30

HER UNBELIEF.

I.

'Tis a strange kind of ign'rance this in you,
That you your vict'ries should not spy,
Victories gotten by your eye!
That your bright beams, as those of comets do,
Should kill, but not know how nor who. 5

II.

That truly you my idol might appear,
Whilst all the people smell and see
The odorous flames I offer thee,

Thou sitt'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear
Thy constant zealous worshipper.

III.

They see 't too well who at my fires repine;
Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove
Quick-ey'd enough to spy my love;
Nor does the cause in thy face clearlier shine,
Than the effect appears in mine.

IV.

Fair Infidel! by what unjust decree
Must I, who with such restless care
Would make this truth to thee appear;
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

V.

I by thy Unbelief am guiltless slain:
Oh! have but faith, and then that you
May know that faith for to be true,
It shall itself by a miracle maintain,
And raise me from the dead again.

VI.

Mean-while my hopes may seem to be o'erthro'
But lovers' hopes are full of art,
And thus dispute, that since my heart,
Tho' in thy breast, yet is not by thee known;
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

THE GAZERS.

I.

Come let 's go on where Love and Youth does call;
I 'ave ſeen too much if this be all.
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be
With a contented ign'rant poverty?
To ſhow ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant, 5
Is to enrage and vex my want:
For Love to die an infant is leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet live in childhood ſtill.

II.

We 'ave both ſat gazing only hitherto,
As man and wife in picture do. 10
The richeſt crop of joy is ſtill behind,
And he who only ſees in love is blind.
So at firſt Pygmalion lov'd,
But th' amour at laſt improv'd;
The ſtatue itſelf at laſt a woman grew, 15
And ſo at laſt, my Dear! ſhould you do too.

III.

Beauty to man the greateſt torture is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs;
Beyond the tyrannous pleaſures of the eye,
It grows too ſerious a cruelty, 20
Unleſs it heal as well as ſtrike;
I would not, ſalamander-like,
In ſcorching *heats* always to live deſire,
But like a martyr paſs to heav'n thro' fire.

IV.

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
And gently kisses every thing:
His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,
Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour:
Then on the earth with bridegroom-heat,
He does fill new flow'rs beget: 4
The Sun himself, altho' all eye he be,
Can find in love more pleasure than to see. 3

THE INCURABLE.

I.

[illegible] if books would cure my love, but found
[illegible] made them [illegible] all:
[illegible] receipts of business to my wound,
[illegible] turning did the pain recall.

II.

As well might men who in a fever fry, 5
[illegible] doubts debate:
As well might men, who mad in darkness lie,
[illegible] the dispatches of a state.

III.

[illegible] devout on, sermons, frequent pray'r,
[illegible] did worse than idolets prove; 10
[illegible] are turn'd to sin in those who are
[illegible] charity, or in love.

IV.

[illegible] wine to drown the mighty cause,
[illegible] alas! was oil to th' fire:

Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there 15
Did double the desire.

V.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,
And mix'd with pleasant companies;
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise. 20

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for 't, at last I try'd
'Gainst this some new desire to stir,
And lov'd again, but 't was where I espy'd
Some faint resemblances of her.

VII.

The physick made me worse with which I strove 25
This mortal ill t' expel,
As wholesome med'cines the disease improve
There where they work not well. 28

HONOUR.

I.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town, which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin; 5
Iö, triumph! enter in.

II.

What is this, ye Gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?

Bold Honour ſtands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate:
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And ſhall this phantom me oppoſe?

III.

Noiſy Nothing! ſtalking Shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of ſolid harms!
But I ſhall find out countercharms
Thy airy devilſhip to remove
From this circle here of love.

IV.

Sure I ſhall rid myſelf of thee
By the night's obſcurity,
And obſcurer ſecrecy:
Unlike to ev'ry other ſpright,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t' affright,
Nor appear'ſt but in the light.

THE INNOCENT ILL.

I.

Tho' all thy geſtures and diſcourſes be
Coin'd and ſtamp'd by Modeſty;
Tho' from thy tongue ne'er ſlipp'd away
One word which nuns at th' altar might not ſay;
Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace,
In all thy ſpeech appear,

That what to th' eye a beauteous face,
That thy tongue 's to th' ear:
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat thro' ev'ry part, 10
That thou a tempter worſe than Satan art.

II.

Tho' in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have been
So much as of orig'nal ſin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſs'd ſaints excite: 15
Thou with ſtrange adultery
Doſt in each breaſt a brothel keep:
Awake, all men do luſt for thee,
And ſome enjoy thee when they ſleep.
Ne'er before did woman live 20
Who to ſuch multitudes did give
The root and cauſe of ſin but only Eve.

III.

Tho' in thy breaſt ſo quick a pity be,
That a fly's death 's a wound to thee;
Tho' ſavage and rock-hearted thoſe 25
Appear, that weep not ev'n romances' woes;
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are whole thine own,
Thou 'rt principal and inſtrument; 30
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the treble office do
Of judge, of tort'rer, and of weapon, too.

IV.

Thou lovely inſtrument of angry Fate,
Which God did for our faults create! 35
Thou pleaſant univerſal ill,
Which ſweet as health, yet like a plague doſt kill!
Thou kind, wellnatur'd tyranny!
Thou chaſte committer of a rape!
Thou voluntary deſtiny, 40
Which no man can or would eſcape!
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) ev'n the deſtroying angels are. 45

DIALOGUE.

I.

SHE. WHAT have we done? what cruel paſſion mov'd
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee? [thee
Me thou 'aſt robb'd, but what art thou
Thyſelf the richer now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhortliv'd pleaſure;
So ſoon is ſpent and gone this thy ill-gotten treaſure.

II.

HE. We 'ave done no harm, nor was it theft in me;
But nobleſt charity in thee.
I 'll the well-gotten pleaſure
Safe in my mem'ry treaſure;
What tho' the flow'r itſelf do waſte,
The eſſence from it drawn does long and ſweeter laſt;

III.

SHE. No; I'm undone; my honour thou hast slain,
And nothing can restore 't again:
Art and labour to bestow 15
Upon the carcass of it now,
Is but to embalm a body dead;
The figure may remain, the life and beauty 's fled.

IV.

HE. Never, my Dear! was honour yet undone
By love, but indiscretion. 20
To the wise it all things does allow,
And cares not what we do, but how;
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,
Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns. 24

V.

SHE. Thou first perhaps who didst the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it:
For men, with Roman pride, above
The conquest do the triumph love;
Nor think a perfect vict'ry gain'd, 29
Unless they thro' the streets their captive lead en-
[chain'd.

VI.

SHE. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,
The bawd to his own wife is made.
Beside, what boast is left for me,
Whose whole wealth is a gift from thee? 34
'Tis you the conqu'ror are, 't is you
[too.
Who 'ave not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me

VII.

SHE. Tho' publick pun'ſhment we eſcape, th
Will rack and torture us within:
Guilt and ſin our boſom bears,
And tho' fair yet the fruit appears,
That worm which now the core does waſte,
When long't has gnaw'd within, will break th

VIII. [a

HE. That thirſty drink, that hungry food I fo
That wounded balm, is all my fault;
And thou in pity didſt apply
The kind and only remedy:
The cauſe abſolves the crime; ſince me
So mighty force did move, ſo mighty goodneſs

IX.

SHE. Curſe on thine arts! methinks I hate thee
And yet I 'm ſure I love thee too!
I 'm angry, but my wrath will prove
More innocent than did thy love.
Thou haſt this day undone me quite,
Yet wilt undo me more ſhouldſt thou not come at

VERSES LOST UPON A WAGER.

I.

As ſoon hereafter will I Wagers lay
'Gainſt what an oracle ſhall ſay:
Fool that I was! to venture to deny
A tongue ſo us'd to victory!

ngue ſo bleſs'd by Nature and by Art, 5
t never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an heart;
' what you ſaid had not been true,
ɔke by any elſe but you:
: ſpeech will govern Deſtiny,
Fate will change rather than you ſhould lie. 10

II.

true, if human reaſon were the guide,
on, methinks, was on my ſide;
:hat 's a guide, alas! we muſt reſign,
n th' authority 's divine.
'aid, ſhe ſaid herſelf, it would be ſo; 15
I. bold unbeliever, anſwer'd, No.
:r ſo juſtly ſure before,
ur the name of Blindneſs bore,
vhatſoe'er the queſtion be
e 's no man that has eyes would bet for me. 20

III.

uth itſelf (as other angels do
n they deſcend to human view)
naterial form would deign to ſhine,
ɔuld imitate or borrow thine:
zzling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear, 25
ell-proportion'd would the parts appear,
ɔy the eye which Truth could ſee
ı'd in a ſhape like thee;
ıappier far the eye
:h could thy ſhape naked like Truth eſpy! 30

IV.

Yet this loſt Wager coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'd to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to play,
Which he were bound howe'er to pay?
If Nature gave me pow'r to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to rehearſe!
Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit
Has ſuch a ſov'reign right to it,
That no man's Muſe for publick vent is free,
Till ſhe has paid her cuſtoms firſt to thee.

BATHING IN THE RIVER.

I.

The fiſh around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'rous fiſhers ſhow,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be
As ſhe at firſt took me.
For ne'er did light ſo clear
Among the waves appear,
Tho' ev'ry night the Sun himſelf ſet there.

II.

Why to mute fiſh ſhouldſt thou thyſelf diſcover,
And not to me, thy no leſs ſilent lover?
As ſome from men their buried gold commit
To ghoſts, that have no uſe of it!

eir rich treaſures ſo
ɔuty, and, for ought we know,
gnorants!) they 're mermaids all below.

III.

'rous waves would fain about her ſtay, 15
. new am'rous waves drive them away,
th ſwift current to thoſe joys they haſte,
ı as ſwiftly waſte;
d the wanton play to view,
ı, alas! at land ſo too, 20
ll old lovers yield the place to new.

IV.

:, and, as you part, you am'rous Waves!
.ppier rivals, and my fellow-ſlaves)
ɔ your flow'ry banks, and to her ſhow
ɔd your bounties do; 25
:ll her what your pride doth coſt,
w your uſe and beauty 's loſt,
ig'rous Winter binds you up with froſt.

V.

:, her beauties and her youth, like thee,
'ithout ſtop to a devouring ſea, 30
:hey will mix'd and undiſtinguiſh'd lie
l the meaneſt things that die:
ıe ocean thou
'ilege doſt know
:h' impureſt ſtreams that thither flow. 35

VI.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her
Tell her there is yet one rem'dy to be had;
Show her how thou, tho' long since past, dost
Thyself yet still behind.
Marriage, say to her, will bring
About the selfsame thing:
But she, fond Maid! shuts and seals up the spri

LOVE GIVEN OVER.

I.

It is enough; enough of time and pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched Cowley! leave
Thyself with shadows to deceive;
Think that already lost which thou must neve

II.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years,
(Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)
Like helpless ships that be
Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea,
Have all been burnt in love, and all been drow

III.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art,
Free thy unlucky heart;
Since Fate does disapprove
Th' ambition of thy love,
And not one star in heav'n offers to take thy p

IV.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,
If e'er it home to its breast retire,
It ne'er shall wander more about,
Tho' thousand beauties call'd it out:
A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire. 20

V.

The pox, the plague, and ev'ry small disease,
May come as oft' as ill Fate please;
But Death and Love are never found
To give a second wound:
We're by those serpents bit, but we're devour'd by [these.

VI.

Alas! what comfort is it that I 'm grown 26
Secure of being again o'erthrown?
Since such an enemy needs not fear
Lest any else should quarter there,
Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down the town. 30

Such dross the fire must purge away; 't is just
The author blush there where the reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage: 50
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine, 55
We only can by negatives define?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the Ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life. 60
Or as the primitive forms of all,
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two, 65
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my errour with thy pen,
And if any ask me then 70
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,
I 'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this. 72

ODE.

I.

Here 's to thee, Dick: this whining love despise:
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she;
'Tis pure and right, without deceit,
And such no woman e'er will be: 5
No; they are all sophisticate.

II.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin?
A thing so vile, and so shortliv'd,
That Venus' joys as well as she 10
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty move;
Whom would it ere persuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have seen, 15
(But, oh! no light does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb?

IV.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more. 20
Neither their sighs nor tears are true;
Those idly blow, these idly fall,

Nothing like to our's at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

V.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
Let the glass walk till all things, too, go round: 20
Again; till these two lights be four;
No errour here can dang'rous prove;
Thy passion, man! deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love. 30

ODE. IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. ode v.

I.

To whom now, Pyrrha! art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set 5
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

II.

Ah! simple Youth! how oft' will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So any and so vain, 10
And cameleon-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too?

III.

ow oft', alas! will he admire
e blacknefs of the fkies?
embling to hear the winds found high'r 15
d fee the billows rife:
or unexperienc'd he,
ho ne'er, alas! before had been at fea!

IV.

enjoys thy calmy funfhine now,
d no breath ftirring hears; 20
the clear heav'n of thy brow
finallefl cloud appears.
fees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
d trufts the faithlefs April of thy May.

V.

happy! thrice unhappy! he 25
whom thou untry'd dofl fhine!
t there 's no danger now for me,
ce o'er Loretto's fhrine,
witnefs of the fhipwreck paft,
y confecrated veffel hangs at laft. 30

ODE ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

I.

E allow'd you beauty, and we did fubmit
all the tyrannies of it
! cruel Sex! will you depofe us too in wit?

Orinda does in that, too, reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.
We our old title plead in vain;
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.
Verſe was Love's fire-arms heretofore;
In Beauty's camp it was not known;
Too many arms beſides that conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' aſſault a ſtubborn town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own artillery.

II.

Women, as if the body were their whole,
Did that, and not the ſoul,
Tranſmit to their poſterity:
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, Orinda! if in thee
A ſpirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field,
And 't is a ſtrange increaſe that it does yield.
As when the happy gods above
Meet all together at a feaſt,

:ret joy unſpeakably does move
eir great mother Cybele's contented breaſt:
ı no leſs pleaſure thou, methinks, ſhouldſt ſee
thy no leſs immortal progeny:
in their birth thou no one touch doſt find 35
ı' ancient curſe to womankind;
ı bring'ſt not forth with pain;
ither travail is, nor labour of the brain:
ıſily they from thee come,
there is ſo much room 40
ı' unexhauſted and unfathom'd womb,
:, like the Holland Counteſs, thou may'ſt bear
ıild for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

III.

ı doſt my wonder, would'ſt my envy raiſe.
be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe, 45
:re'er I ſee an excellence,
ſt admire to ſee thy well-knit ſenſe,
numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
ſeas thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine [eye.
ſolid, and 't is manly all,
ather 't is angelical; 51
ıs in angels, we
n thy verſes ſee
ı improv'd ſexes eminently meet;
y are than man more ſtrong, and more than woman ſweet. 55

For after all my' expense of wit and pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the prize a

II.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse r
That she had given me fame;
Bounty immense! and that, too, must be tr
When I myself am nothing but a name.
Who now, what reader does not strive
T' invalidate the gift whilst we 're alive?
For when a poet now himself doth show,
As if he were a common foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And ev'ry part of him they wound;
Happy the man that gives the deepest blow
And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.
Then in a rage I took,
And out at window threw
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;
Homer himself went with them too;
Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book;
I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,
And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,
That I no more the ground would till and s
Where only flow'ry weeds instead of corn d

III.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does
Rebellious man to bind,
Just to the work for which he is assign'd)

: Muſe came in more cheerful than before, 45
I bad me quarrel with her now no more.
o, thy reward! look here and ſee,
'hat I have made," ſaid ſhe,
Ty lover, and belov'd, my Broghill! do for thee.
'ho' thy own verſe no laſting fame can give, 50
'hou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.
Vhat criticks, the great Hectors now in wit,
Vho rant and challenge all men that have writ,
Vill dare t' oppoſe thee, when 54
roghill in thy defence has drawn his conqu'ring
ſe, and bow'd my head, [pen?"
I pardon aſk'd for all that I had ſaid;
ll ſatisfy'd and proud,
aight reſolved, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
it from her ſervice now I ne'er would part; 60
trongly large rewards work on a grateful heart.

IV.

hing ſo ſoon the drooping ſp'rits can raiſe,
praiſes from the men whom all men praiſe:
the beſt cordial, and which only thoſe
o have at home th' ingredients can compoſe: 65
ordial that reſtores our fainting breath,
I keeps up life even after death:
only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
ſtrong a remedy;
:, in removing cold it ſhould beget 70
violent a heat,

That I a place among you claim,
The humbleſt deacon of her train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of ornament which here
Your noble priſoners proudly wear;
A chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick liberty?
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſ
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?
Whatever happy book is chained here,
No other place or people need to fear;
His chain 's a paſſport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a ſeat in heav'n
Is to an unmalicious ſinner giv'n,
Who caſting round his wond'ring eye,
Does none but patriarchs and apoſtles there eſpy,
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And ſaints who martyrs liv'd below;
With trembling and amazement he begins
To recollect his frailties paſt, and ſins;
He doubts almoſt his ſtation there,
His Soul ſays to itſelf, How came I here?
It fares not otherwiſe with me,
When I myſelf, with conſcious wonder, ſee
Amidſt this purify'd elected company:
With hardſhip they, and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain;

No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;
I think Predestination only was my friend.

V.

Ah! that my author had been ty'd like me
To such a place and such a company!
Instead of sev'ral countries, sev'ral men, 60
And business which the Muses hate,
He might have then improv'd that small estate
Which Nature sparingly did to him give:
He might, perhaps, have thriven then,
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live. 65
It had happier been for him as well as me;
For when all, alas! is done,
We books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be
The best and noblest conversation:
For tho' some errours will get in, 70
Like tinctures of orig'nal sin,
Yet, sure, we from our fathers' wit
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,
As the best blood of man 's employ'd in generation. 75

ODE.

Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the relick of Sir Francis Drake's ship.

I.

Cheer up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow;
Clap on more sail, and never spare;

hich Phaeton so rashly brake:
t what could that say more than these remain'd
reat Relick! thou, too, in this port of ease, [Drake
last still one way of making voyages;
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
(The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt ne
As long around it as the sun.
The Streights of Time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity;
Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

ODE UPON DR. HARVEY.

I.

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, tho' aged grow,
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,
Nor seen unveil'd by any one)
When Harvey's violent passion she did see,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took sanctu'ry, like Daphne, in a tree:
There Daphne's lover stopp'd, and thought
The very leaves of her to touch;
But Harvey! our Apollo, stopp'd not so,
Into the bark and root he after her did go:
No smallest fibres of a plant,
For which the eyebeam's point doth sharp
His passage after her withstood.
What should she do? thro' all the mov

Of lives endow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight; 15
Harvey purſues and keeps her ſtill in ſight:
But as the deer long hunted takes a flood,
She leap'd at laſt into the winding ſtreams of blood;
Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,
Till at the Heart ſhe ſtay'd, 20
Where turning head, and at a bay,
Thus, by well-purg'd ears, was ſhe o'erheard to ſay:

II.

"Here, ſure, ſhall I be ſafe," ſaid ſhe,
"None will be able, ſure, to ſee
"This my retreat, but only he 25
"Who made both it and me.
"The Heart of man what art can e'er reveal?
"A wall impervious between
"Divides the very parts within, 29
"And doth the Heart of man ev'n from itſelf con-
She ſpoke; but ere ſhe was aware [ceal."
Harvey was with her there,
And held this ſlipp'ry Proteus in a chain,
Till all her mighty myſteries he deſcry'd,
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide, 35
Was the firſt thing that Nature did in vain.

III.

He the young practice of new Life did ſee,
Whilſt, to conceal its toilſome poverty,
It for a living wrought both hard and privately.

Before the liver underſtood 40
The noble ſcarlet dye of blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to ſet up the trade;
Before the untaught Heart began to beat
The tuneful march to vital heat, 45
From all the ſouls that living buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for earth, or ſea, or air,
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought
How the great fabrick does proceed, 50
What time and what materials it does need:
He ſo exactly does the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

IV.

Thus Harvey ſought for truth in Truth's own book,
The creatures, which by God himſelf was writ; 55
And wiſely thought 't was fit
Not to read comments only upon it,
But on the original itſelf to look.
Methinks in Art's great circle others ſtand
Lock'd up together hand in hand, 60
Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread,
And dance, like fairies, a fantaſtick round,
But neither change their motion nor their ground:
Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit, 65
His noble Circle of the Blood had been untrodden yet.

Great Doctor! the art of curing's cur'd by thee;
We now thy patient, Physick, see
From all inveterate diseases free,
Purg'd of old errours by thy care, 70
New-dieted, put forth to clearer air;
It now will strong and healthful prove;
Itself before lethargick lay, and could not move.

V.

These useful secrets to his pen we owe,
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow, 75
Of which a barb'rous war's unlearned rage
Has robb'd the ruin'd age.
O cruel loss! as if the Golden Fleece,
With so much cost and labour bought,
And from afar by a great hero brought, 80
Had sunk ev'n in the ports of Greece.
O cursed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houses and towns may rise again,
And ten times easier it is
To rebuild Paul's than any work of his. 85
That mighty task none but himself can do;
Nay, scarce himself, too, now;
For tho' his wit the force of Age withstand,
His body, alas! and time, it must command;
And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,
Will, sure, have her revenge on him at last. 91

ODE.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS, OUT OF CATUL.

Acmen Septimius suos amores
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

"My dearest Acme! if I be
"Once alive, and love not thee
"With a passion far above
"All that e'er was called love,
"In a Lybian desert may
"I become some lion's prey;
"Let him, Acme! let him tear
"My breast when Acme is not there."

The god of Love who stood to hear him,
(The god of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,

And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſs'd his drunken rolling eyes.

" My little Life! my all!" ſaid ſhe, 25
" So may we ever ſervants be
" To this beſt god, and ne'er retain
" Our hated liberty again;
" So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
" As I a paſſion have for thee, 30
" Greater and fiercer much than can
" Be conceiv'd by thee, a man;
" Into my marrow is it gone,
" Fix'd and ſettled in the bone:
" It reigns not only in my heart, 35
" But runs, like life, thro' ev'ry part."

She ſpoke; the god of Love aloud
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bleſs'd the augury. 40

This good omen, thus from heav'n,
Like a happy ſignal giv'n,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.

To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing elſe but Acme grow)
Acme's boſom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all humankind.

If the gods would pleaſe to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd adviſe 'em, when they ſpy
Any illuſtrious piety,
To reward her, if it be ſhe,
To reward him, if it be he,
With ſuch a huſband, ſuch a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

ODE UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

RESTORATION AND RETURN.

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

I.

Now bleſſings on you all, ye peaceful Stars!
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpenſe
Your univerſal gentle influence
To calm the ſtormy world, and ſtill the rage of

or whilſt around the Continent 5
lenipotentiary beams ye ſent,
id your pacifick lights diſdain,
their large treaty, to contain
he world apart, o'er which do reign
our ſev'n fair brethren of great Charles his Wane;
o ſtar amongſt ye all did, I believe, 11
ich vigorous aſſiſtance give
s that which thirty years ago,
t Charles his birth *, did, in deſpite
f the proud Sun's meridian light, 15
lis future glories and this year foreſhow:
o leſs effects than theſe we may
' aſſur'd of from that pow'rful ray
'hich could outface the ſun, and overcome the day.

II.

uſpicious Star! again ariſe, 20
nd take thy noontide ſtation in the ſkies;
gain all heav'n prodigiouſly adorn,
or, lo! thy Charles again is born:
e then was born with and to pain,
'ith and to joy he 's born again: 25
nd wiſely for this ſecond birth,
y which thou certain wert to bleſs
he land with full and flouriſhing happineſs,

* The ſtar that appeared at noon the day of the King's
th, juſt as the King his father was riding to St. Paul's to
ve thanks to God for that bleſſing.

Thou mad'ſt of that fair month thy choice,
In which heav'n, air, and ſea, and earth,
And all that 's in them all does ſmile and does rej
'Twas a right ſeaſon, and the very ground
Ought with a face of Paradiſe to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and Innocence again.

III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that bleſſed pai
Which the abuſed people fondly ſold
For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,
By ſeeking all like gods to be?
Will Peace her halcyon neſt venture to build
Upon a ſhore with ſhipwrecks fill'd,
And truſt that ſea where ſhe can hardly ſay,
She has known, theſe twenty years, one calmy d
Air! mild and galleſs Dove!
Which doſt the pure and candid dwellings love,
Canſt thou in Albion ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it White?
Will ever fair Religion appear
In theſe deformed ruins? will ſhe clear
Th' Augæan ſtables of her churches here?
Will Juſtice hazard to be ſeen,
Where a high-court of juſtice e'er has been?
Will not the tragick ſcene,
And Bradſhaw's bloody ghoſt, affright her there
Her who ſhall never fear?

Then may Whitehall for Charles his feat be fit,
If Juſtice ſhall endure at Weſtminſter to ſit.

IV.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.
That name of Cromwell! which does freſhly ſtill 60
The curſes of ſo many ſuff'rers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for awhile remain,
Leſt, as a tempeſt carried him away,
Some hurricane ſhould bring him back again. 65
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great ſerpent, which was all a tail,
(And in his pois'nous folds whole nations pris'ners [made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To join again, and with worſe ſting ariſe, 70
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye Sacred Four!
And dread your periſh'd enemies no more;
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain,
Whilſt you return in Charles's train; 75
For God does him, that he might you, reſtore;
Nor ſhall the world him only call
Defender of the Faith, but of ye all.

V.

Along with you plenty and riches go,
With a full tide to ev'ry port they flow, 80
With a *warm fruitful* wind o'er all the country blow.

Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet ſound,
The Arts encompaſs you around,
And, againſt all alarms of Fear,
Safety itſelf brings up the rear:
And in the head of this angelick band,
Lo! how the goodly Prince at laſt does ſtand
(Oh! righteous God!) on his own happy land.
'Tis happy now, which could with ſo much eaſe,
Recover from ſo deſp'rate a diſeaſe;
A various complicated ill,
Whoſe ev'ry ſymptom was enough to kill,
In which one part of three frenzy poſſeſs'd,
And lethargy the reſt.
'Tis happy which no bleeding does endure,
A ſurfeit of ſuch blood to cure.
'Tis happy which beholds the flame,
In which by hoſtile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which, if from Heav'n it came,
It did but well deſerve, all into bonfire turn.

VI.

We fear'd (and almoſt touch'd the black degree
Of inſtant expectation)
That the three dreadful angels we,
Of famine, ſword, and plague, ſhould here eſtabliſh'd
(God's great triumvirate of deſolation)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful nation.
Juſtly might Heav'n Protectors ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch Committees, for their ſafety' impoſe,
Upon a land which ſcarcely better choſe.

We fear'd that the Fanatick war, 110
Which men against God's houses did declare,
Would from th' almighty enemy bring down
A sure destruction on our own.
We read th' instructive histories, which tell
Of all those endless mischiefs that befel 115
The sacred Town which God had lov'd so well,
After that fatal curse had once been said,
"His blood be upon ours, and on our children's head."
We knew, tho' there a greater blood was spilt,
'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt. 120
We know those mis'ries did befal,
Whilst they rebell'd against the Prince whom all
The rest of mankind did the Love and Joy of mankind [call.

VII.

Already was the shaken nation
Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought, 125
And it was hasting on (we thought)
Ev'n to the last of ills, annihilation;
When in the midst of this confused night,
Lo! the bless'd Spirit mov'd, and "there was light:"
For in the glorious General's previous ray 130
We saw a new-created day:
We by it saw, tho' yet in mists it shone,
The beauteous work of order moving on.
Where are the men who bragg'd that God did bless,
And with the marks of good success 135
Sign his allowance of their wickedness?

Vain Men! who thought the divine Power to find
In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt;
In the ſtill voice of Peace he came at laſt. 140
The cruel buſineſs of deſtruction
May by the claws of the great fiend be done.
Here, here we ſee th' Almighty's hand indeed,
Both by the beauty of the work we ſee 't, and by the [ſpeed.

VIII.

He who had ſeen the noble Britiſh heir, 145
Ev'n in that ill diſadvantageous light
With which Miſfortune ſtrives t' abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his cloud ſo bright;
He who had ſeen the double pair
Of brothers, heav'nly good, and ſiſters, heav'nly fair,
Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with eaſe, 151
(But wicked men ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The pious King's eclipſed right.
He who had ſeen how, by the Pow'r divine, 155
All the young branches of this royal line
Did in their fire, without conſuming, ſhine;
How thro' a rough Red-ſea they had been led,
By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed;
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs 160
They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderneſs,
And yet did never murmur or repine,
Might, methinks, plainly underſtand,

That, after all these conquer'd trials pass'd,
Th' Almighty mercy would, at last, 165
Conduct them, with a strong unerring hand,
To their own promis'd land:
For all the glories of the earth
Ought to b' entail'd by right of birth,
And all Heav'n's blessings to come down 170
Upon his race, to whom alone was giv'n
The double royalty of earth and heav'n,
Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

IX.

The martyrs' blood was said, of old, to be
The seed from whence the church did grow: 175
The royal blood which dying Charles did sow,
Becomes no less the seed of royalty:
'Twas in dishonour sown,
We find it now in glory grown:
The grave could but the dross of it devour: 180
'Twas sown in weakness, and 't is rais'd in pow'r.
We now the question well decided see,
Which Eastern wits did once contest
At the great monarch's feast,
"Of all on earth what things the strongest be?" 185
And some for women, some for wine, did plead;
That is, for folly and for rage,
Two things which we have known, indeed,
Strong in this latter age:

But as 't is prov'd by heav'n at length, 190
The Sacred Truth have greatest strength;
When they their sacred force unite,
And [illegible] into one right,
No [illegible] commonwealths or tyrannies,
No [illegible] and perjuries and lies, 195
No [illegible] human policies,
No [illegible] arms or gold, (tho' you could join
[illegible] to the great London mine)
No [illegible] fleets by sea, or troops by land,
No [illegible] entrench'd islands can withstand, 200
Or [illegible] small resistance bring,
Against the naked Truth, and the unarmed King.

X

The [illegible] lights which travellers beguile,
[illegible] when they begin;
No [illegible] Nature win, 205
As [illegible] put out these or long keep meteors in.
W[illegible] now that *ignis fatuus* which, erewhile,
[illegible] wand'ring isle?
W[illegible] the impostor Cromwell gone?
W[illegible] now that falling star, his son? 210
W[illegible] the large comet now, whose raging flame
So fatal to our monarchy became?
Which o'er our heads in such proud horrour stood,
Infatiate with our ruin and our blood?
The fiery tail did to vast length extend, 215
And twice, for want of fuel, did expire,
And twice renew'd the dismal fire;

Tho' long the tail, we saw at last its end:
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which, like an anti-comet here, 220
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away.
Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right
First strike our ravish'd sight,
Which malice or which art no more could stay, 225
Than witches' charms can a retardment bring
To the resuscitation of the day,
Or resurrection of the spring.
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bless the preceding winter and the night. 230

XI.

Man ought his future happiness to fear,
If he be always happy here;
He wants the bleeding mark of grace,
The circumcision of the chosen race.
If no one part of him supplies 235
The duty of a sacrifice,
He is (we doubt) reserv'd entire,
As a whole victim for the fire.
Besides, ev'n in this world below,
To those who never did ill fortune know, 240
The good does nauseous or insipid grow.
Consider man's whole life, and you 'll confess,
The sharp ingredient of some bad success
Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.

But the true method of felicity,
Is when the worſt
Of human life is plac'd the firſt,
And when the child's correction proves to be
The cauſe of perfecting the man.
Let our weak days lead up the van;
Let the brave ſecond and Triarian band
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand:
The firſt we may defeated ſee,
The virtue and the force of theſe are ſure of vić

XII.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now v
Begin their glorious march with thee:
Long may their march to heav'n, and ſtill triumj
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill fortune never ſhall o'ertake thee more.
To ſee it again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look behind.
Things which offend, when preſent, and affrig
In memory, well painted, move delight.
Enjoy, then, all thy' afflictions now;
Thy royal father 's came at laſt;
Thy martyrdom is already paſs'd,
And diff'rent crowns to both ye owe.
Nay, God did e'er the kingly temples bind
Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.
As a choice medal for heav'n's treaſury,
God did ſtamp firſt, upon one ſide of thee,
The image of his ſuff'ring humanity;

On th' other side, turn'd now to sight, does shine
The glorious image of his power divine.

XIII.

So when the wisest poets seek, 275
In all their liveliest colours, to set forth
A picture of heroick worth,
(The pious Trojan, or the prudent Greek)
They chuse some comely prince of heav'nly birth,
(No proud gigantick son of earth, 280
Who strives t' usurp the gods' forbidden seat)
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat
That cannot without joy be ate,
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees: 285
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,
And into solid crystal next advance.
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,
And from his flaming country flee.
Much is he toss'd at sea, and much at land, 290
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,
Ere he his fatal birthright gain.
With no less time or labour can
Destiny build up such a man, 295
Who is with sufficient virtue fill'd,
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor without cause are arms from heav'n
To such a hero by the poets giv'n.

Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! com
Come, you triumphant Exile! home.
He 's come, he 's safe at shore; I hear the nois
Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice;
I hear th' united people's sacred voice;
The sea, which circles us around,
Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,
And swells up ev'ry sail;
The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all,
The artificial joy 's drown'd by the natural.
All England but one bonfire seems to be,
One Ætna shooting flames into the sea.
The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,
Take our's at this time for a star.
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits fl
And we, the priests of a poetick rage,
Wonder that, in this Golden Age,
The rivers, too, should not do so.
There is no Stoick, sure, who would not now
Ev'n some excess allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of dismal melan

XVII.

Where is now the royal mother, where,
To take her mighty share
In this so ravishing sight,
And with the part she takes to add to the deli

art thou not here,
ays beſt, and now the happieſt queen,
r joy, and with new joy be ſeen?
bright example made of thee, 385
that womankind may be
at ſex which her ſuperiour ſeems,
managing the wide extremes
affliction, great felicity.
l thoſe diff'rent virtues thee become, 390
of Triumphs! wife of Martyrdom!
cely mind with ſo much courage bore
, that it dares return no more;
nuch goodneſs us'd Felicity,
nnot refrain from coming back to thee; 395
, and ſeen to-day in all its bravery.

XVIII.

at heroick perſon leads it on,
s it, like a glorious bride,
dorn'd with nuptial pride)
ands now of thy ſon? 400
ood General, the man of praiſe,
od at laſt, in gracious pity,
enthralled nation raiſe,
at Zerubbabel to be,
he bonds of long captivity, 405
build their temple and their city.
bleſs'd may he and his remain,
th a vaſt, tho' leſs-appearing gain,

Preferr'd the solid great above the vain,
And to the world this princely truth has sho
That more 't is to restore than to usurp a cro
Thou worthiest person of the British story,
(Tho' 't is not small the British glory)
Did I not know my humble verse must be
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,
Thou and the world should see
How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,
Does make true praise her labour and design
An Iliad or an Aeneid should be thine.

XIX.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,
If no acknowledgments we pay
To you, great Patriots! of the two
Most truly other Houses now,
Who have redeem'd from hatred, and from
A Parliament's once venerable name;
And now the title of a House restore,
To that which was but slaughterhouse before
If my advice, ye Worthies! might be ta'en,
Within those reverend places,
Which now your living presence graces,
Your marble statues always should remain,
To keep alive your useful memory,
And to your successours the example be
Of Truth, Religion, Reason, Loyalty.

For tho' a firmly-ſettled peace 435
May ſhortly make your publick labours ceaſe,
The grateful nation will with joy conſent
That in this ſenſe you ſhould be ſaid
(Tho' yet the name ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the Long, the endleſs, Parliament. 440

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

I.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her ſeat;
Her proper place, her only ſcene,
Is in the golden mean;
She lives not with the poor nor with the great;
The wings of thoſe Neceſſity has clipp'd, 5
And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd
To the laborious taſk of bread;
Theſe are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reigns, and ſpurs them, like th' unruly horſe;
And ſervile Av'rice yokes them now, 11
Like toilſome oxen, to the plough;
And ſometimes Luſt, like the miſguiding light,
Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be 15
From theſe inſulting paſſions free,
Yet we ev'n thoſe, too, fetter'd ſee,
By cuſtom, bus'neſs, crowds, and formal Decency;

And wherefoe'er they ſtay, and wherefoe'er th
Impertinencies round them flow
These are the ſmall uneaſy things
Which about Greatneſs ſtill are found,
And rather it moleſt than wound;
Like gnats, which too much heat of ſummer l
But cares do ſwarm there, too, and thoſe have
As when the honey does too open lie,
A thouſand waſps about it fly,
Nor will the maſter ev'n to ſhare admit;
The maſter ſtands aloof, and dares not taſte o

II.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet ſleep on
You cannot now; you muſt begone
To Court, or to the noiſy Hall:
Beſides the rooms without are crowded all;
The ſtream of buſineſs does begin,
And a ſpringtide of clients is come in.
Ah! cruel Guards! which this poor pris'ner k
Will they not ſuffer him to ſleep?
Make an eſcape, out at the poſtern fly,
And get ſome bleſſed hours of liberty.
With a few friends, and a few diſhes, dine,
And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.
To thy bent mind ſome relaxation give,
And ſteal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh! happy Man! he cries, to whom kind He:
Has ſuch a freedom always giv'n!

Why, mighty Madman! what ſhould hinder thee
From being ev'ry day as free?

III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a ſpirit ſo mean and ſordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty, 50
Of ſoaring boldly up into the ſky;
His liberty to ſing, to perch; or fly,
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleaſures of the wood;
For a more plentiful or conſtant food: 55
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the falſe foreſt of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment come.
Now, bleſſings on ye all, ye heroick Race! 60
Who keep their primitive powers and rights ſo well,
Tho' men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the higheſt place
To you is juſtly giv'n,
And ways and walks the neareſt heav'n; 65
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the univerſal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a-year;
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove, 70
As his perpetual yoke to bear:

None but a few unhappy houſehold fowl,
Whom human lordſhip does controul:
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

IV.

He's no ſmall prince who ev'ry day
Thus to himſelf can ſay,
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now wal
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintanc
This I will do, here I will ſtay,
Or if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will preſently go ride
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Corniſh Mount.
If I but a ſhort journey take,
As 'tis thy laſt thou wert to make,
But this muſt be diſpatch'd ere thou canſt pa
Nor canſt thou ſtir, unleſs there be
A hundred horſe and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Coloſſus ſo
A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour or where conſcience does not
No other law ſhall ſhackle me;
Slave to myſelf I will not be.

Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
By my own preſent mind.
Who by reſolves and vows engag'd does ſtand 100
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his eſtate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe; 105
And ſtill as time comes in it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy ſlave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind releaſing knell. 110

VI.

If life ſhould a well-order'd poem be,
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the beſt delight)
The more heroick ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick way I 'll make; 115
The matter ſhall be grave, the numbers looſe and free;
It ſhall not keep one ſettled pace of time;
In the ſame tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbour rhyme:
A thouſand liberties it ſhall diſpenſe, 120
And yet ſhall manage all without offence,
Or to the ſweetneſs of the ſound or greatneſs of the (ſenſe:
Nor ſhall it never from one ſubject ſtart,
Nor ſeek *tranſitions* to depart,

Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcass it devour
That is fall'n into its pow'r;
As if his gen'rous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood,
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites and meaner birds he leaves the ma
prey.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek Ode,

WRITTEN BY MR. MASTERS,

Of New-College in Oxford.

I.

Forsaken, my Muse! of earthly things,
Ar[illegible] ns but of wind
Take up thy lyre, and so it bind
[illegible] everlasting strings,
A[illegible] sing,
Th[illegible] stories,
Th[illegible] glories,
Of the great crucify'd King.

ntainous heap of wonders! which dost rise
:arth thou joinest with the skies! 10
large at bottom, and at top too high,
e half seen by mortal eye.
shall I grasp this boundless thing?
t shall I play? what shall I sing?
ing the mighty riddle of mysterious love, 15
:h neither wretched men below, nor blessed sp'rits
1 all their comments. can explain, [above,
all the whole world's Life to die did not disdain.

II.

ing the searchless depths of the compassion divine,
depths unfathom'd yet 20
Reason's plummet and the line of Wit;
light the plummet, and too short the line,
the eternal Father did bestow
own eternal Son as ransome for his foe:
sing aloud, that all the world may hear 25
triumph of the bury'd Conqueror;
v Hell was by its pris'ner captive led,
the great slayer Death, slain by the dead.

III.

hinks I hear of murder'd men the voice,
with the murderers' confused noise, 30
from the top of Calvary;
greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see
't is hangs there the midmost of the three.
how unlike the others he! [the tree!
how he bends his gentle head with blessings fro

His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;
And sinful man does fondly bind
The arms which he extends t'embrace all humankind.

IV.

Unhappy Man! canst thou stand by and see
All this as patient as he!
Since he thy sins does bear,
Make thou his sufferings thine own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy breast, and tear
Thy garments, and thy hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love,
Thro' all thy bleeding bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Dost thou not see the roses which adorn
The Thorny garland by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid traces
Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the smart
Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,
If that he yet not crucify'd,
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side.

V.

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let 'em call

ir ſtock of moiſture forth, where'er it lies,
this will aſk it all:
would all, alas! too little be,
o' thy ſalt tears came from a ſea; 65
ſt thou deny him this, when he
open'd all his vital ſprings for thee?
te heed, for by his ſide's myſterious flood
y well be underſtood,
at he will ſtill require ſome waters to his blood. 70

HORACE, LIB. III. ODE I.

Odi profanum vulgus, &c.

I.

ENCE, ye Profane! I hate ye all,
h the great vulgar, and the ſmall.
virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteneſs hold
t yet diſcolour'd with the love of gold,
hat jaundice of the ſoul 5
ich makes it look ſo gilded and ſo foul)
you, ye very few! theſe truths I tell;
e Muſe inſpires my ſong; hark, and obſerve it well.

II.

look on men, and wonder at ſuch odds
vixt things that were the ſame by birth; 10
look on kings as giants of the earth;
eſe giants are but pigmies to the gods.
e humbleſt buſh and proudeſt oak
but of equal proof againſt the thunder-ſtroke.

Poor world, [illegible]
Alas! Death [illegible]

III.

And [illegible] men, whose greatness [illegible]
[illegible] like Damocles:
[illegible]
[illegible] nothing is al
[illegible] by whom a little
[illegible] over your hea
[illegible] your
[illegible] over-[illegible] your
[illegible] you [illegible]
[illegible] the image of it. Slee

IV.

Sleep [illegible] proud to wait in p
[illegible] too, as not to [illegible]
The [illegible] cottages;

V.

nan who in all wiſhes he does make
only Nature's counſel take,
wiſe and happy man will never fear
vil aſpects of the year, 45
:emble tho' two comets ſhould appear:
ɔes not look in almanacks, to ſee
:her he fortunate ſhall be:
Mars and Saturn in the heav'ns conjoin,
what they pleaſe againſt the world deſign, 50
piter within him ſhine.

VI.

rour pleaſures and deſires no end be found,
:o your cares and fears will ſet no bound.
: would content you who can tell?
ar ſo much to loſe what you have got, 55
you lik'd it well;
:ive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.
evel hills and fill up ſeas,
nought that may your wanton fancy pleaſe;
truſt me, when you 'ave done all this,
i will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs. 61

A paraphrase on an

ODE IN HORACE'S THIRD BOOK

Beginning thus

Inclusam Danaen turris aenea.

I.

A TOW'R of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenh
The jealous father thought he well might sp
All further jealous care;
And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd
To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;
And when he slept his rest was deep,
But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep:
She taught the am'rous Jove
A magical receipt in love,
Which arm'd him stronger, and which help
Than all his thunder did, and his almightyship

II.

She taught him Love's elixir, by which art
His godhead into gold he did convert;
No guards did then his passage stay;
He pass'd with ease; Gold was the word;
Subtile as lightning, bright, and quick, and fi
Gold thro' doors and walls did pierce;
And as that works sometimes upon the sword,

d the maidenhead away,
n the ſecret ſcabbard where it lay.
rudent Macedonian king,
ow up towns a golden mine did ſpring: 25
oke thro' gates with this petar;
ne great art of peace, the engine 't is of war,
leets and armies follow it afar;
nſign 't is at land, and 't is the ſeaman's ſtar.

III.

l the world ſlave to this tyrant be, 30
are to this diſguiſed deity,
ſhall never conquer me;
rd of virtues will not let it paſs,
viſdom is a tow'r of ſtronger braſs.
Iuſes' laurel, round my temples ſpread, 35
rom this lightning's force ſecure my head:
till I lift it up ſo high,
the violent meteor's way to lie.
h for its pow'r do we' honour and adore? 39
nings we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

IV.

towns and courts, camps of the rich and great,
aſt Xerxean army, I retreat,
o the ſmall Laconick forces fly,
hold the Streights of Poverty.
s and granaries in vain we fill 46
all the bounteous ſummer's ſtore;
mind thirſt and hunger ſtill;
or rich man 's emphatically poor.

PINDARICK ODES.

Written in imitation of the

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus. HOR. Ep. l. 1. 3.

PREFACE.

man should undertake to translate Pindar word for
l, it would be thought that one madman had translated
er; as may appear, when he that understands not the
ial, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin
, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure
e, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry,
d nequeo monstrare et sentio tantùm) *would but*
it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must
'er, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt him
nd our's, which changes, as in pictures, at least the
rs of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the reli-
and customs of our countries, and a thousand parti-
ities of places, persons, and manners, which do but
sedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance: and,
, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we
consider that our ears are strangers to the musick of his
ers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes)
t without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For

Slaves to the things we too much prize,
We masters grow of all that we despise.

V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by Nature understood.
The monarch on whom fertile Nile bestows
All which that grateful earth can bear,
Deceives himself if he suppose
That more than this falls to his share.
Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,
Is not a rent paid to the lord,
But is a tax illegal and unjust,
Exacted from it by the tyrant Lust.
Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heav'n
With sparing hand, but just enough, has giv'n.

[redacted]

PINDARICK ODES.

Written in imitation of the

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui Ibis Dispulsor meatus. HOR. Ep. 1. 1. 3.

PREFACE.

IF a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that our madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal translation of him into Latin prose, then which, nothing seems more raving. And sure rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod neque concinnum et lepidum tantum) *would but make it ten times more distracted (than it is in prose. We must consider, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance: and, lastly, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the musick of his numbers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For*

though the grammarians and criticks have
his verses into regular feet and measures,
also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies,
they are little better than prose to our ears:
gladly know what applause our best pieces of
could expect from a Frenchman or Italian,
faithfully, and word for word, into French or
And when we have considered all this, we m
fess, that after all these losses sustained by Pi
can add to him by our wit or invention (not d
his subject) is not like to make him a richer m
was in his own country. This is, in some measur
plied to all translations, and the not observing o
cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much
to their originals. The like happens, too, in pict
the same root of exact imitation, which being a
unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of produ
thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in
and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural
but I never saw a copy better than the original, w
deed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no
shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if the
not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the
marians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine w
rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for
not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to
rather to be something better, though it want yet a na
I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner

; or imitating (or what other title they
ıfing Odes of Pindar; for that would
these words, as by this occasion to rectify t.
ers men upon this matter. The Psalms o,
ich I believe to have been in their original,
of his time, though not to our Hebrews of
making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) a
mple of what I have said; all the translato
ven Mr. Sands himself, for in despite of pop
will be bold not to except him) for this very r
they have not sought to supply the lost excellenc
r language with new ones in their own, are
oing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poe
nks, they revile him worse than Shimei. And Bu
self (though much the best of them all, and in
t person) comes in my opinion, no less short o
his country does of Judea. Upon this ground
ese two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and
I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the
precisely what he spoke, as what was his way
f speaking; which has not been yet (that I
nduced into English, though it be the noblest
d of writing in verse; and which might,
into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost
tiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will
lish habit; for which experiment I have
lympick, and another of his Nemean Odes
nweth.

though the grammarians and criticks have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures, (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet, in effect, they are little better than prose to our ears: and I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all those losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is, in some measure, to be applied to all translations, and the not observing of it is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferiour to their originals. The like happens, too, in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original, which indeed cannot be otherwise: for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner of

translating or imitating (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sands himself, for in despite of popular errour I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that, methinks, they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion, no less short of David than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolus, among the lost inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit; for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympick, and another of his Nemean, Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND

OLYMPICK ODE

OF PINDAR.

WRITTEN in praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympick, won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, whose story is often touched on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common place in Pindar) from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions than in the main subject; and the reader must not be shocked to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

I.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,
Dancing words and speaking strings,
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice, 5
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice.
Pisa does to Jove belong,
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first fruits of war, th' Olympick Games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove; 10
Alcides, too, thy strings may move,
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy [prove
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims;

ron to no man gives place, 15
ſt in Piſa's and in Virtue's race;
ron there, and he alone,
. his own ſwift forefathers has outgone.

II.

y thro' rough ways, o'er many ſtops, they paſs'd,
on the fatal bank at laſt 20
y Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
iir-fac'd Sicily,
ch does itſelf i' th' river by
h pride and joy eſpy:
n cheerful notes their painted years did ſing, 25
l Wealth was one, and Honour the other wing:
ir genuine virtues did more ſweet and clear
ortune's graceful dreſs appear:
which, great ſon of Rhea! ſay
firm word which forbids things to decay. 30
Olympus' top, where thou
ſt to behold thy ſacred ſhow,
Alpheus' ſilver flight,
my verſe thou doſt delight,
verſe, O Rhea's ſon! which is 35
y as that, and ſmooth as this.

III.

the paſt ſufferings of this noble race
ce things once paſt, and fled out of thine hand
rken no more to thy command)
preſent joys fill up their place, 40

And with Oblivion's ſilent ſtroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illuſtrious line
Do theſe happy changes ſhine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine. 45
So in the cryſtal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endleſs youth does pleaſe,
And thanks her fall into the ſeas.
Beauteous Semele does no leſs 50
Her cruel midwife Thunder bleſs,
Whilſt ſporting with the gods on high,
She' enjoys ſecure their company,
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity. 55

IV.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What god, alas! will caution be
For living man's ſecurity,
Or will enſure our veſſel in this faithleſs ſea?
Never did the ſun as yet 60
So healthful a fair day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her ſpite
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue, 65
E'er ſince the fatal ſon his father ſlew,

And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their own [will.

V.

Erinnys saw it, and made in her own seed
The innocent parricide to bleed; 70
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then succeed,
And brave Thersander in amends for what was past [arose:
Brave Thersander was by none
In war or warlike sports outdone. 75
Thou, Theron! his great virtues dost revive,
He in my verse and thee again does live;
Loud Olympus happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemea, does twice happy see:
For the well-natur'd honour there 80
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
Was to thee double grown
By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race. 85

VI.

Greatness of mind, and fortune too,
Th' Olympick trophies show.
Both their several parts must do
In the noble chase of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair Virtue's picture seen aright 91
But in Fortune's golden light.

Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And on ſhort man long cannot wait;
The virtuous make of them the beſt, 95
And put them out to fame for intereſt;
With a frail good they wiſely buy
The ſolid purchaſe of eternity.
They, whilſt life's air they breathe, conſider well and [know
Th' account they muſt hereafter give below: 100
Whereas the unjuſt and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults,
By the juſt decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy neceſſary effects of voluntary faults. 105

VII.

Whilſt in the lands of unexhauſted light
O'er which the godlike Sun's unwearied ſight
Ne'er winks in clouds or ſleeps in night,
And endleſs ſpring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither want does pinch, nor plenty cloy; 110
There neither earth nor ſea they plough,
Nor ought to labour owe
For food, that whilſt it nouriſhes does decay,
And in the lamp of life conſumes away.
Thrice had theſe men thro' mortal bodies paſs'd, 115
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little droſs was purg'd at laſt,
The furnace had no more to do.

ı rich Saturn's peaceful ſtate
hey for ſacred treaſures plac'd, 120
uſe-diſcovered world of Iſlands Fortunate.

VIII.

ıted winds, with tuneful voices, there
:hro' the perfum'd air:
ilver rivers thro' enamelled meadows glide,
lden trees enrich their ſide: 125
ſtrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
vels for their fruit they bear,
by the bleſs'd are gathered
celets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
l the heroes and their poets live, 130
adamanthus did the ſentence give,
ɔr his juſtice, was thought fit
vereign Saturn on the bench to ſit.
ıere, and Cadmus reign;
'eat Achilles, wrathful now no more, 135
s bleſs'd mother (who before
''d it on his body' in vain)
now his ſoul in Stygian lake,
did from thence a divine hardneſs take, 139
ɔes from paſſion and from vice invulnerable

IX. [make.

ron, Muſe! bring back thy wand'ring ſong,
thoſe bright troops expect impatiently;
.y they do ſo long.
oble Archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
ıe game that does but croſs thine eye? 145

Shoot, and ſpare not, for I ſee
Thy ſounding quiver can ne'er emptied be;
Let Art uſe method and good huſbandry;
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herſelf has unexhauſted ſtore, 150
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, inſtead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hov'ring fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noiſe does love,
Whilſt Nature, like the ſacred bird of Jove, 155
Now bears loud thunder; and anon, with ſilent joy,
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the ſtrong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And ſometimes baſks in th' open flames of day, 160
And ſometimes, too, he ſhrowds
His ſoaring wings among the clouds.

X.

Leave, wanton Muſe! thy roving flight,
To thy loud ſtring the well-fletch'd arrow put,
Let Agrigentum be the butt, 165
And Theron be the white:
And leſt the name of verſe ſhould give
Malicious men pretext to miſbelieve,
By the Caſtalian waters ſwear,
(A ſacred oath no poets dare 170
To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx profane)

no city e'er before
man or greater-ſoul'd was born,
at Theron, ſure, has ſworn 175
ear him ſhould be poor;
at none e'er had ſuch a graceful art,
free gifts as freely to impart
unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

XI.

is thankleſs world the givers 180
'd ev'n by the receivers:
the cheap and frugal faſhion
hide than pay the obligation.
much worſe than ſo;
artifice does grow 185
and outrages to do,
ſhould think we owe.
iſters, Theron! has thy virtue ſound,
e malice they profeſs
re honour cannot wound; 190
aſt bounties are ſo numberleſs,
n or to conceal or elſe to tell,
impoſſible. 193

NEMEÆAN ODE

OF PINDAR.

CHROMIUS, the son of Agesidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-race in the Nemean games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Ophelter, as is at large described by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governour of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius his person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules, and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, falling into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

I.

Beauteous Ortygia, the first breathing-place
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race,
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed
Of bright Latona, where she bred
The original new-moon, 5
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were grown;
Who, like a gentle scion, newly started out,
From Syracusa's side dost sprout:
Thee first my song does greet
With numbers smooth and fleet 10
As thine own horses' airy feet,

ey young Chromius' chariot drew,
the Nemeæan race triumphant flew.
approve my ſong and me;
ncern'd in Nemea and in thee. 15

II.

e my ſong, this happy man,
hromius, too, with Jove began;
ice came his ſucceſs;
it he, therefore, like it leſs,
beſt fame is that of happineſs; 20
n ſhould we eſteem above
whom gods do love?
alone the Muſe, too, does approve.
it makes this vict'ry ſhine
he fruitful iſle of Proſerpine! 25
hes which the mother brought,
e raviſh'd maid ſhe ſought,
l not half ſo bright,
weaker light
rth, and air, and ſeas, and up to th' hea-
[venly vault.

III.

O Proſerpine! this iſle I give, 31
, and as he ſaid
nd bent his gracious head.
, O Iſle! ſaid he, for ever thrive,
the value of our gift alive: 35
n with ſtars, ſo let
try thick with towns be ſet,

And, numberless as stars,
Let all the towns be then
Replenish'd thick with men
Wise in peace and bold in wars:
Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
Of thousand glorious men each town a confel
Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
With the Olympick olive to be worn,
Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of [a

IV.

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse! and wait
At Chromius' hospitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin:
Joy Plenty, and free Welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready dress'd,
The ivory table crowded with a feast.
The table which is free for ev'ry guest
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it: 55
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For as by Nature thou dost write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

V.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was, 60
Saw'd strength and beauty thro' the forming mass;
They mov'd the vital lump in ev'ry part,
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art:

ith courage and with wit, 65
pt and fit
which Fortune made to it.
treasures to hoard,
eless, as in mines, remain,
n Fortune does afford 70
love to gain.
erning ends
o hoard up friends.
the present goods possess,
ve their share in future hopes no less,

VI. 75

young Chromius begun
ue, and how swiftly run,
noble prize away,
ouths yet at the barrier stay?
ides e'er set earlier forth than he;
father's blood nought could restrain, 80
first, and did disdain
vance of dull humanity.
b'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
y to be rock'd by nurses' hands, 85
purple swaddlingbands;
by jealous Juno's fierce commands
lful serpents come
d hissing loud into the room;
ld babe they trace their bidden way,

Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thunderbolts present. 95

VII.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead
With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
Where silently they shook and wept. 95
All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd,
To save or perish with her child;
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant smil'd:
The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes; 100
And as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
In vain their armed tails they twist,
And angry circles cast about; 105
Black blood, and fiery breath, and pois'nous soul, he squeezes out.

VIII.

With their drawn swords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords:
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
They saw the conqu'ring boy 110
Laugh, and point downward to his prey,
Where in death's pangs and their own gore they folding lay.
When wise Tiresias this beginning knew,
He told with ease the things t' ensue,

om what monſters he ſhould free 115
e earth, the air, and ſea;
hat mighty tyrants he ſhould ſlay,
eater monſters far than they;
w much at Phlegra's field the diſtreſs'd gods ſhould
their great offspring here below, [owe
d how his club ſhould there outdo 121
ollo's ſilver bow, and his own father's thunder too.

IX.

d that the grateful gods at laſt,
e race of his laborious virtue paſs'd, 124
av'n, which he ſav'd, ſhould to him give, [live,
here, marry'd to eternal Youth, he ſhould for ever
nk nectar with the gods, and all his ſenſes pleaſe
heir harmonious golden palaces;
lk with ineffable delight
ro' the thick groves of never-withering light, 130
d as he walks affright
e Lyon and the Bear, 132
l, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monſters there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE HIS SECOND ODE, B. iv.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

I.

NDAR is imitable by none:
e phœnix Pindar is a vaſt ſpecies alone.
hoe'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
d neither ſink too low nor ſoar too high?

What he who follow'd claim, 5
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a ſea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable ſong
Like a ſwoln flood from ſome ſteep mountain pours
The ocean meets with ſuch a voice [along.
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's
[noiſe.

II.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambick tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes control. 15
Whether th' immortal gods he ſings,
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain,
Or the great acts of god-deſcended kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign;
Each rich embroidered line 20
Which their triumphant brows around
By his ſacred hand is bound,
Does all their ſtarry diadems outſhine.

III.

Whether at Piſa's race he pleaſe
To carve in poliſh'd verſe the conqu'rors' images; 25
Whether the ſwift, the ſkilful, or the ſtrong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous, ſong;
Whether ſome brave young man's untimely fate
In words worth dying for he celebrate,
Such mournful and ſuch pleaſing words 30
As joy t' his mother's, and his miſtreſs' grief affords.

bids him live [illegible] in form,
ong the [illegible] bin[illegible]
: grave cap[illegible] [illegible]
mall is Death's, [illegible] Poet's power. 35

II.

: how th' [illegible] wind and [illegible] air
: Thebes [illegible]
the walks of clouds, where he does play,
l with extended wings opens his liquid way;
ift, alas! say the [illegible] Muse 40
ambitious [illegible] pinions;
s with weak [illegible] wings,
ost the [illegible] [illegible] and springs,
ft the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
nt the [illegible] painted [illegible], 45
ost the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
d all inferiour [illegible] things,
e the laborious bee,
little drops of honey fly, 49
l there with humble [illegible] contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.

r winds to [illegible] at sea,
: show'rs to earth more necessary be,
av'n's vital seed cast on the womb of earth,
gives the fruitful year a birth)

Than verſe to virtue, which can do
The midwife's office and the nurſe's too;
It feeds it ſtrongly and it clothes it gay,
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

II.

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre!
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well
fitted quire!
All hand and hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſure
Whilſt the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be, [dance
My Muſick's voice ſhall bear it company,
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound.
That to the ſpheres themſelves ſhall ſilence bring,
Untune the univerſal ſtring:
Then all the wide-extended ſky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's ſacred work, ſhall die;
And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one fire ſhine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, tho' built by hands di
[vine

III.

Whom thunder's diſmal noiſe,
And all that prophets and apoſtles louder ſpake,

d all the creatures [illegible]
uld not, whilst they [illegible]
is mightier [illegible]
ien dead to arise.
d open tombs, and [illegible]
the long [illegible]
is mightier [illegible]
ien shall the [illegible]
ck to their [illegible]
me from birds [illegible]
me from earth [illegible]
me from beasts [illegible]
me defer: [illegible]
me from [illegible]
id where [illegible]
fiends.
eet, faints [illegible]
s dispersed [illegible]
afte to their [illegible]
nhappy [illegible]
heir joints [illegible]
s mourn [illegible]
he mountains [illegible]

op, stop [illegible]
inble [illegible]
old [illegible]
Which [illegible]

And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place, 60
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force,
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader, too, that sits not sure. 64

THE MUSE.

I.

Go, the richest chariot instantly prepare;
The queen, my Muse, will take the air;
Unruly Fancy with strong judgment trace,
Put in nimble-footed Wit,
Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it, 5
Sound Memory with young Invention place,
Harness all the winged race:
Let the postilion, Nature, mount, and let
The coachman, Art, be set;
And let the airy footmen running all beside, 10
Make a long row of goodly pride;
Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,
In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lies,
In all their gaudy liveries:

Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne, 16
And bid it to put on,
For long, tho' cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

II.

Where never foot of man or hoof of beast 20
The passage press'd,
Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
Where bird with painted oars did ne'er
Row thro' the tracklefs ocean of the air; 25
Where never yet did pry
The busy Morning's curious eye,
The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
And all is an open road to thee;
Whatever God did say 30
all thy plain, and smooth, uninterrupted way:
ay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known;
ou hast thousand worlds, too, of thine own:
ou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style as he,
d a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, Let it be.

III.

u fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past, 36
canst pluck up with ease
years which thou dost please;
shipwreck'd treasures by rude tempests cast
since into the sea, 40
ht up again to light and publick use by thee:

Nor doſt thou only dive ſo low,
But fly,
With an unweary'd wing the other way on high,
Where fates among the ſtars do grow;
There into the cloſe neſts of Time doſt peep,
And there, with piercing eye,
Thro' the firm ſhell and the thick white doſt ſpy
Years to come, a-forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred lecondine aſleep,
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
Which o'er them yet does brooding ſet,
They life and motion get,
And ripe at laſt, with vigorous might
Break thro' the ſhell, and take their everlaſting flig

IV.

And ſure we may
The ſame, too, of the preſent ſay,
If paſt and future times do thee obey.
Thou ſtopp'ſt this current, and doſt make
This running river ſettle like a lake:
Thy certain hand holds faſt this ſlipp'ry ſnake:
The fruit which does ſo quickly waſte,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs taſte,
Thou comſiteſt in ſweets to make it laſt.
This ſhining piece of ice
Which melts ſo ſoon away
With the Sun's ray,

Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting mirror be:
Nay, thy immortal rhyme 70
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity. 72

TO MR. HOBBES.

I.

VAST bodies of philosophy
oft' have seen and read,
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
never yet the living soul could see, 5
But in thy books and thee:
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell, 10
'Tis so like truth, 't will serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they at least, 15
As much as Nature emptiness detest.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's shortliv'd Leopard slain;

The ſtronger Roman Eagle did outfly,
Oft'ner renew'd his age, and ſaw that die.
Mecca itſelf, in ſpite of Mahomet, paſſes'd,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the Eaſt,
His monarchy new-planted in the Weſt:
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place,
So did this noble empire waſte,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſs'd,
And in the ſchoolmen's hands it periſh'd quite a
Then nought but words it grew,
And thoſe all barb'rous too:
It periſh'd and it vaniſh'd there;
The life and ſoul, breath'd out, became but empt

III.

The fields which anſwer'd well the Ancients' pl
Spent and outworn return no harveſt now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of paſt fertility,
The poor relief of preſent poverty:
Food and fruit we muſt now want,
Unleſs new lands we plant:
We break up tombs with ſacrilegious hands,
Old rubbiſh we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghoſts, we love,
And with fond divining wands,
We ſearch among the dead
For treaſures buried,

Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltick, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean 50
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For thee poor wretched fisherboats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries. 55
Thou great Collumbus of the golden lands of new philosophies,
Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry, 60
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized, it.

V.

I little thought before,
Nor, being my ownself so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store) 65
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting, stuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantick sense:
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heav'n 70
To the Trojan hero given,

Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art,
A shield that gives delight 75
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,
Then when they're sure to lose the combat by it.

VI.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy rev'rend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within, 80
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be, thou art yet,
So fully still do'st thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too. 85
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire,
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep:
And if we weigh, like thee, 90
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be.
To things immortal Time can do no wrong, 93
And that which never is to die for ever must be young.

DESTINY.

quoq; fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. MANIL.

I.

ANGE and unnatural! let us stay and see
pageant of a prodigy.
f themselves th' enlivened chessmen move,
he unbred ill-organ'd pieces prove,
ll of art and industry, 5
arage and of policy,
: ourselves, who think there 's nothing wise but
a proud pawn I admire, [we.
still advancing high'r,
p of all became 10
her thing and name.
I 'm amaz'd at th' actions of a knight,
does bold wonders in the fight:
l the losing party blame 14
ose false moves that break the game, [bring,
to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces
above all, th' ill conduct of the mated king.

II.

e'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
ense or reason tell, said I,
things have life, election, liberty; 20
heir own wisdom moulds their state,
faults and virtues make their fate:

They [illegible] do, said I, but straight,
Lo! from my enlight'ned eyes the mists and shadows
That hinder spirits from being visible; [fell
And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the mate. 20
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves,
An unseen hand makes all their moves;
And some are great, and some are small;
Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall;
Some wise men, and some fools we call; 25
Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

III.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take;
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
With her own hands she fashioned; 35
She did a cov'nant with me make,
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake;
"Thou of my church shalt be:
"Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world for me: 40
"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
"Nor at th' Exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling [bar:
"Content thyself with the small barren praise
"That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come 45
Took their unlucky doom.
Their sev'ral ways of life let others chuse,
Their sev'ral pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

IV.

: Fate what boots it to contend? 50
I began, such am, and so must end.
Star that did my being frame
but a lambent flame,
some small light it did dispense,
neither heat nor influence. 55
matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see
thou canst her despise no less than she does thee;
ll her gifts the portion be
olly, Lust, and Flattery,
d, Extortion, Calumny, 60
der, Infidelity,
llion, and Hypocrisy;
ou not grieve nor blush to be
l th' inspir'd tuneful men,
ll thy great forefathers were, from Homer down
to Ben. 65

BRUTUS.

I.

ELLENT Brutus! of all human race
best, till Nature was improv'd by grace,
nen above themselves faith raised more
reason above beasts before.
e was thy life's centre, and from thence 5
ilently and constantly dispense
gentle vigorous influence
the wide and fair circumference;

And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free, [could]
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole wo

II.

From thy fleshly rule some think that thou dist fwer
(Mistaken humble men) in Custo's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?
Th' heroick exaltations of good
Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight 's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand stil
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
In the original light;
But as her beams reflected pass
Thro' our own nature or ill Custom's glass:
And 't is no wonder so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars so high above should seem to us below.

III.

Can we stand by and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravish

Or shall we fear to kill him, if he's here
The cancell'd name of friend he bears?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar who could ſhake his inthrall!
An act more horrid, ſoul and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his faithfull Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould wiſh to ſerve,
And Cæſar's uſurp'd place to him ſhould proffer;
None ſhould deſerve it but he who would refuſe the offer.

IV.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapp'd itſelf i' th' terrours of the night:
"Yet I'll meet thee at Philippi," ſaid the ſp'rit;
"I 'll meet thee there," ſaidſt thou,
With ſuch a voice and ſuch a brow
As put the trembling ghoſt to ſudden flight;
It vaniſh'd as a taper's light.
Then out when ſpirits appear in ſight.
One would have thought it had heard the morni
Or ſeen her well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the Eaſtern hill afar.
Nor durſt it in Philippi's field appear,
But, unſeen, attack'd thee there:
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wouldſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes

Or ſlain it like Cæſar, tho' it be
A conqu'ror and a monarch mightier far than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus by odd events, 65
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The beſt cauſe and beſt man that ever drew a ſword!
When we ſee
The falſe Octavius, and wild Antony,
Godlike Brutus, conquer thee? 70
What can we ſay but thine own tragick word,
That virtue, which had worſhipp'd been by thee
As the moſt ſolid good, and greateſt deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name. 75
Hold, noble Brutus! and reſtrain
The bold voice of thy generous diſdain:
Theſe mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time 's ſet forth already which ſhall quell 80
Stiff Reaſon, when it offers to rebel;
Which theſe great ſecrets ſhall unſeal,
And new philoſophies reveal.
A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And ſhow'd thee a God crucify'd. 86

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

I.

w long, alas! has our mad nation been
pidemick war the tragick ſcene,
n Slaughter all the while
n'd, like its ſea, embracing round the iſle,
n tempeſts and red waves, noiſe and affright? 5
on no more, nor to be nam'd from White!
t province or what city did it ſpare?
ke a plague, infected all the air.
the unpeopled land
ld now untill'd, deſert, and naked ſtand, 10
God's almighty hand
he ſame time let looſe Diſeaſe's rage,
ir Civil wars in man to wage:
thou by Heav'n wert ſent
deſolation to prevent, 15
ed'cine and a counter-poiſon to the age;
e could the ſword diſpatch more to the grave
n thou didſt ſave;
ondrous art, and by ſucceſsful care,
ruins of a Civil war thou doſt alone repair. 20

II.

inundations of all liquid Pain,
deluge Dropſy thou doſt drain:
rs ſo hot, that one would ſay
n might'ſt as ſoon hell-fires allay,

(The damn'd ſcarce more incurable than they) 25
Thou dôſt ſo temper, that we find,
Like gold, the body but refin'd,
No unhealthful droſs behind:
The ſubtle Ague, that, for ſureneſs' ſake,
Takes its own times th' aſſault to make, 30
And at each battery the whole fort does ſhake,
When thy ſtrong guards and works it ſpies,
Trembles for itſelf, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that reſtleſs pain,
That 's ſometimes roll'd away in vain, 35
But ſtill, like Siſyphus his ſtone, returns again,
Thou break'ſt and melteſt by learned juices' force,
(A greater work, tho' ſhort the way appear,
Than Hannibal 's by vinegar)
Oppreſſed Nature's neceſſary courſe 40
It ſtops in vain, like Moſes, thou
Strik'ſt but the rock, and ſtraight the waters flow.

III.

The Indian ſon of Luſt, (that foul diſeaſe 44
Which did on this his new-found world but lately [ſeize,
Yet ſince a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by thee,
That thy patients ſeem to be
Reſtor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itſelf, that proud imperial ill, 50
Which deſtroys towns, and does whole armies kill,

If thou but ſuccour the beſieged heart,
Calls all its poiſons forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no leſs thy art
Than Aaron's incenſe, or than Phineas' dart. 55
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy ſtrong charms it muſt be gone,
Tho' a diſeaſe, as well as devil, were called Legion.

IV.

From creeping moſs to ſoaring cedar thou 61
Doſt all the pow'rs and ſeveral portions know,
Which father-Sun and mother-Earth below
On their green infants here beſtow,
Can'ſt all thoſe magick virtues from them draw, 65
That keep Diſeaſe and Death in awe;
Who, whilſt thy wondrous ſkill in plants they ſee,
Fear leſt the tree of Life ſhould be found out by thee:
And, thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No leſs account of th' empire ſenſitive, 70
Chiefly of man, whoſe body is
That active ſoul's metropolis.
As the great artiſt, in his ſphere of glaſs,
Saw the whole ſcene of heav'nly motions paſs,
Thou know'ſt all ſo well that 's done within, 75
As if ſome living cryſtal man thou 'dſt ſeen.

V.

And does this ſcience make thy crown alone,
Whole Apollo is thine own:

His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physicians' frequent malady,
Fantastick incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than th
And this great race of learning thou hast run, [gav
Ere that of life be half yet done:
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy the conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of man report;
For thou dost make life long, and art but short.

VI.

Ah! learned Friend! it grieves me when I think
That thou, with all thy art, must die
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the fire-wrought mine of treach'rous mortalit
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou holdst out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'Tis all the ready money Fate can give;
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:

:s at least to thine own pleasures spare;
whole stock may soon exhausted be,
not all in charity.
e and let Art do what they please,
is done, life 's an incurable disease. 111

LIFE AND FAME.

I.

! thou Nothing's younger brother!
at one might take one for the other!
omebody, or Nobody?
:obwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
h nice distinction woven see 5
› be, or Not to be.
a shadow! a reflection made
false glories of the gay-reflected bow
:olid thing than thou.
k-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise 10
:t two eternities,
not wave nor wind sustain, [again.
:n and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet

II.

what rare inventions do we strive
then to survive? 15
e arts, and such as well befit
ing, man 's no wit;
ı vast costly tombs would purchase it,
e proofs of death pretend to live.

Here lies the great—Falſe Marble! where?
Nothing but ſmall and ſordid duſt lies there.
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to pleaſe;
As laſting life in well-hewn ſtone they rear:
So he who on the Egyptian ſhore
Was ſlain ſo many hundred years before,
Lives ſtill, (oh! life moſt happy and moſt dear!
Oh! life that Epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the ſeraphick entity of Fame:
He, ſince that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breat
'Tis true the two immortal ſyllables remain,
But, oh! ye learned Men! explain,
What eſſence, what exiſtence this,
What ſubſtance, what ſubſiſtence, what hypoſtaſi
In ſix poor letters is?
In thoſe alone does the great Cæſar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantaſtick vanity,
Think we not only have, but give eternity.
Fain would I ſee that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would beſtow,
For all old Homer's life e'er ſince he dy'd till now.

THE ECSTASY.

I.

I LEAVE mortality and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to ye' all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet, 5
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet,
And, lo! I mount, and, lo! [show!
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud tittle

II.

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy, 10
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain of th' sand!
For this will any sin or bleed?
Of Civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we, 15
Oh irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

III.

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold. 20
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples

IV.

Now into' a gentle ſea of rolling flame
I 'm plung'd, and ſtill mount higher there,
As flames mount up thro' air.
So perfect, yet ſo tame,
So great, ſo pure, ſo bright, a fire
Was that unfortunate deſire
My faithful breaſt did cover
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal l

V.

Thro' ſeveral orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold diſtinctly, as I paſs,
The hints of Galilæo's glaſs,
I touch'd at laſt the ſpangled ſphere:
Here all th' extended ſky
Is but one Galaxy.
'Tis all ſo bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect c

VI.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;
An unexhauſted ocean of delight
Swallows my ſenſes quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where.
Not Paul, who firſt did thither paſs,
And this great world's Columbus was,
The tyrannous pleaſure could expreſs.
Oh! 't is too much for man! but let it ne'er be

VII.

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all 50
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky;
With much of pomp and show
(As conqu'ring kings in triumph go)
Did he to heav'n approach, 55
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his [coach.

VIII.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part;
Of essences, of gems, and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould;
Drawn forth by chymick angels' art. 60
Here with moon-beams 't was silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the sun's light,
And mystick shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

IX.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made, 65
Of all that in heav'n's beauteous pastures feed,
The noblest, sprightfull'st breed,
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found, 70
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' heav'nly crystalline.

X.

Thus mounted the great Prophet [illegible]
Astonish'd men, who oft' had seen [illegible]
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise [illegible]
The soft clouds melted him away,
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore,
The wheels and horses' hoofs his d[illegible]

XI.

He pass'd by th' moon and planets, an[illegible]
All the worlds there, which at this m[illegible]
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight;
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be kn[illegible]
Till phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To a better being do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eter[illegible]

TO THE NEW YE[illegible]

I.

Great Janus! who dost, sure, my [illegible]
With all thine eyes, yet think'st then[illegible]
If thy foreface do see
No better things prepar'd for me
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against m[illegible]

t is not peace that temple's gate does bind)
:t my life, if thou ſo many deaths a-coming find,
thine old year its voyage take, 9
: down that ſtream of time which no return can [make.

II.

what need I thus to pray?
ld avaricious year,
her I would or no, will bear
ıſt a part of me away: 14
rell-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and [hours,
never any where they ſtay,
: in their paſſage all their prey:
nonths, days, hours, that march i' th' rear, can [find
ht of value left behind:
e good wine of life our drunken youth devours;
ıefs and lees, which to the bottom ſink, 21
ıin for latter years to drink,
ſome one, offended with the taſte,
reſſel breaks, and out the wretched relicks run [at laſt.

III.

n, young Year! thou needs muſt come 25
.n Time's fruitful womb
ıirth beyond its time can never tarry,
ver can miſcarry)
: thy attendants well; for 't is not thee
:ar, but 't is thy company. 30
either loſs of friends, or fame, or liberty,
ıining ſickneſs, nor tormenting pain,

Nor sadness, nor uncleanly poverty,
Be seen among thy train;
Nor let thy livery be, 35
Either black Sin or gaudy Vanity:
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there:
Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Altho' I fear 40
There 's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake:
Such love I mean alone 45
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
For tho' I 'ave too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

IV.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery? 50
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 't were a sight,
That would even happiest men affright,
And something still they 'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy: 56
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;

uld grow mad with little learning there: 60
ıe brink of every ill we did foresee,
ntly and foolishly
uld stand shivering, and but slowly venture
al flood to enter:
illing or unwilling we must do it, 65
el least cold and pain who plunge at once into it.

LIFE.

Nascentes morimur. MANIL.

I.

e ill by these grammarians us'd;
abus'd by words, grosely abus'd;
he maternal tomb
grave's fruitful womb
here Life; but Life 's a name 5
othing here can truly claim:
retched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
our Dwelling-place;
one step a Race:
gels in their full-enlighten'd state, 10
who live, and know what 't is to be,
ll the nonsense of our language see,
eak things, and our words their ill-drawn pic-
we by a foolish figure say, [ture scorn.
an old man dead! then they 15
properly, and cry, Behold a manchild born.

II.

My eyes are open'd, and I see
Thro' the transparent fallacy:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like men of business, and for business walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journies seem to make
O'er sea and land, the little point that has m
Because we fight, and battles gain,
Some captives call, and say the rest are slain
Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to g
Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphick proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity;
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That single time might to a sum amount;
We grow at last by custom to believe
That really we live;
Whilst all these shadows that for things we t
Are but the empty dreams which in death's

III.

But these fantastick errours of our dream
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolo

l with unchristenly for them
be as long a-dying as Methusalem.
e ripen'd soul longs from his pris'n to come, 45
we would seal and sew up, if we could, the womb.
seek to close, and plaster up by art
e cracks and breaches of the extended shell,
l in that narrow cell
uld rudely force to dwell
e noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part. 51

AP. XXXIV. OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

I.

wake, and with attention hear,
ou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
ake, I say, and listen well,
what from God, I his loud prophet, tell.
both the poles suppress their stormy noise, 5
l bid the roaring sea contain its voice:
Still thou Sea! be still thou Air and Earth!
l as old Chaos before Motion's birth;
treadful host of judgments is gone out,
strength and number more 10
an e'er was rais'd by God before,
scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

II.

e the sword of God brandish'd above,
d from it streams a dismal ray;
e the scabbard cast away: 15
w red, anon, with slaughter will it prove!

How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet-glutton he o'ergorged with his
And devour all the mighty feast! [food!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice ordain,
But not of oxen nor of rams,
Not of kids nor of their dams,
Not of heifers nor of lambs;
The altar all the land, and all men in it this victims
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare, [are.
The beasts so long have sacrificed been,
Since men their birthright forfeit still by sin,
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

III.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,
Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become;
The wide-stretch'd scroll of heav'n, which we
Immortal as the Deity think,
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ,
Whose eloquence tho' we understand not we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire:

h' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend,
ıt truly then headlong into the sea descend; 45
he glitt'ring host now in such fair array,
proud, so well appointed, and so gay,
ke fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
all some fly routed, and some fall slain,
hick as ripe fruit or yellow leaves in autumn fall, 50
'ith such a violent storm as blows down tree and all.

IV.

nd thou, O cursed Land!
'hich wilt not see the precipice where thou dost stand,
ho' thou stand'st just upon the brink,
hou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt drink:
hy rivers and thy lakes shall so 56
'ith human blood o'erflow,
hat they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,
'hich in the fields around unburied lay,
nd rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their prey.
he rotting corpse shall so infect the air, 61
get such plagues and putrid venoms there,
hat by thine own dead shall be slain
ll thy few living that remain.
s one who buys surveys a ground, 65
the destroying angel measures it around;
careful and so strict he is,
est any nook or corner he should miss;
e walks about the perishing nation,
uin behind him stalks and empty Desolation. 70

V.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be chok'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents thro' thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air, 75
Tho' no new ills can be foreboded there.
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
Brother Leopard! come away;
Behold a land which God has giv'n us in prey! 80
Behold a land from whence we see
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

VI.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain; 85
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone.
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The Satyrs laugh to hear them groan:
The evil spirits that delight 90
To dance and revel in the mask of night,
The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall affright:
And if of lost mankind
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any relicks but remain,
They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall
reign. 96

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

I.

Is this thy happiness, Man! is this thy pride!
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd in ev'ry thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures the Creator said were thine; 5
No creature but might since say man is mine!
In black Egyptian slavery we lie,
And sweat and toil in the vain drudgery
Of tyrant sin,
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our breath
In building up the monuments of death. 11
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd Canaan above, 15
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant honey
And ev'n l' th' way to which we should be fed [flow;
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below. 20

II.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see;
In vain did God to descend hither design,
He was his own ambassadour in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be.

We will not let ourselves to go, 25
And with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharaohs
Ah! lest at last we perish so, [grow;
Think, stubborn Man! think of th' Egyptian prince,
(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou) 29
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human pow'r could show;
Think what plagues attend on those,
Who *Moses'* God dost now refuse more oft' than Mo-
[ses he.

III.

"If from some God you come," said the proud king,
With half a smile and half a frown, 35
"But what God can to Egypt be unknown?
"What sign, what pow'rs, what credence do you
"Behold his seal! behold his hand!" [bring?"
Cries Moses, and casts down the almighty wand:
Th' almighty wand scarce touch'd the earth, 40
When, with an undiscerned birth,
Th' almighty wand a serpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threat'ning tail he threw,
Upwards he cast his threat'ning head, 45
He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a basilisk, almost look'd the assembly dead
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled

IV.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight, 50
And with proud words allay'd th' affright.

d of ſlaves!" ſaid they, "how can he be
ow'rful than their maſter's deity?"
, they caſt their rods, 54
er'd ſecret ſounds that charm the ſervile
pirits their charms obey, [gods.
ubtle cloud they ſnatch the rods away,
nts in their place the airy jugglers lay:
n Egypt's monſtrous land
ly ſtill at hand, 60
th' Old Serpent's firſt command:
, too, gap'd, and they, too, hiſs'd,
their threat'ning tails did twiſt;
ht on both the Hebrew-ſerpent flew,
h their active backs, and both it ſlew, 65
almoſt at once devour'd;
was overpow'r'd
miraculous creation
its Nature's ſlightly-wrought and feeble ge-
V. [neration.
m'd bank the prophets flood, 70
with their rod, and wounded all the flood;
w no more, but a long vein of putrid blood:
eſs fiſh were found
range current drown'd;
s and trees waſh'd by the mortal tide 75
bluſh'd and dy'd:
ed crocodiles made haſte to ground;
the vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried:

Nor all thy priests, nor thou [illegible]
Oh, King! couldst ever show
From whence thy wand'ring Nile begins his course;
Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source,
And as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed lest this do so. 85
What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all.
The kind, instructing punishment, enjoy;
Whom the Red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall [destroy.

VI.

The river yet gave one instruction more, 90
And from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore,
Which was but water just before,
A loathsome host was quickly made, [country' invade.
That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all the
As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed, 95
(But like a friend he visits all the land
With welcome presents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erspread.
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noisome enemies, 100
From th' unexhausted source still new recruits arise:
Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice;
The towns and houses they possess,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh nor his gods they fear, 105
But their importune croakings hear:

te yet, they mount up high'r,
never ſun-born frog durſt to aſpire,
the ſilken beds their ſlimy members place,
y unknown before to all the wat'ry race. 110

VII.

ter thus her wonders did produce,
h were to no uſe:
he Sorcerers' mimick power ſerv'd for excuſe.
at the earth will do, ſaid God, and, lo!
roke the earth a fertile blow, 115
the duſt did ſtraight to ſtir begin,
ould have thought ſome ſudden wind it had
't was nimble Life was got within! [been;
the little ſprings did move,
ry duſt did an arm'd vermine prove, 120
nknown and new-created kind,
the magick gods could neither make or find.
etched ſhameful ſoe allow'd no reſt
o man or beaſt;
araoh from th' unquiet plague could be, 125
l his change of raiments, free;
rils themſelves confeſs'd
s God's hand; and 't was but juſt
iſh thus man's pride, to puniſh duſt with duſt.

VIII.

third element does his plagues prepare, 130
arming clouds of inſect-fill the air;
ilen noiſe they take their flight,

X.
ortal influence came,
heir flame) 150
gredients take,
ad compoſure make,
the full vial ſhake.
ſs, and putrid heats,
ivering ſweats, 155
beaſts, did fall;
country's cover'd all.
lown before the plough;
the altar led

Sink, and prevent the lifted blow: 160
The generous horse from the full manger turns his head,
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please 164
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses.
The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleet their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

X.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die, 170
God did on man a gentler medicine try,
And a disease for physick did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took,
The Sorcerers did with wonder on him look,
And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell 175
Which no Egyptian rituals tell.
He flings the pregnant ashes thro' the air,
And speaks a mighty pray'r,
Both which the minist'ring winds around all Egypt bear.
As gentle western blasts, with downy wings
Hatching the tender springs, 181
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
Ye living Buds why do ye stay?
The passionate buds break thro' the bark their way;
So wherefoe'er this tainted wind but blew, 185
Swelling pains and ulcers grew;

It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new;
A noisome spring of sores as thick as leaves did sprout.

XI.

Heav'n itself is angry next; 190
Wo to man when Heav'n is vex'd;
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound;
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand, 195
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons [move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Thro' which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way:
And straight a stony shower 200
Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the North:
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay; 205
The houses and strong-body'd trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke:
The thunder but for terrour thro' it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around, 210
Some flying thro' the air, some running on the ground,
Some swimming o'er the waters' face,
Fill'd with bright horrour every place;

ould have thought their dreadful day to have
seen,
ry hail and rain itself had kindled been. 215

XII.

fant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
l this general massacre
y thing that grew,
e well-stor'd Egyptian year
to clothe her fields and trees anew; 220
lo! a scorching wind from the burnt countries [blew,
dless legions with it drew
dy locusts, who, where'er
ounding wings they flew,
the earth depopulate and bare, 225
'inter itself had march'd by there.
r the Sun and Nile
th large bounty to the thankful soil,
ched pillagers bore away,
whole Summer was their prey; 230
s, with a prayer,
orth a violent western wind,
these living clouds did headlong bear
lers left behind)
ple sea, and there bestow 235
rious fish a feast they ne'er did know.
ht joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
nks their fate attends on him and his so

XIII.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undocile king's appear? 240
Whate'er but that which now does represent
And paint the crime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful caves of hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow,
Substantial Night, that does disclaim 245
Privation's empty name,
Thro' secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,
Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose;
They with a solid cloud
All heav'n's eclipsed face did shroud; 250
Seem'd with large wings spread o'er the sea and earth,
To brood up a new Chaos his deformed birth;
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did, at the dreadful sight, wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd to
retire. 255
The living men were in their standing houses buried;
But the long night no slumber knows,
But the short death finds no repose.
Ten thousand terrours thro' the darkness fled,
And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured, 260
And fancies multiplying sight
View'd all the scenes invisible of night.

XIV.

Of God's dreadful anger these
[illegible] a first light skirmishes;

ſhock and bloody battle now begins, 265
plenteous harveſt of full-ripen'd ſins.
ıs the time when the ſtill moon
mounted ſoftly to her noon,
dewy ſleep, which from Night's ſecret ſprings
:ly as Nile the land o'erflows; [aroſe,
n, lo! from the high countries of refined day, 271
golden heaven without allay,
ſe droſs, in the creation purg'd away,
.e up the ſun's adulterate ray,
ıael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly 275
t as the journies of the ſight,
t as the race of Light,
with his winged will cuts thro' the yielding ſky;
ıaſs'd thro' many a ſtar, and as he paſs'd
ıe (like a ſtar in them) more brightly there 280
n they did in their ſphere:
tall pyramid's pointed head he ſtopp'd at laſt,
a mild look of ſacred pity caſt
ın on the ſinful land where he was ſent
ıflict the tardy puniſhment. 285
ı! yet," ſaid he, "yet, ſtubborn King! repent,
hilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand,
e the keen ſword of God fill my commanded
ffer but yet thyſelf and thine to live; [hand;
ho would, alas! believe 290
hat it for man, ſaid he,
hard to be forgiv'n ſhould be,
nd yet for God ſo eaſy to forgive!"

XV.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his ſhining form a well-cut cloud he threw
Made of the blackeſt fleece of night, 29
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the pow'rful light;
Yet wrought ſo fine it hinder'd not his flight,
But thro' the keyholes and the chinks of doors,
And thro' the narroweſt walks of crooked pores, 30
He paſs'd more ſwift and free
Than in wide air the wanton ſwallows flee:
He took a pointed peſtilence in his hand,
The ſpirits of thouſand mortal poiſons made
The ſtrongly-temper'd blade, 30
The ſharpeſt ſword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to ſcourge a wicked land
Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the ſacred firſt-born ſtrook
Of every womb; none did he ſpare; 31
None, from the meaneſt beaſt to Cenchre's purple [heir

XVI.

The ſwift approach of endleſs night
Breaks ope the wounded ſleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the reſt with dying cries,
And darkneſs doubles the affright. 31
The mixed ſounds of ſcatter'd deaths they hear,
And loſe their parted ſouls 't wixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the ſhrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confuſed noiſe;

righter lightning cuts a way, 320
r, and diſtinguiſh'd thro' the day:
ı leſs complaints the Zoan temples ſound,
n the adored heifer 's drown'd,
no true mark'd ſucceſſour to be found: [ſeſs
lſt Health, and Strength, and Gladneſs does poſ-
feſtal Hebrew cottages; 326
bleſs'd deſtroyer comes not there,
ıterrupt the ſacred cheer,
new begins their well-reformed year.
ı their doors he read and underſtood 330
s protection writ in blood;
was he ſkill'd i' th' character divine,
tho' he paſs'd by it in haſte,
ow'd and worſhipp'd as he paſs'd
mighty myſtery thro' its humble ſign. 335

XVII.

'word ſtrikes now too deep and near,
'er with its edge to play,
:ligence or coſt they ſpare
ıſte the Hebrews now away,
ıoh himſelf chides their delay; 340
ıd and bountiful is Fear!
ɔh! the bounty which to Fear we owe,
: like fire ſtruck out of ſtone,
rdly got, and quickly gone,
it ſcarce outlives the blow. 345
w and fear ſoon quit the tyrant's breaſt;
and revenge their place poſſeſs'd:

" The Egyptian gods, from Syrian [illegible]
" Will now revenge themselves and [illegible]
" Behold what passless rocks on either hand,
" Like prison walls, about them stand!
" Whilst the sea bounds their flight before,
" And in our injur'd justice they must find
" A far worse stop than rocks and seas behin
" Which shall with crimson gore
" New paint the water's name, and double

XVIII.

He spoke; and all his host
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring sea.
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten liberty:

(Tho' just before no space was seen) 375
To let the admired triumph pass between.
The wond'ring army saw, on either hand,
The no less wond'ring waves like rocks of crystal
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod [stand.
The secret paths of God: 380
And here and there, all scatter'd in their way,
The sea's old spoils and gaping fishes lay
Deserted on the sandy plain:
The Sun did with astonishment behold
The inmost chambers of the open'd main, 385
For whatsoe'er of old
By his own priests, the poets, has been said,
He never sunk till then into the Ocean's bed.

XIX.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came, 390
And saw behind th' unguided foe
March disorderly and slow:
The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
Shakes his imperious wand;
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie, 395
The beck'ning wand espy;
Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word March to all behind;
The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove, 400
But with a joyful louder noise,
Answer their distant fellows' voice,

And haſte to meet them make,
As ſeveral troops do all at once a common ſignal take.
What tongue th'amazement and th' affright can tell
Which on the Chamian army fell, 406
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring main
Broke looſe from his inviſible chain?
They ſaw the monſtrous death and wat'ry war,
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar: 410
In vain ſome backward and ſome forwards fly
With helpleſs haſte, in vain they cry
To their celeſtial beaſts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid,
In vain on Moſes he, and Moſes' God, does call, 415
With a repentance true too late;
They 're compaſs'd round with a devouring fate
That draws, like a ſtrong net, the mighty ſea upon
them all. 418

ANACREONTICKS:

OR, SOME COPIES OF VERSES

tranſlated paraphraſtically

OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

'LL ſing of heroes, and of kings,
 mighty numbers, mighty things.
egin, my Muſe! but, lo! the ſtrings
o my great ſong rebellious prove;
he ſtrings will ſound of nought but love. 5
broke them all, and put on new;
'is this or nothing, ſure, will do.
'heſe, ſure, ſaid I, will me obey;
heſe, ſure, heroick notes will play.
raight I began with thund'ring Jove, 10
nd all th' immortal powers but Love:
ove ſmil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
ame gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
felting love, ſoft deſire.
arewell then heroes, farewell kings, 15
nd mighty numbers, mighty things;
ove tunes my heart juſt to my ſtrings. 17

II. DRINKING.

'HE thirſty earth ſoaks up the rain,
nd drinks, and gapes for drink again.

The plants suck in the earth, and are
Ever constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea, the sea, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So full, so full that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun, (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and rival all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Come, pledge me, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

GREAT Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
To some the arms with sinewy force,
To some with swiftness in the course;
To some with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
To some with horns, or tusked jaws;
To some with scales, and some with wings,
To some with teeth, and some with stings:

Wiſdom to man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for ſhield, and wit for ſword:
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has ſhe aſſig
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compar
What ſteel, what gold, or diamond,
More impaſſible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning e'
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart,
Like porcupines, from ev'ry part.
Who can, alas! their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cape-à-pè with nakedneſs?

IV. THE DUEL.

Yes, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now Love's rebel prove;
Tho' I was once his enemy;
Tho' ill-advis'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
A[illegible] helmet, ſpear, and mighty ſhield,
[illegible]e ſome new Ajax I did wield.
[illegible]e in one hand his bow did take,
[illegible] h' other hand a dart did ſhake:
[illegible] in vain the dart did throw

well my armour did resist,
ofe' by slight the blow I miss'd:
But when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart,
He shot himself into my heart:
The living and the killing arrow
Ran thro' the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain,
I set out guards and scouts in vain,
Since th' en'my does within remain:
In vain a breastplate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear:
In vain my feet their swiftness try,
For from the body can they fly?

V. AGE.

Oft' am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old;
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know:
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old:

ſhort pleaſures now to take,
ife the beſt to make,
nage wiſely the laſt ſtake.

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

N all the ſtars are by thee told,
ndleſs ſums of heav'aly gold)
en the hairs are reckon'd all,
ickly Autumn's head that fall,
nen the drops that make the ſea,
ſt all her ſands thy counters be,
1 then, and thou alone, muſt prove
arithmetician of my love:
hundred loves at Athens ſcore,
Corinth write an hundred more;
r Corinth does ſuch beauties bear,
few is an eſcaping there.
rite then at Chios ſeventy-three,
Vrite then at Leſbos (let me ſee)
Vrite me at Leſbos ninety down,
ull ninety loves, and half a one:
And next to theſe let me preſent
The fair Ionian regiment;
nd next the Carian company,
ive hundred both effectively:
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 't is, I am ſure, complete:

For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And ev'ry eye 's an archer there.
Go on, this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, that I miſtake.
Seems this to thee too great a ſum?
Why, many thouſands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boaſt
Such diff'rent nations in his hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better ſecretary.
I have not yet my Perſian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian nor Arabian,
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African,
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There 's a whole map behind of names,
Of gentle loves i' th' Temp'rate Zone,
And cold ones in the Frigid one,
Cold frozen loves with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miſs:
But of all pain the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is underſtood;

Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A curse on her, and on the man,
Who this traffick first began! 10
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above, 15
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate,
Gold does Civil wars create: 20
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget. 22

VIII. THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses smile:
Crown'd with roses, we contemn 5
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here:
Let us treat it kindly that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay: 10

Let us banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up,
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,
Upon the mon'ments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;

After death I nothing crave, 25
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoicks in the grave. 27

X. THE GRASHOPPER.

HAPPY Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still, 5
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king! 10
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough; 15
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he. 20
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!

Sweet as lovers' freſheſt kiſſes,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound,
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy ſtyle:
The ſmooth-pac'd hours of ev'ry day
Glided num'rouſly away;
Like thy verſe each hour did paſs,
Sweet and ſhort, like that it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Juſt what they by Nature owe me,
The time that 's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown;
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too buſy or too wiſe for me.
Thou wert wiſer, and didſt know
None too wiſe for love can grow.
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Cloſe as heat with fire is join'd;
A pow'rful brand preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperiſtaſis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy ſilver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,

Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures ſhould be all like thee; 45
'Tis thou ſhouldſt their idea be.
They, like thee, ſhould throughly hate
Bus'neſs, honour, title, ſtate:
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my living mines beſtow: 50
The pomp of kings they ſhould confeſs
At their crownings to be leſs
Than a lover's humbleſt guiſe,
When at his miſtreſs' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind 55
Than men ſafe-landed do the wind.
Wiſdom itſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be ſevere.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire, 60
Nor aſk what parents it can ſhow;
With dead or old it has nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet all, or any,
But very much, and very many.
All their life ſhould gilded be 65
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
Well rememb'ring, and applying
The neceſſity of dying.
Their cheerful heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flow'ry year. 70

They ſhould always laugh and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th' harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As ſwiftly anſw'ring their command, 75
As tunes obey the artful hand:
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy ſake
I of the Grape no mention make. 80
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Curſed Plant! I lov'd thee well,
And 't was oft' my wanton uſe
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Curſed Plant! 't is true I ſee 85
Th' old report that goes of thee,
That with giants' blood the earth
Stain'd and poiſon'd gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'ſt thy ancient ſpite
On men in whom the gods delight. 90
Thy patron Bacchus, 't is no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his tigers he delights;
In all our heav'n I think there be 95
No ſuch illnatur'd god as he.
Thou pretendeſt, trait'rous Wine!
To be the Muſes' friend and mine;

It grieves me when I see [illegible]
Does on the beſt of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poeſy
Can arm againſt Death's ſmalleſt dart
The poet's head or lover's heart; 110
But when their life in its decline
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to 'em then,
As wine is aconite to men:
Nay, in Death's hand the Grape-ſtone proves
As ſtrong as thunder is in Jove's. 116

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